NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. LXIV.

NEW SERIES, NO. XXXIX.

JULY, 1829.

ART. I.—*Mémoires de G. I. Ouvrard sur sa Vie, et ses diverses Opérations Financières.* Première et Seconde Partie. Paris. 1827. pp. 360 and 368.

OF all secrets, which engage human curiosity, that of making, in a short time, a great fortune, with very slender means to begin with, will ever be, we fear, the most courted by the bulk of mankind; though there are certainly some to be solved, of more concern to their real happiness. Few there are that 'consider the lilies of the field, how they grow;' and even those who do believe, that 'the morrow will take thought for itself,' are not entirely wrong in wishing to acquire the means of avoiding vexatious cares, and of doing good. What must, therefore, be the attraction of the memoirs of an individual who, entering upon the scene of active life, in possession of little or nothing, shortly afterwards engaged in enterprises, in which millions were at stake, influenced the public credit of the first nation of Europe, and was an almost indispensable instrument for gigantic political schemes, and for the maintenance of mighty armies; who became the partner of a sovereign, for the administration of a large portion of the American Continent; who was, by turns, persecuted, and, from necessity, cajoled by Bonaparte; who is warranted in priding himself upon having contributed to establish the financial credit of

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France, after the eventful hundred days, and who aided thereby the Allies to do what, in reality, their own interest required,—to be content with what France could possibly pay of the military contributions imposed upon her, and to withdraw their armies from a scene, dangerous to some, and inconvenient to others. But this is not all. The same individual played a remarkable part, under the several ruling, or misruling governments, to which his country was given up, during thirty years; he knew intimately Barras, and Moreau, and Bernadotte, and General Bonaparte, and all the worthies of that time; he negotiated with the Prince of Peace, and Wellington, and the other diplomatists, who were sitting in judgment on European affairs, at Paris; and possessed the confidence of a statesman, whose esteem was of high value, the late Duke of Richelieu. He can tell many wonderful tales of Bonaparte's financial operations, and the unpleasant chances to which a man of wealth was exposed under his reign.

This coloring of the picture of his singular fortunes, is not however, to be given, after the Chinese manner, without any shade. Though related to the Duke of Richelieu, through the marriage of his daughter,* this did not save him from the rude hands of the law; and notwithstanding the numerous estates, manors, princely palaces, and country-seats which he at one time possessed, and the splendid chateau of Raincy, of which we believe he is still proprietor, he was for many years an inhabitant of St Pélagie, and is, perhaps, there still; and it requires a peculiar taste, and happily a rare mode of thinking, to look gaily upon life from such an abode. But, if few have had such singular ups and downs as Mr Ouvrard, few have born them so well. He gave a million of francs to his daughter, at her marriage with Mr de Rochechouart, and was, perhaps, on the same day, unable to rid himself of a dunning baker. He had, in his happiest times, at his sumptuous mansions, guests whom he never invited, and whom he hardly knew; but now, though exercising proportionally as much hospitality, within the walls of a prison, he has probably the advantage of acquaintance with those whom he feeds. He has, besides, the satisfaction of seeing his Memoirs go, in a short time, through more editions than Adam Smith's work would be honored with, on a first ap-

* Not the one, of course, who acquired, some years since, such an unfortunate celebrity in London.

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pearance, in our money-loving times; and although some acts of his public life be still the matter of judicial investigations, and have been actually denounced as criminal by his government; and although he may have had as little to do with the writing of his Memoirs, as with many of the financial schemes, of which he is the ostensible author, Mr Ouvrard is, nevertheless, an extraordinary man, and his character not unworthy of some attention. Nothing would be less reasonable than to imagine that his biography can throw new light upon human nature. Nor would it be charitable to consider him a specimen of the French character. But he certainly deserves a cursory glance, as much as any man, who should successively escape a dozen shipwrecks or a score of fires and of inundations; and who, after all sorts of vicissitudes and misadventures, that can befal a fearless adventurer, should sit down to tell with somewhat more than a traveller's veracity,

> 'of most disastrous chances,
> Of moving accidents, by flood and field,
> Of hair-breadth 'scapes.'

Such characters are rare in all ages and in all nations. But we verily believe, that the French have always had fewer of them than nations less mercurial, less amorous of enterprise, less quick in apprehension, or more sparing of their dear lives. The individual, who comes the nearest to Mr Ouvrard, is Law; and, indeed, in England many circumstances of great pith and moment concur to level the way for sudden and gigantic fortunes, and for frequent practical confutations of the maxim, 'Ex nihilo nihil fit.' Comparatively the French have always been a very timid race as to commercial enterprise. The slow, phlegmatic, penny-saving, amphibious Dutchman has often proved himself nimbler, cleverer, more sanguine, and more daring than the brisk, gunpowder-like Gallican. The French have been always less successful in commerce than the English, notwithstanding the superiority of their natural resources. In fact, the French are a cautious people, in all serious transactions. Individually, they have a natural love of order, economy, and regularity, which is, alone, perhaps, sufficient to explain the inferior success they have obtained in the career of adventure and profit. Credit, which is the great promoter of commerce and industry, which often ruins individuals and procures to political bodies resources infinitely superior to their national means, was long almost unknown in France, and is still less

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cultivated at present in that kingdom, than in any other country, Turkey and Spain always excepted. If we should ask our own merchants, why their transactions with France are less active and less extensive than with England, we venture to say, that the reluctance of the French manufacturer to give long credits, will be among the principle causes to which they will ascribe it. Three, or at the most, six months' credit, and to an amount regulated, as nearly as possible, on the capital generally attributed to the borrower, will be the utmost limit to which the most enterprising French manufacturer or merchant will venture to go with his foreign correspondent. He prefers a moderate profit to the chance of retrieving, by the success of some large and hazardous speculations, the frequent losses consequent upon others. He would rather send *commis*, than trust his goods to commission merchants. In one word, the French are old-fashioned traders, who love to know on the first of January the balance of their profit and loss account for the past year. The favor which Law's system found in France, the eagerness with which, at one epoch of the revolution, the estates of the emigrants were bought, the jobbing and breathless speculating on the public funds, which became fashionable in the most aristocratic circles of Paris, after 1815, and procured to brokers admission into satined saloons and velvet boudoirs, are not so much a characteristic and permanent feature, as symptoms of a particular and temporary state of society in France, the signs of some impending change, in the political complexion of her affairs, or the effect of some great internal commotion. Fashion will go in that country a great way, even in such serious matters as pecuniary concerns. It may become fashionable to gamble desperately in the public funds, and to live in great intimacy with stock-jobbers. But, it will require much time; the political institutions, which rule France at present, need the consolidation which time alone can give them, and the developement which either the legitimate monarch, or new convulsions (of which there are yet, happily, few indications), may procure them, to transform the calculating, reflecting, dispassionate French (for they are, we repeat, all this, in money matters) into a highly commercial and speculating nation. Such men as Beaumarchais and Mr Ouvrard may appear at long intervals, and be a problem to their own countrymen, more than to many other nations, on account of their sudden wealth; a new Necker may acquire an immense fortune, after having begun as a poor

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clerk; but there will be in France, generally speaking, more of that strict honesty, which was ascribed to Necker in spite of his sudden wealth, and more of the timidity, which he displayed in the latter part of his political career, than in countries more particularly flourishing by means of vast and adventurous enterprise.

France, in fact, is richer by her soil than by her industry, however great be the wealth which she derives from this latter source; and we should not be astonished if after all the changes which have been produced by the revolution, ministers favorable to commerce, manufactures, and credit, should yet, for a long time, have no more popularity than Colbert or Necker enjoyed in their last days.

From these few prefatory remarks, we will proceed to a sketch of Mr Ouvrard's life and financial operations, or we should rather say, financial adventures.

Mr Ouvrard was born on the eleventh of October, 1770, consequently a year less than a century after John Law, or *Beau Law*, as he was nicknamed, the bubble-projector of France, who died in 1729. His birth-place was in the neighborhood of Clisson. His father was a paper manufacturer, rich enough to give his eight children a good education. Upon leaving college, the author, who was then eighteen years old, entered as clerk in a mercantile house at Nantz, and shortly afterwards formed a separate house, with a partner of the name of his former principal. Though Rennes was the capital of Brittany, Nantz, from its extensive commercial relations, was one of the principal towns of France, and the second town of the duchy. At the breaking out of the revolution, it was, therefore, important for the leaders to enter into correspondence with so important a population, and their cause had much success at Nantz. Mr Ouvrard was sent in July 1790 as a deputy of his province to the Great Federations, assembled at Paris; but, either before or after this, the example of a rich citizen of Nantz who had created a paper money under his own name, payable at sight, but (strange to say) in copper coin, for the salary of the journeymen whom he employed in the construction of a new quarter of his native town, induced the author to fix his thoughts more on currency and credit, than their mortal antagonists, revolution and anarchy. The application which he made of this valuable lesson, was to buy up all the paper that could be made within two years,

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wherewithal he promised himself to supply all the scribblers, gazetteers, pamphleteers, and reformers, who were engaged in regenerating France, and indeed the whole world, by their writings. This operation yielded him a clear profit of sixty thousand dollars. The colonial trade was, at that time, the most productive branch of foreign commerce. Ouvrard engaged in it with so much success, that he was denounced, in 1793, as a monopolist, and probably would not have escaped becoming a victim of the atrocious Carrier, had not the military commander at Nantz nominated him his aid-de-camp. In this situation, he had the good fortune to destroy a warrant of the Revolutionary Committee, commanding the slaughter of three hundred persons, suspected by the existing rulers. Disgusted with the abominations of which his native city was the theatre, with the Republican baptism and Republican marriages, he determined to seek safety in the army of Kleber, and in an encounter in which this general was wounded, he had himself the command of a detachment. Commissioned by General Canclaux to present to the convention two stands of colors, he had, on this second visit to Paris, too many inducements to resume his former pursuits, not to feel disposed to turn away from the seductions of martial glory. He had, moreover, an opportunity, of contributing to save the life of a great number of his townsmen, whom the ruffian Carrier had given over to the revolutionary tribunal of Paris, and who were to be assassinated, on their way to that city, had the order not been disregarded by the officer who commanded the escort. Mr Ouvrard sought the acquaintance of the family of the carpenter, in whose house Robespierre was lodged, and who had two daughters; through the younger of them, he obtained a conference with that man, who held then, almost literally, the lives of his countrymen in his hands. At the appointed hour, he found the Angel of Death sitting at breakfast, between the two daughters of his host. He received him politely; and said that he knew the errand for which he called upon him, but that he could do nothing in this busines. 'Seek Fouquier Tinville or his clerk,' said Robespierre. When Ouvrard went to visit that wretch, he was not at home; and his wife, his own wife, told him that without a fair intercessor, he would never obtain what he wished. A beautiful young lady, whose father was also a captive, undertook to execute that dangerous commission; and, wonderful as it may seem, her timidity, her tears, her beauty,

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her ingenuousness, made such an impression upon the heart of the bloody Jacobin, that he promised to grant her request, if she would meet him in the walk of the Tuileries, the next day. At the appointed hour, the diminutive Fouquier, muffled in a blue coat, and with a broad-brimmed hat, which hid a part of his face, appeared at the rendezvous, and offered his arm and his umbrella to the distressed supplicant, begging leave to accompany her to a tavern, where he regaled her with a modest meal. He spoke little, during the dinner; and although his eyes were often fixed with a feline look upon his fair guest, he uttered not a single word by which she could have felt offended. After dinner, he accompanied her to the garden, where they had met previously, and took an awkward leave of her; but what was better than his politeness, he performed what he had promised.*

* We shall throw into a note some particulars in regard to this ruffian. He was the intimate associate of Robespierre and the prosecuting officer to the Revolutionary Tribunal. Whilst he performed his public functions, no other sentence but death was decreed; and death was also the decision of all the juries of which he was himself either foreman or a member. Among his earliest victims were Madame Elizabeth and the queen; and it was he who insulted the latter with the reproach which drew from her, that sublime answer (so well known) of an offended mother. Alike cruel to all parties he was successively the persecutor of Royalists, Constitutionalists, Federalists, Moderates, Girondists, Mountainists, &c. One day when he was unable to extort an answer to his hasty interrogation from one of his victims, who happened to have his mouth palsied, the bloodhound roared out, 'Never mind, I do not want your tongue but your head,' and the guillotine sanctioned the abominable jest. A beautiful young lady less than eighteen years of age, and her mother, astonished him by the courage they displayed during their trial. 'Are these women impudent?' cried Fouquier; 'if I were to lose my dinner, I must see them on the scaffold to know whether they preserve their assurance.' This wretch supported the accusation against his compeers of the Revolutionary Tribunal, in consequence of which all its members as well as Robespierre were sent to the guillotine which had so long obeyed their decrees. When Barrère proposed to continue him in his functions of attorney general at the new tribunal, Freron, who was yet himself deep in the revolutionary mire, exclaimed in the Convention; 'I propose to let Fouquier Tinville sleep himself sober in hell of the blood with which he is drunk.' At length retributive justice reached him on the seventh of May, 1795. He had affected great coolness and indifference during his trial, and when his sentence was read, he giggled and sneered. The cart which carried him to the Place de Grève being stopt twice on the road, he replied with wry and crabbed looks to the imprecations of the crowd gathered around him; spit upon them; and assailed them with a volley of oaths, when a voice repeated

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Mr Ouvrard married, shortly after this, the eldest daughter of one of the richest and most eminent merchants of Nantz, who was also a captive in the revolutionary prisons, and who recovered his liberty, on the 9th of Thermidor. The most sanguinary period of the revolution drew to an end, and Mr Ouvrard availed himself of that favorable moment to claim an indemnity for the destruction of his father's manufacturing establishment; but it was less important to him, as the event proved, to obtain a considerable sum, than to become more intimately acquainted with the pecuniary embarrassments of the government. Fertile in inventions and remedies for such perplexities,—'integros haurire fontes,' he proposed that the assignats should no longer be received in payment of taxes, at their nominal amount, but according to the price at which they were negotiable, in each respective month; this plan, however, was rejected, and the projector found in his ill success an occasion of bewailing the little progress which financial science had, as yet, made in France, notwithstanding the great number of men of talents who outlived the National Assembly, and who had indeed thrown more glare than splendor upon it.

Mr Ouvrard relates many curious anecdotes respecting the reconstruction of the Parisian Society, with the elements of personal distinction which then existed. Madame Tallien was at the head of the principal coterie, and all the revolutionary chiefs and generals of renown used there to meet. There Madame de Beauharnais became acquainted with Bonaparte; and there the latter was alternately the silent, stern, impenetrable, and spare Cassius, and the playful, hot, or good-humored soldier, seemingly void of all pernicious ambition. Chancing one day to tell several individuals their fortunes, General Hoche's turn came, and he also exposed his palm; after having diligently scanned every line in it, Bonaparte said to him very gravely, 'General, you will die in your bed.' Hoche took fire, at this ill-natured prophecy,* and Madame de

aloud the fatal words with which he had stopped the mouth of those who sought to defend themselves against his sanguinary charges. 'Rascals,' cried he, 'seek your three ounces of bread at the Section, I have my full ration.' But he lost his ferocious courage when he reached the scaffold; and died with the cowardice proper to his innate infamy.

* There are grounds to suspect that he was poisoned. 'Have they clad me with Nessus' poisoned tunic?' cried he in the agonies of death.

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Beauharnais was obliged to qualify the ill-natured jest of her lover, with the graces of her characteristic amiability, to prevent a quarrel between the future Emperor, and the noble-spirited hero of Neuwied, the pacificator of the Vendée, and the unsuccessful invader of Ireland.

It seems that Bonaparte had claimed, about that time, a suit of clothes, which was to be given by the government to each officer in active service; and he accepted from Madame Tallien an introduction to the Commissariat to obtain it, a few days before the eventful thirteenth of Vendemiaire (fifth of October, 1795), when he gave the first evidence of his love for the French, by cannonading the Parisians.

Mr Ouvrard is prone to compare his fortunes with those of Bonaparte; and he pretty clearly intimates that the latter envied him, before he set out for Italy to gather his greenest laurels. Mr. Ouvrard was then at the head of a banking-house; and by a single speculation in the colonial trade, he realized, in a short period, half a million of francs. However, great politico-financial operations were his hobby-horse; and a visit which the famous Barras paid him one day, opened to him the way to indulge his predilection, and brought him into connexion with the successive governments, that ruled unsettled France.

We readily believe him, when he avers, that foreign wars, discontent in the interior, and schemes of national and individual ambition less agitated the mind of the Directory, than the want of money. It was much less difficult to collect troops than to provide for their maintenance and their equipment. In 1797, the Commissariat of the Navy was entrusted to four Directors, who managed that department, for the government, but so little to its satisfaction, that it became a question, whether it would not be better to commit it to private enterprise. Mr Ouvrard pleaded for the latter system; was employed to provide the fleets with all necessaries; and thus became Commissary-general of the Marine (Munitionnaire général), a place which threw into his hands a business amounting to about sixty-four millions of francs a year. Not long afterwards, the Spanish fleet, commanded by Admiral Masarredo, arrived at Brest, and Ouvrard, by undertaking to victual it for several years, had the first opportunity of uniting his fortune with that of Spain, or rather to make his own at her cost. He confesses a profit of fifteen millions of francs, from that single source. The financial and political situation of the Directory was much less

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prosperous; the victories of Bonaparte in Egypt were balanced by the defeats of the French army in Italy; parties ran high in France; the frontiers were defenceless; and the troops had not been paid for a half year, and wanted arms, clothing, and often rations. At that critical moment, the Directory applied to Mr Ouvrard for a loan of ten millions, which he immediately furnished, by means of credit, added to his own resources. He took advantage of the service rendered thereby to his government, to propose a financial plan, the principal feature of which was the creation of a public debt, proportioned to the amount of a fourth, or a third, of the public revenue, and secured by an independent and considerable sinking fund. Mr Ouvrard, like Mirabeau and many other political economists, who are disposed to think the French capable of becoming as readily versed and embarked in the affairs of exchange as the English and the Dutch, declaims against loans for a fixed term, and against annuities; but they all alike forget that loans must be framed to the taste of the lender, as well as that public debts must be funded as nearly as possible according to the convenience of the creditor, and not merely according to abstract principles, nor even exclusively to the most exact calculation of equal advantages. 'To charge a country,' says Mr Ouvrard, in support of his own opinion, 'with payments at fixed periods, is to plunge hoodwinked into a suspension of payment, into bankruptcy, and all the consequent misfortunes. The fortune of a state consists merely in its revenue; and it is acting in contradiction to its nature, to charge it with obligations which it is unable to fulfil, inasmuch as it can only redeem them, by the annual and limited amount of taxes.'

He makes some just reflections respecting the propensity of ministers to undervalue, in their reports and estimates, the expenses of their respective departments, in consequence of which, at the end of the year, they are compelled to confess a *deficit*. The good management of the public money would be better authenticated, at the close of the year's accounts, than in prospective computations; and this course would produce general confidence, and really give means to economize the national resources. Adventurous engagements, so fatal to the public credit, are generally the result of errors of calculation, that, at first, had the plea of strict economy. 'The order to be established, in the administration of the public money,' says Mr Ouvrard, 'is much like the order which good sense sug-

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gests for the management of private fortunes. A state that has fallen into pecuniary embarrassments, is like a private individual, who wishes to recover public confidence, and who would free himself, for the future, of all obstacles and trouble. His operations ought to be so regulated as that the liquidation of his old debts may be effected by means entirely separate from, and independent of those, which he intends to employ in his actual and future speculations; for, if his discharge of former claims is uncertain; and if there remains ground to fear, that they may intervene in his new necessities, he remains in the situation of an embarrassed debtor, in whose uneasiness it is as natural to share, as to feel reluctant to enter with him into fresh engagements.'

But the rulers of France, at that epoch were too much oppressed by urgent wants, and the events of the passing moment; their authority was too insecure and ephemeral, to leave them free to adopt the wisest scheme of financial reforms that could have been proposed to them, the principal condition of which would always have been security and time, honesty and economy, peace and order.

Mr Ouvrard was, of course, intimately connected with the several ministers, who were at the head of the finance department. The following anecdote is characteristic of those unhappy times,—we speak now of 1799. Bernadotte, the actual king of Sweden and Norway, was then Secretary of the War Department. The Directory suspected him to lean towards the Council of Five Hundred, who were supposed to be conspiring the overthrow of the Executive by means of the army. To diminish his influence with the troops, the Directory left the minister without the means of supporting them. But General Bernadotte entered, one morning, the room of Robert Lindet, who was Secretary of the Treasury, with his drawn sword, to compel him to supply him with money. The civilian trembled, and did not conceal his panic; but he could not give what he had not; and the defiance of one minister, and the abject fear of the other, served only as a new proof of the anarchy, which then existed in the government of France. We take from the author another anecdote, which shows that there was not much more spirit of conciliation between the executive and legislative powers. Barras had just read a lecture to Bernadotte, on his supposed secret intelligence with the Council of Five Hundred. General Guidal, who command-

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ed the Military School, entering the room, the Director asked him, whether he could rely on his troops, for a measure intended against the Council? 'Give me full liberty to act,' said the patriotic general, 'and I shall soon have five hundred bags, to bag these Deputies, and they shall all find before long their graves in the Seine.' This was, as the author observes, the bluster of a brave; but the Five Hundred, and their ally the Minister of War, profited by it, and abandoned their design against the Directory.

The rulers of France foresaw, however, greater dangers from the defeat of their army at Novi, which the victories obtained in Germany and Switzerland were insufficient to counterpoise; and their fears for their personal fate could only increase, at the news of Bonaparte's arrival at Fréjus. It is a curious fact, that on the sixteenth of Brumaire, Mr Ouvrard met Bonaparte in Barras' apartment; and that him also the hero of the eighteenth of Brumaire thought it not superfluous to deceive, in regard to his ulterior designs. Canvassing the means of revolutionizing England, he, by the way, proposed to Ouvrard the commissariat of the naval expedition, which should carry that project into effect. Mr Ouvrard, however, was not imposed upon; and he warned Barras. Yet, not only were his own suspicions unavailing with the infatuated Director, but even the communication which he made, in behalf of two distinguished generals, Beurnouville and Macdonald, of offers preferred to them by Bonaparte, were not listened to by Barras, who replied, 'Let them obey Bonaparte's orders.' Mr Ouvrard was with Barras, on the morning of the eighteenth of Brumaire. His apartment was deserted; his breakfast table, prepared as usual for thirty guests, was occupied by Barras and the author, without other company. But soon Talleyrand and Admiral Bruix arrived to ask the Director's resignation, in the name of the general, who was indebted to him for his first steps in his wonderful military career.* Mr Ouvrard paid a visit to the ejected revolutionary chief at Grosbois, and might, therefore, have expected to become sus-

* Mignet says, that 'Barras, Moulins, and Gohier attempted to use their authority, and secure the protection of their guard; but Gohier having received through Bonaparte intimations of the decree of the Ancients, refused to obey them. *Barras* became discouraged, sent in his resignation, and set out for his estate of Grosbois.'—*History of the French Revolution.*

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picious to the newly hatched power. If there was really any jealousy against Ouvrard in Bonaparte's mind, the latter intended perhaps to punish him by proposing a loan of twelve millions; but the wary banker refused, and the First Consul, having made an unsuccessful application to other commercial houses, might have inferred, as the author suspects, that there was already a conspiracy on the exchange, against his authority. Be this as it may, about a fortnight after the establishment of the Consulate, Mr Ouvrard lost the ten millions which he had lent to the Directory, by a nominal reimbursement, without value. But this was not all. Upon some suspicion, which was perhaps nothing more than a low envy of the profits which the victualler in chief was supposed to be realizing from his office, his imprisonment was ordered by the Consuls, and, in the middle of the night, a hundred grenadiers invested his dwelling. Madame Bonaparte, who had some obligations to Mr Ouvrard, informed him secretly, that he was to be brought before a military court, which was sitting at Marsailles. The merchants and bankers of Paris sent a deputation to the Consuls, to prevent this act of arbitrary power, and five hundred persons left their cards at Mr Ouvrard's door, to testify their sympathy. There was, perhaps, some courage in these demonstrations of interest in the oppressed. A gentleman, who is now Director of the Mint at Paris, having observed to the first consul that 'it was a bad beginning to give uneasiness to so many people;' received for answer; 'A man, who is worth thirty millions, and cares not for his wealth, is too dangerous for me.' However, the measure intended against Ouvrard was modified, and reduced to placing him under the *surveillance* of the police.

Bonaparte's valuation of Mr Ouvrard's fortune was not much exaggerated; upon investigation, it was found to amount to twenty-nine millions, including property in land to a great amount. The wealthy banker displayed a princely hospitality at Raincy, where, even in his absence, any person of his acquaintance was always free to enjoy the pleasures, which that splendid establishment always afforded; field sports, fine horses, an excellent table, and a rich library. It may be an anecdote not uncharacteristic of the time, that, in 1799, a person of distinguished rank entered, one morning, Mr Ouvrard's room, saying; 'Sir, you have succeeded here to the Duke of Chartres; were he here, he would instantly supply me with five hundred *louis*, which I want, and which I now ask of you.'

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Mr Ouvrard sweetened his refusal in his happiest manner. But the determined borrower declared, that there was no other alternative than to give the money, or to fight; and a second was at hand, who repaired to the room, holding under a large cloak swords and pistols. Without accepting any of these arms, Mr Ouvrard made a manly stand; 'Who are you? Where is your residence?' cried he. Upon explanation, it was found, that extreme want had led to this new mode of raising a forced loan.

The Spanish government owed to Mr Ouvrard, for his supplies to the royal squadron, which had been at Brest, four millions of dollars, payment of which was to be made from the treasury of Mexico. He had some thought of going to America for the recovery of this money, and to try with it a great mercantile operation in the East Indies, when, seduced by the payment of four millions of francs, which his own government owed him, he concluded an agreement with it, for the supply of the army, during the ensuing Italian campaign. Immediately afterwards, Bonaparte departed to gather a new wreath of laurels at Marengo. Ouvrard despatched his brother to Mexico; the same who was the principal partner of the house of Ouvrard de Chailles and Co., which existed at one time in Philadelphia. This individual, on his arrival at the capital of New Spain, was introduced by the treasurer into the office of his department, where seventy-one millions of dollers were then accumulated in specie, and at the disposal of the parent state; four millions were already set aside, and labelled, as the property of Mr Ouvrard. We are pleased to quote this fact, as an example of old Castilian integrity and honor. By the information which his brother collected in Spanish America, he considered himself fully warranted to press upon Bonaparte's mind the advantages he might derive, through the channel of the Spanish government, from those rich and virgin countries. If the French Consul, who was during his whole life a most 'merchant-marring rock,' was little prone to adopt such a slow and indirect mode of attaining the universal empire, which he already coveted, he was nevertheless ready to avoid desperate means, when dangers broke out near him. In 1802, France was threatened with a general famine; and popular excesses began to be committed in different cities. Mr Ouvrard lost, by this occurrence, seven millions, from his previous contracts for military supplies; but the gov-

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ernment, was obliged to have recourse to him for the importation of foreign corn; and there was, even by receiving a commission of two per cent. only, a fair prospect of remuneration. In less than three weeks, all fears respecting the impending danger were appeased; but when the first payment was to be made to Ouvrard, Mr Barbé-Marbois declared, that there was no money in the treasury. Nevertheless, he entered into a new agreement for the supply of the navy, when Bonaparte contemplated his expedition against England. Such was the amount of this speculation, that, in 1804, the government owed to Mr Ouvrard and his associate, nearly seventy-eight millions. But in conducting his operations on so great a scale, he found himself hampered by a loss of forty-three millions, from expenses of negotiation alone; and to cover it, he was obliged to sell the greater part of his real estate, in which was included a forest of seven thousand acres. Bonaparte was a bad paymaster; for his financial views were narrow, and the French capitalists were reluctant to trust him. Had he been, therefore, willing to pay Ouvrard, he might have found it difficult. One day, when this individual applied earnestly for his payment, the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr Barbé-Marbois, instead of listening to his complaints, harped on the embarrassment of the treasury. Mr Ouvrard, with his usual promptness, turned from a claimant into the proposer of a loan. 'How much do you want?' 'Fifty millions.' 'You shall have them,' replied Mr Ouvrard. The terms on which he made this loan, will show that the quickness of his invention did not seduce him into an oblivion of his own interest. As part of the fifty millions, he surrendered to the government a claim of his own for twenty millions, for supplies to the army and the navy, and he accepted in payment of the whole, drafts on the Paymasters of the several departments, at a discount of three fourths per month. This fact is not an indifferent evidence of the financial situation of France, shortly after the establishment of the Empire; and it might absolve Mr d'Ivernois from the charge of exaggeration, which prevails at present against his estimates of the resources of which Napoleon was able to dispose. The expenses of the new Imperial government, were altogether beyond the actual resources of France. The army, the marine, the new court, the festivities of the coronation, the visit of the Pope, threw a heavy burden upon a country so recently recovered from a state of universal anarchy and genera

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poverty. Mr. Ouvrard was solicited for a new loan, of thrice the amount of the former; and he contracted for it, upon the condition, that forty-eight millions in claims for military supplies, should be received as part of the payment; and shortly afterwards he entered into another agreement, by which he undertook to provide the treasury with all the funds it should want during the year 1814, the amount of which was rated at four hundred millions.

Though it is not our intention to mention all the financial operations of this inventive and enterprising banker, we can the less omit to draw the reader's attention to his pecuniary connexion with Spain, as a large portion of this continent was nigh falling, more or less directly, under his sway. The unfortunate Charles the Fourth had engaged to pay to France an annual subsidy of seventy-two millions, of which thirty-two millions were already due, in the summer of 1804. Diplomatic negotiations had been entred into, on the part of Spain to obtain a reduction or a delay, and on the part of the French, to obtain an immediate payment. At length, Napoleon pitched upon Mr Ouvrard to recover this sum; and he was coaxed into that operation, which required an immediate disbursement to a large amount, by the attraction of a special mission to the court of Madrid. The thirty-two millions were furnished to the emperor, and Mr Ouvrard set out for the capital of Spain. He not only found the Spanish government in an utter destitution of money, but a great part of the kingdom visited with famine; and the royal family accepted gratefully an advance of a hundred thousand dollars, to enable them to leave the capital, for their usual autumn residences. The following remarks on the Prince of Peace are exact enough to be quoted as a specimen of the author's talent for observation, and the general style of his work.

'A l'appareil qui l'entourait, à la soumission de ceux qui l'approchaient, il me fut facile de voir que je parlais au maître de l'Espagne. Il se montra, à mon égard, affable et bienveillant. J'ai eu avec lui des rapports assez fréquens, et assez intimes, pour apprécier son caractère. Sa grandeur inespérée, loin de l'étonner, n'avait fait que lui inspirer l'ambition de parvenir plus haut encore; mais elle lui avait laissé quelques bons sentimens. Elevé par la faveur, il eût voulu justifier son élevation par quelque chose de grand, d'utile, de national; malheureusement il n'avait ni l'activité, ni l'énergie nécessaires pour réaliser de telles intentions; lorsqu'il avait déjoué les intrigues dirigées contré lui, prêté quel-

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que attention aux affaires courantes, il retombait dans cette indolence, qui tient au caractère Espagnol, et à la possession d'un pouvoir, qu'on croit inébranlable. La nation, malheureuse sous son administration, plus malheureuse après sa chûte, a rejeté sur lui une terrible responsabilité.'

Mr Ouvrard either was authorized, or took it upon himself, to enter into political intrigues with Godoy, though it may have been merely one of the 'moyens diplomatiques' of the banker, to fill the Spanish favorite alternately with hopes and fears in regard to the influence of Bonaparte on the mind of his royal master, and the means which the Emperor possessed of rewarding his pliancy to his wishes. Mr Ouvrard pretends to have already known, at that time, that Godoy had views upon the crown of Portugal; and he hinted to the vain man, 'that he was one of those, whom Napoleon liked to make kings.' These mean intrigues terminated in two measures, which were really so important in their bearings, that Mr Ouvrard may pride himself on having, on the one hand, cheated Spain into one of the most gigantic arrangements, that were ever heard of, and, on the other, having rendered her an important service. The problem to solve was, on the one hand, how to relieve Spain from famine, how to provide her with money, and to establish her credit by her own means; and, on the other, to collect the subsidies she was under obligation to pay to France. Loans must be contracted; but in order to obtain them in Holland, where, at that time, they could alone be raised, securities and means of reimbursement must be devised. The method which Mr Ouvrard proposed, was to establish a company which should have,

1. The monopoly of the Spanish American trade, during the war of the parent country with England.

2. The privilege of exporting from the colonies all specie, both silver and gold, belonging to the crown. And,

3. That of raising loans in all the Spanish colonies, under the guarantee of their respective treasuries, which were made responsible for the payment.

Although Mr Ouvrard had free access to the Prince of Peace, his negotiation made no rapid progress. Godoy, indeed, who is the scape-goat of all the blunders that were committed during the ill-fated reign of Charles the Fourth, has the merit of having exerted himself most earnestly to prevent the conclusion of the treaty of subsidy; and Napoleon had been

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obliged to resort to a threat, as dishonorable to himself, as frightful to Godoy, to render him more manageable. Beurnonville, Bonaparte's ambassador at Madrid, was furnished with a letter insulting to the queen, and in no way flattering to her royal consort, in which the banishment of Godoy was peremptorily asked, as a means of consolidating the peace between France and Spain. Beurnonville was instructed to make use of that paper dagger of the imperial diplomacy, should the Prince of Peace hesitate any longer to submit to Bonaparte's demands. The favorite probably remembered this letter, when Ouvrard was urging the fulfilment of the treaty; he was, therefore, as tractable as the Frenchman could wish. One morning, when the latter repaired to the prince's, at the usual breakfast hour, he found the queen in company with him. That unfortunate princess was so blinded by her passion, that she took pleasure in showing to the emissary of Napoleon, the power which her unworthy favorite exercised over her heart. Godoy seemed quite at ease in her presence; and Ouvrard was permitted to explain his plans for the welfare of Spain, seasoning his communication with fair promises of personal advancement for Godoy. After this interview, the minister of finance used the most unlimited hospitality towards Mr Ouvrard, whose plans were soon adopted by the Council of the Indies. They embraced the payment of the national debt of Spain, the reorganization of the bank of St Carlos, the establishment of provincial banks, and the creation of a public debt upon principles of extinction, by means of a considerable sinking fund. To this effect, Mr Ouvrard was authorized to raise loans in Holland and at Mexico, Lima, and Buenos Aires; and lastly he was acknowledged as creditor of the subsidies claimed by Bonaparte. But the most singular feature of this agreement is, that a formal covenant of partnership was concluded on the twenty-sixth of November, 1804, between Charles the Fourth and Mr Ouvrard, for the continuance of the war between Spain and England, by which the Parisian banker obtained, in fact, the monopoly of the colonial trade. The king bound himself to furnish the licenses for shipping; and the profits arising from the nominal partnership were to be divided equally between the contracting parties. 'This was, perhaps,' observes Mr Ouvrard, with a self-complacency not at all surprising, 'the first instance of a commercial agreement between a sovereign and a private individual;' but he might

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have spared the further remark, as insulting to the memory of the deceased king, as to the good sense of his reader,—'that this act was as honorable to one of the parties, as useful to the other.' In a note, Mr Ouvrard adds that on the same day five hundred licenses, with blanks for the names of the vessels, were delivered to him, whilst Lucian Bonaparte, though ambassador and brother of the ruler of France, could not obtain more than two, which he sold at Hamburg, for half a million of francs. This brings to our mind a curious passage of an unpublished letter of Godoy to the queen, Maria Louisa; and it will not be amiss to mention, upon so incontrovertible an authority, a fact that corroborates the one related by our author.

It will only be necessary to preface the following extract with the observation, that the treaty of which mention is made, was the one concluded between Spain and Portugal, at Badajoz, and that Lucian Bonaparte acted as mediator; and further, that the paper from which it is extracted, was in Godoy's own handwriting, and enclosed in a letter to the queen, dated Badajoz, June 1st, 1801.

'Lucian is directed to ask fifteen millions of francs for his government, and at the outset he asked thirty millions. When I represented, that this was an enormous sum, he lowered it to twenty-five, adding; "Fifteen are for my government, and ten for us two." I was not, at first, struck with this expression; but when he repeated it, "My friend," said I, "if the government receives fifteen millions only, you should be contented with five millions, and ask only twenty." He then replied; "And you? It is necessary to take advantage of the opportunities that present themselves, for they are not of every day's occurrence." Your Majesties will easily imagine how humbled and angry I must have felt, whilst I was, at the same time, obliged to be cautious, in obviating the expedients to which he is apt to have recourse on such occasions. I did my best to persuade him to ask only his part, whereby we should come the sooner to an agreement, and to prove that it was impossible to keep such an arrangement secret; but all was in vain, and he said to me; "You have only an income of two millions; I have secured to myself one of four millions in one single year of ministerial functions, and until I have twelve, I must avail myself of opportunities, as they present themselves." Such being the condition of things, I am at a loss to know what I shall say when the subject shall be treated again, and how I shall fence myself against his demands. I had some idea of remedying the evil, by speaking to Pinto [the Portuguese negotiator,] should the treaty be agreed

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upon; for if we could present to the ambassador [Lucian] the treaty definitively concluded between us, Portugal would give him nothing, and I should escape so great a disgrace; for whatever may be, unhappily, the usage in Europe, all negotiators are not like Manuel.*

'That devil has already made out his schedule of jewels and money that must be given to him; and, therefore, with the exception of the conditions *sine quâ non*, which he is instructed to obtain, it would not be difficult to have all the others altered, by dint of money. Fortunately, and unfortunately, the affair is not yet so far advanced; but we shall have a terrible piece of business when the event shall happen.'

This paper says a world of things, respecting the morality of Bonaparte's most confidential diplomatists, and is certainly not an indifferent specimen of Godoy's style, nor an uninstructive document in respect to his relation to his sovereign and to Napoleon. But we must leave Godoy, and returning to Mr Ouvrard, we shall at least have to deal with one, who writes better himself, or has those who do so for him.

This intelligent gentleman really considered himself, by virtue of his trading partnership with Charles the Fourth, an associate-sovereign of the kingdom of 'Spain and all the Indies'; and the duties which he enumerates, arising from it, for his own share, left little to do for the nominal 'Yo el Rey.' But they did not, in fact, weigh more upon him, than the seven hundred and fifty drafts, which the royal treasury, and the bankers Gardoqui (or *Garochi*, as he calls them, by rather a singular infidelity of memory), delivered to him, amounting together to fifty-two millions and a half of dollars. A large amount in specie passed, however, through his hands. He asserts that he was instrumental in the consent given by Pius the Seventh to the king's decree for the alienation of some portion of the real property of the church. His plan was to give to the clergy, in exchange, inscriptions upon the great book of the public debt. At any rate, ninety-one agents were appointed to execute this measure in America, and Mr Ouvrard informs us that, but for the series of events, which began in 1808, nothing would have hindered the success of

* Godoy speaks often of himself in this manner, in his letters to the queen. In the passage, to which this note refers, he intended to say that *he was more honest than the generality of negotiators*. The profligate favorite was, from sheer ignorance, not always able to express what he meant.

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their operations. Mr Ouvrard had also contracted to import into Spain from France two millions of quintals of wheat, equal in value, at the time, to fifty-two millions of francs. Napoleon had permitted the exportation, under the condition of a duty of four francs per quintal. There was still a great difficulty to overcome; and this was on the part of England, which power was then negotiating a new coalition against France. However, the wise statesman who then directed the affairs of Great Britain, immediately granted licenses to all ships bound for Spain with corn. But, as it generally happens with famines, as soon as it was known that supplies were coming, the price of corn fell rapidly, and the measure of wheat, which had cost one hundred francs fell to sixteen.*

The acquiescence of the British government was not less indispensable for the execution of the agreement in regard to the colonies. Mr Ouvrard proposed to sell the dollars, which should be drawn from America, to the British East India Company. Pitt, at first, it seems, regarded the scheme with a jealous eye on account of the advantages, which Napoleon would derive from it; but calculating those, also, which the commercial world would gain, and the profits which would accrue to the British government, he consented, at length, to let English vessels be the carriers of the specie, appertaining to Bonaparte's most intimate ally. Four frigates were specially commissioned to that effect. Not satisfied with the contracts he had already entered into with Spain, Mr Ouvrard made another excursion to Madrid, and agreed for the working of the lead and quicksilver mines, and the supply of tobacco for the royal manufacture.

But, while his speculations were taking so prosperous a course at the court of Spain, Napoleon meditated against him one of those acts of arbitrary power, from which even his

* We may add, from authentic sources, a fact not uninteresting to the United States, respecting the quantity of wheat wanted every year by Spain. Although in several of its provinces the growth surpasses considerably the consumption (in Aragon, for instance, by three hundred and eighty-eight thousand *cahices*), the whole kingdom is every year in want of between one thirtieth and one sixtieth of the amount of its consumption in wheat, which is rated at sixty millions of *fanegas*. The minister of finance, Cabarras, in his letter to the patriotic and illustrious Jovellanos, estimates the indispensable import at one million of *fanegas*.

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most laurelled generals were not always exempt. On a sudden, he received from Mr Barbé-Marbois an invitation, on behalf of the Emperor, equivalent to a peremptory command, to furnish to the imperial treasury, half of the drafts which he had received from the Spanish Government on the colonies; and which together amounted to twenty millions. The apology of the minister is a curious specimen of ministerial logic.

'Je vous le demande, avec tous les droits que me donnent les moyens que j'ai mis à la disposition de vos sociétaires, et j'avoue que je n'aurais jamais pris sur moi de le faire, si d'un côté, l'importance des mouvemens de nos armées, et de l'autre, la connaissance que j'ai eue de la solidité de vos affaires, ne m'y avaient déterminé. J'ai pris, surtout, en considération cette partie importante de votre avoir, et ne pouvant attendre, dans un moment aussi urgent, votre acquiescement, je l'ai tenu pour donné, car vous n'auriez pu le refuser, sans mettre toutes vos affaires, et même celles de l'Amérique, dans le plus grand péril. Aujourd-hui, je me borne à vous dire ce que j'ai fait, sur quel fondement je l'ai fait, et je suis assuré, qu'il suffit que je vous les dise, pour que vous donniez toute satisfaction au trésor.'

Mr Ouvrard immediately obeyed the injunction. Nobody, however, will imagine that this sagacious gentleman would give his money, without any security or profit. It may fairly be presumed, that in his arrangements with Spain, he was merely the 'homme d'affaires' of the French government, and he, or rather one of his associates, had well nigh jeoparded the existence of the bank by operations, which he could never have undertaken, had not the government placed more confidence in his solvency, than Mr Ouvrard had, perhaps, at any time, put in that of the government. For the details of this curious occurrence, we must refer the reader to the work itself. The co-monarch of Spain, Mr Ouvrard, was near being arrested in that half-kingdom of his, and sent to Paris, under a military escort. So little respect had Napoleon for his greatness, that Godoy, who had been secretly informed that such was the fate which was impending over Mr Ouvrard, advised him to make a speedy retreat to America. But Mr Ouvrard preferred to return to Paris, and to weather the storm as well as he might, that is, as we infer from some passages, to sell at a loss the Spanish drafts, to enable himself to appease the Emperor's wrath. France was then in a dreadful financial crisis. Mr Barbé-Marbois was thought to have contributed to it, by his

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tenaciousness of his opinions, or perhaps, rather by the severity of his principles. Be this as it may, Mr Ouvrard says, that Napoleon shortly after the armistice of Austerlitz, hastened from Austria back to Paris, to put things in better order. Mr Mollien was appointed in the room of Mr Barbé-Marbois. The first thing which Mr Ouvrard learnt from his irritated sovereign, in a personal interview with him, was, that he owed to the imperial treasury eighty-seven millions of francs, for what he and his partners had received from the government, and were accused of having invested in their private speculations with Spain. They were summoned to surrender the drafts they had received from the Spanish government, and the funds that were deposited in the hands of the Dutch bankers, who had raised loans upon these securities. Mr Ouvrard sought to soothe the incensed Emperor, by promising to refund the sum due from his associates, if his Majesty would leave them at liberty. Napoleon rose from his chair, and went aside with Mr Ouvrard.

'"Monsieur Ouvrard, you have brought down royalty to the level of commerce." "Sir," replied Ouvrard, "commerce is the soul of all political power; it can well exist without royalty; but royalty cannot exist without commerce." "Nonsense!" returned the Emperor, "do you promise to reimburse the treasury?" "Yes, Sir." "Well, I depend upon it, and my decree shall be altered, but so as to leave still at my disposal the dollars, and the other property, which you have in the hands of Messrs Hope and Co." "Sir, the British government will resist the exportation of the specie from Spanish America, if they learn that it belongs to your Majesty, and Spain will think herself warranted to annul the treaties I have concluded with her, rather than let that money fall into the hands of England." "Well, I will, in that case, go to Madrid myself; with five hundred thousand men one can do what one fancies." "Sir, your Majesty can do every thing in Spain, through an able representative; but, I think that your Majesty will do nothing desirable, with five hundred thousand men."'

Whatever may be the stenographic exactness of this report of the dialogue between Napoleon and Mr Ouvrard, it has not perhaps much less authenticity than most of the conversations and speeches recorded in history and in diplomatic despatches. At any rate, the measure devised for the reparation of the funds in the treasury, overthrew, at once, the whole fabric built up by Mr Ouvrard; and Charles the Fourth lost his partner, and remained yet for a few years longer sole sovereign

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of his own kingdom. Setting aside, however, Mr Ouvrard's personal interests and views, in the plan which he had suggested, it was certainly ingenious and plausible enough, so far as it tended to facilitate to Spain the means of receiving remittances from her viceroys and governors in America; of existing a while longer as a monarchy; of displaying some strength, in her unnatural and involuntary war against England; of paying subsidies to France, who drove her into these hostilities, and of continuing to be the channel, through which continental Europe was wont to receive the treasures of the new world. Napoleon was too much of a conqueror to be a good financier; and, in his eagerness to save a few millions, with which two or three choice spirits of Paris sought to enrich themselves, he lost, perhaps, immense advantages, which he might have gained by their sagacity. Though himself the child of fortune, Napoleon had a sort of instinctive detestation of mushrooms, especially those of the moneyed class. Commissaries and speculators, who grew wealthy, became occasionally the victims of that deep-seated antipathy; and he considered them, as the Sultan considers his Pachas, responsible for their wealth, if not directly accountable for their extortions. 'In the midst of the revolutionary effervescence,' observes Mr Ouvrard, 'he was in immediate contact with the inferior classes of society, and a witness of low intrigues, mean speculations, and criminal shifts; or in other words, he had been in a situation which led him to see mankind in its less pleasing aspect; and the recollections which he preserved of those times, rendered him distrustful and suspicious.' Mr Ouvrard's reflections (Vol. I. pp. 136, 140.) on this disposition of that extraordinary man, and on his economical errors, are marked by much judgment and penetration.

At the close of 1807, Mr Ouvrard and his partner, Mr Vaulerberghe, stopt payment. The author protests strongly against the insolvency, with which he is charged by a committee, instituted by the royal government. At any rate, his misfortunes did not prevent, as it seems, the Prince of Peace from offering to put into his hands his whole private fortune, after his flight from Spain. Godoy told him, that it had been much diminished, in consequence of the late events, but that it was still considerable. But Mr Ouvrard declined, for fear of the Emperor. In 1809 he was arrested as surety for a debt due to France from the Spanish government. Upon being bailed by

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a friend, he was no sooner free, than he was near being compelled by Fouché, his townsman and friend, to go to England, on a secret mission of a most delicate nature, the principal object of which was to discover the dispositions of the British government as to putting an end to the war. But Mr Ouvrard very sagaciously sought to know, before he set out on this delicate errand, what were the intentions of Napoleon himself, and whether he was informed of Fouché's project of pacification. Having received no answer to a communication, which he addressed, on this subject, to a secretary of the Emperor, he returned to Paris, from Amsterdam, whither he had gone on his private business, instead of embarking for England. This attempt at a negotiation for peace with the British government, was either an intrigue of Fouché, or if Napoleon had authorized it at the beginning, he was afterwards little disposed to acknowledge it. Mr Ouvrard was arrested for the part which he was supposed to have taken in the intrigue, and, on the same day, Fouché ceased to be minister of police. Mr Ouvrard, who had already been an inhabitant of St Pélagie, had now his lodgings *à l'Abbaye*, and shortly afterwards at Vincennes. Like Young's Chremes,

> 'All schemes he knows, and knowing all improves;
> Though *Britain*'s thankless, still this patriot loves.
> What makes him model realms, and counsel kings?
> An incapacity for smaller things.
> Poor Chremes can't conduct his own estate,
> And thence has undertaken Europe's fate.'

At Vincennes, he was registered under a supposititious name, and kept in close confinement. However, Madame Ouvrard was admitted to an audience with the Emperor, and obtained her husband's liberty, or rather his removal from Vincennes back to St Pélagie; and upon ceasing to be a prisoner of state, he became again the captive debtor of his government. He remained several years at St Pélagie, stoutly resisting all proposals for an arrangement, which were made to him, and disregarding even the entreaties of his family.

In September, 1813, a party of *gens d'armes* came to conduct him before Fouché, who offered him his liberty, if he would propose means for relieving the government from its pecuniary embarrassments. He refused to accept his release upon any compulsory condition, but was, nevertheless, permitted to return to his own house, where he remained under the

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inspection of the police. He professes not to have been, in any way, employed, or instrumental, in the restoration of the Bourbon dynasty. As soon, however, as Mr de Talleyrand took the lead of public affairs, he emerged from his retreat in the neighborhood of Orleans, whither with maiden shyness he had for a time betaken himself, and reappeared on the more congenial scene of Paris.

On the twelfth of April, we find him manager of the ceremonies for the reception of the Duke of Angoulême at Livry. The imperial finances were in a sad condition, for the resources by which they were wont to be recruited, were lost, from the moment that the French armies could no longer be maintained at the expense of foreign countries. 'Europe,' says Mr Ouvrard, with much truth, 'had nourished its conquerors, and paid the expenses of its defeats.' The two or three hundred millions, which had been hoarded in the cellars of the Tuileries, were expended. This was a fair occasion for the author to bring forward some of his nostrums, in a memoir which he addressed to the Executive, and to the two Chambers. The minister of finance, Baron Louis, paid no attention to his suggestions, and was so much the less inclined to hearken to the experienced credit-monger as Mr de Blacas seemed willing to adopt them. The financier of all parties, and of the various phases of the Revolution, could have no great scruple to enter again into relations with Napoleon, during the Hundred Days. 'Are you willing to go to Vienna?' asked the Emperor; 'you are acquainted with Talleyrand; Metternich, whom you have often seen, will listen to you; you know all the diplomatists who are there; I will give you my instructions, and arrange your pecuniary affairs.' Ouvrard declined the equivocal honor of such a mission. Napoleon then requested his intervention for raising a loan. 'I want fifty millions.' Ouvrard mentioned the terms upon which he would be able to procure them. Napoleon dictated immediately a convention to Mr Fain, his secretary. But, upon reading it, Mr Ouvrard found that his stipulations were altered, and he said so to the Emperor. '*Vous avez raison*,' returned Napoleon, '*j'ai fait trop d'esprit*,' and instantly he dictated another treaty.

> 'Cæsar's a merchant, to make prize with you,
> Of things that merchants sold.'

We mean the French Cæsar, and not Shakpeare's Octavius, who, we know, says precisely the contrary. Mr Ouvrard agreed,

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also, for the supplies of the army; and he gives many characteristic details, in regard to the administration to which this branch of the government was entrusted. Shortly afterwards, he was secretly denounced to Napoleon, as being in communication with Louis the Eighteenth, who resided then at Ghent; but the Emperor himself informed him of it, and secured his personal liberty against the measures, which his ministers would have adopted. Ouvrard paid every day two millions into the treasury, according to his agreement to furnish the fifty millions in twenty-five days. He followed, at length, the imperial head-quarters to Laon, and at the battle of Waterloo he was again the victualler of the army. When, shortly afterwards, Napoleon was obliged to admit into his presence the deputation which required him to abdicate the imperial crown, Ouvrard was in his cabinet. The rabble shouted 'Vive l'Empereur.' 'Observe,' said Napoleon to Ouvrard, 'how popular opinion manifests itself;' and after a pause he added, 'I will go to England and America; you have there many friends; I shall be glad to see them.' The fallen monarch asked of him drafts for sixteen millions on America, to be secured by liens upon the imperial domain. But Mr Ouvrard's sensibility to such a proof of confidence, was not stronger than his regard to his personal interest, and he declined. He was then desired to take charge of a large number of boxes; but again his gratitude yielded to his prudence.

On the second restoration, Mr Ouvrard had a good deal of trouble about five millions which he had in the stocks; and he states that he lost two millions and a half by the settlement of his claims under that head.

But now approached the epoch, at which he really was eminently instrumental in the greatest financial operations of France, and in the restoration of her credit. A contribution of seven hundred millions was to be paid to the Allies. It would have been impossible for the royal government to enable itself to pay this prodigious sum by taxes.* Mr Ouvrard proposed to discharge it by means of foreign loans, payable in *inscriptions*. The plan by which this operation was to be executed, was necessarily complicated, but it shows the author's ingenu-

* According to the Duke de Gaëte, one of Napoleon's ministers of finance, the amount of specie possessed by France in 1813 was rated at three thousand millions and a half.

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ity and skill in such matters; and it was not enough to make it acceptable to the French government, but it was also to be made palatable to the representatives of the Allies. One of the principal features of this arrangement was, that the contribution should be paid in stocks at a certain price, which the Allies were to leave in the hands of a company of bankers, to dispose of gradually, and so as not to produce a fall in the price of stocks by the sale of a large quantity at once. This plan was not at first adopted, and the embarrassments of the government increased to such a degree, that they were at length obliged to stop payment to the Allies, for the maintenance of the army of occupation. Mr de Cazes sent for Mr Ouvrard, to ask his agency for a loan of sixty millions. The banker replied, that it was beyond possibility to procure him sixty millions, but that he would engage to raise a loan of a thousand millions of francs, by which the debt due to the Allies would be completely discharged. The minister considered this, at first, as a paradox; but Mr Ouvrard alleged that, unless the government should find means to pay all its debtors, it would not find more credit than an embarrassed merchant, who should endeavor to borrow, without being able to prove to the lender, that all his previous debts would then be discharged. To be brief, Messrs Baring and Hope agreed upon a treaty, founded on the terms proposed by Ouvrard eighteen months before. In consequence of the payment of the military contribution, the army of occupation was soon reduced in number. Messrs. Baring and Hope, who at first consented only to be the commissioners for the sale of the stocks, were fain to buy themselves large amounts, and the stocks rose rapidly from fifty-three francs and eighty-five hundredths, to sixty-five francs; and such was the rage for buying them, that the sentinels at the treasury had much ado to resist the impetuosity and impatience of the crowd of purchasers. Mr Ouvrard complains that this negotiation did not produce him the least profit, and that even his travelling expenses were not paid. In fact the allied powers, in accepting the stocks, encouraged foreign bankers, their own subjects, to buy them; and the credit to which the public funds rose, soon induced French capitalists to enter into competition with their compeers in England and Holland. The allurement was great, from the price at which the stock was issued, and the commission and the interest which were allowed. France contracted a debt larger than that which she owed to the Allies;

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but the money with which she paid them, was principally imported from the allied states; and much of what they received, returned to, or remained in France, thanks to their predilection for French fashions and raree-shows, French wines, French operas, French cookery, &c.

We must hasten to the conclusion of this article; and the short space that remains, would be ill employed in echoing Mr Ouvrard's complaints of the refusal of the French government to pay his old claims, and his discussions of that subject, when we have yet to represent him launched anew in a prosperous career, in the very element in which he breathes the most freely, namely, at the head of the victualling department of large armies, and in negotiation for loans to authorities, to whom, one should think, no man in his senses would lend a shilling.

Mr Ouvrard, on such occasions, is neither royalist nor Jacobin; he is a financier, a speculator, a banker, a broker, a stock-jobber, or rather he is 'Ouvrard again.' The royalist Junta of Urgel wanted money to defeat the Constitutionalists, who had a little more than they of 'the nerve of state.' One of their agents addressed himself to Mr Ouvrard, for a loan of two or three hundred thousand francs (forty or sixty thousand dollars). 'Pshaw! that will never do. You want four hundred millions, sir, and you shall have them,' said Mr Ouvrard.

'What! lack I credit?
I had rather you did lack than I, my lord.'

The Spaniard, we imagine, showed the whole size of his eyeballs, and had his mouth wide open, wondering whether he or Mr Ouvrard was in a dream. But this did not prevent these worthies from concluding a treaty for four hundred millions, on the first of November, 1822, in which the three poor Regents, installed at Urgel, were obliged, at Mr Ouvrard's express demand, to assume the title of *Regency of Spain*. However, this financial convention had the fate of many political ones, and it will not even receive the honors of an insertion in Mr Marten's labyrinth of existing and annulled treaties. Mr de Villèle refused to acknowledge the Regency, and there was an end of the loan; and a pity it was, for Mr Ouvrard, besides money, had also provided a plan for the military operations, and memoirs for rebuilding the political fabric of Spain. Dissatisfied with Mr de Villèle, he departed for Verona, in quest of more willing listeners; but here, too, notwith-

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stauding the fairest prospects, as he thought, he found himself at length ousted by a decree of adjournment to Paris for the conclusion of the negotiations on the Peninsular affairs; and on the Alps, avalanches prevented him from treading upon the heels of Mr de Châteaubriand. French troops were departing for Spain, and Ouvrard thought himself in duty bound to follow the army, although he had not contributed to the declaration of war; for should the Regency be acknowledged, his treaty with the self-styled Regents required his presence; and should it not be acknowledged, or in other words, should Spain be governed by Jacobins, or a king, in either case he could not lose an opportunity of settling his former concerns with that country. Under these circumstances, he contracted for the supplies of the French army.

Mr Ouvrard reached Bayonne early in April, 1823. The duke of Belluno, who was then minister of war, arrived at the army, to discharge the functions with which Berthier had been invested under Napoleon. The Duke of Angoulême, little pleased, it seems, with this appointment, had caused Count Guilleminot to continue acting as major general. The military stores were almost empty, and the means of transportation, wagons, horses, mules, drivers, &c. were dreadfully scanty. 'The more difficulties the better,' probably thought Mr Ouvrard; and the contracts which he made for supplying the army with all necessaries, were as he could wish. The Duke generalissimo ratified them, but without the direct intervention of the minister of war. His Excellency was then afflicted with the gout. When Ouvrard waited upon him, the Duke of Belluno said to him tartly, 'You are victualler in chief, Mr Ouvrard! well! to how much will your profits amount? to five or six millions? Rather six millions, I think.' However, as soon as the negotiation was concluded, orders were despatched to the army to pass the frontier. Mr Ouvrard's functions were to begin only on their arrival at Tolosa, the troops having been provided with rations for six days; but when they reached the banks of the Bidassao, they had either eaten or thrown away their provisions, with soldier-like husbandry; and on the next day they grew discontented, as it behoved hungry heroes. The crisis seemed to grow more serious when they reached Tolosa. Mr Ouvrard was unprepared, and he had nothing to rely upon, except his presence of mind, his ardor, and his daring spirit, in lieu of bread, cattle, provender, carts, &c.

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On this occasion, however, his wit proved sufficient for a triumph over the greatest obstacles. He offered to pay ten times the value of the supplies, which should be furnished by the inhabitants of the town and the neighborhood, within a given time; eight times the value, if an hour later, and so on, till the most critical moment; and in this manner, which, indeed, required great pecuniary sacrifices, he was enabled to give to a *corps d'armée*, rations for ten days, although he had been entirely unprovided on the preceding evening. Money lay heaped upon tables, to stimulate the most sluggish, and it was seemingly thrown away on that day, although merely to ensure the means to treat afterwards at a fair market price, and to be always certain of supplies. Mr Ouvrard may be excused for being a little vain of that *coup de maître* of a victualler, in which capacity he continued acting during the whole war, and always with equal success. However, after the downfall of the Cortes, and when Ferdinand returned to Madrid, Mr. Ouvrard resigned that comparatively humble ministry, to try again the part of a civilizer and restorer of Spain, and of a coadjutor of its sovereign.

Long before the overthrow of the constitutional government, he had projected the removal of the royal court to Mexico, and the establishment of a regency in Spain, in Ferdinand's name, and under the presidency of the Duke of Angoulême. Laws were to be enacted by the Cortes for the better administration of the resources of the kingdom, and we see no reason to doubt that France, and Mr Ouvrard, as a portion not inactive of that powerful state, might have partaken largely of the advantages of this plan. He had explained it to the Dauphin, at the beginning of the campaign. His Highness, on hearing that the national debt of Spain was to be arbitrarily reduced, felt angry at the project. 'Mr Ouvrard,' said the heir to the crown of France, 'this reduction would be equivalent to a bankruptcy;' and with his characteristic laconism he put an end to the conference.

After the complete success of the royal cause, Mr Ouvrard laid much stress upon the alienability of a large portion of the real property of the church, in virtue of an ordinance promulgated by Charles the Fourth, in 1804. A statesman, of no common compass of mind, was of Mr Ouvrard's opinion, that nothing but the spoil of the church could save the state. 'Il n'y a point de salut hors de l'église,' said he to the highest

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personage in the kingdom. The difficulty of such a measure, indeed, consists in avoiding the footsteps of Henry the Eighth, and of the French Revolution. Beginning to pillage and alienate the property of the church, would probably soon lead to no other end than the death-blow of Catholicism; and a Catholic monarch may, therefore, justly feel reluctant to enter on such a course.

Mr Ouvrard treated with the Junta of Spain, which had been established under the auspices of the Duke of Angoulême, respecting loans and internal reforms; but Mr de Villèle put a stop to these negotiations, by ordering the victualler to abstain from all intervention in the political concerns of Spain. Another Parisian banker was more successful, at least in the negotiation of a loan, and the provisional government raised one of fifty millions. This financial operation is ruefully complained of by Mr Ouvrard; and indeed Spain obtained little upon that loan; hardly was she able to pay the interest with what she received. The military operations, nevertheless, could not be interrupted; and therefore France was obliged to supply the money. Mr Ouvrard has the merit of having voluntarily sent to the king two millions of francs in gold bullion, when that prince was shut up in Cadiz, in June, 1823, and the author vaunts himself thereupon, that never any port had been blockaded against him.

We find him afterwards engaged in a negotiation with the Emperor of Morocco, for large supplies of corn and cattle; though France had never before obtained so considerable a concession from that semi-barbarian prince. General Silveyra, one of the royalist leaders of Portugal, asked Mr Ouvrard's intervention for a loan to continue hostilities against the Constitutional party. During the siege of Cadiz, the same Cortes, which had been wroth against him on account of his connexion with the Junta of Urgel, deputed an emissary to treat with him for a loan; and about the same time McGregor, the far-famed Cacique of Poyais, entered into a sort of negotiation with him, to obtain the recognition of his title by Spain, for a sum of ten millions. Mr Ouvrard, who in this manner was the man to whom all parties looked for money, kept his mind steadily fixed upon the New World, or at least the Spanish portion of it, —the El Dorado of all high-fliers, and all speculators. 'This,' he thought within himself, 'is the true field, where a mind like mine can display all its resources; benefit millions; create

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states, or at least establish banks; and raise with paper a most solid fabric, that would shame all the dusty granite foundations of old and rotten Europe.' He positively declares, that the Duke of Angoulême recommended him to king Ferdinand for the office of minister of finance; but he was not inclined to tread in the steps of Cabarus, who also rose from a banker to be the Necker of Spain. Instead of kissing his Majesty's hands on acceptance of the ministerial trust, he brought forward a new plan for meliorating the condition of Spain, giving peace and prosperity to South America, and securing the world against the danger of a want of silver and gold, which would, of course, be worse than a second deluge, in a financier's opinion. The plan was so vast, that the overture of the Cacique of Poyais entered into it merely as a trifling *item.* 'This proposition,' the author says, 'was absorbed in my general views on America;' and his views turned principally upon the formation of an American Military Society, 'Société armée,' modelled on the English East India Company, with a capital of twenty millions of dollars, and the privilege of the exclusive trade for thirty years with all the Spanish colonies. The company was to begin its military operations for the reëstablishment of the royal authority, with a naval and land force, thirty thousand strong. The colonies were to pay to the Crown a tax of one thousand millions of francs, upon which the company was to receive ten per cent. Unfortunately for the projector, the Spaniards have no kindred with the *Vraibleusians*, and he had as little success among them as Popanilla in the Isle of Fantaisie. Mr Ouvrard's project was condemned to sleep in his portfolio, until it appeared in the second volume of his Memoirs. This ill success did not prevent a prelude in Madrid to the future splendor of a rival of the Medici. He rented a ducal palace, with stables for two hundred horses, coach-houses for sixty vehicles, and a garden of five acres in extent, 'divided into large squares, bordered, in the old French fashion, by dwarf-box; with large flower-baskets in the middle, numerous small channels destined for their irrigation, and beautiful trees so disposed as to present the appearance of *an orchard.*' Mr Ouvrard had sent for his family; and had it not been, as he informs his readers, for the strong attachment, which his youngest daughter felt for France and her family, he might have contracted another eligible family alliance. It would have been as illustrious, we must

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presume, as that with Mr de Rochechouart, as he had previously refused to become the father-in-law of General Palafox, the high-born hero of Zaragoza. He gave splendid *soirées;* and grandees, who had partaken of his hospitality in France, honored him with their presence, and invited him into their circles. All these interesting little events are recorded in the Memoirs; and they are, indeed, too characteristic of the author to be omitted. Despairing, at length, of seeing his views adopted by Spain, and probably weary of being at the expense incident to reconciling the parties into which that kingdom was then divided, and bringing Frenchmen and Spaniards, by social intercourse, into a closer political union (for this, as he clearly intimates, was the real purpose of his entertainments and assemblies),* he determined upon a long tour through the fairest and most interesting parts of Europe, in company with his family, before their return to France. He proposed to direct his course along the Mediterranean and Adriatic coast, to visit Sicily, Sardinia, and the Levant, to spend a month at Constantinople, and from thence to proceed to Odessa. A visit to this latter city was, by the way, a delicate compliment to the memory of the Duke de Richelieu, especially as the tour was to be performed in company with Mr de Rochechouart. From Odessa, the travellers intended to proceed towards Moscow, St Petersburg, Riga, Stockholm, Berlin, Munich, Amsterdam, &c. The ladies had their portfolios ready for the landscapes, which a professional painter was to sketch along the road. The plan was well devised; there might have been, besides the agreeable, something useful in such a tour. Stubborn Turkey was then already on the eve of her present crisis. The Ionian Islands and Greece were worth surveying, in a political point of view. But 'Fortune,' says Knickerbocker, 'is a pestilent shrew, and withal a most inexorable creditor; for though she may indulge her favorites in long credits, and overwhelm them with her favors, yet, sooner or later, she brings up her arrears, with the rigor of an experienced publican, and washes out her scores with their tears.' Mr de Villèle played the part of Fortune, in regard to Mr Ouvrard. In the midst of actual splendor, and the prospect of the most rational pleasures, the almost ripe

* Captain Popanilla also maintains, that *pleasure in itself is a losing business.*

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fruit of much speculation, care, and ingenuity, he was on a sudden informed, that all payments to him must be stopped; shortly afterwards his magazines were seized, and he himself was ordered to leave Madrid, and to return to France, or be carried thither by *gens d'armes*. The steam-boat, which had been chartered by the month at Cadiz, in preparation for the splendid Enropean tour, was necessarily given up, and the late *magnifico* had just time enough to pack up his papers, and obey the law of necessity. Yet, along his journey through France, the passion for improvement and political speculation did not abandon him. He who could not sail along the Guadalquivir, without finding in the unequal cultivation of the two banks of that goodly river, an image of what Spain is, and what it might become, were it administered according to his views, devised, as easily, new means of splendor for Rochechouart, and new aristocratic enjoyments for the nobleman who bears the name of that small town, and who is, withal, Mr Ouvrard's son-in-law. He regretted that no millions had yet been voted by the legislature for canals and roads, and concluded that France must extend to the left bank of the Ebro, because Spain and Portugal could not fail to be incorporated into one state. With such diversions from his cares and sorrows, he reached Paris, and at his first interview with the French premier, he was thus accosted; 'Do you know, Mr Ouvrard, that had we not feared that his Highness would take post-horses, and break with us, I should have caused you to be arrested at the very beginning of the campaign?'

We have left for the conclusion of Mr Ouvrard's personal narrative, contained, as far as it goes, in the two volumes before us, the circumstances to which may principally be ascribed their publication, and which constitute the author's latest mischances. The contracts he had concluded at Bayonne, were, it seems, from the beginning disliked and disapproved by the ministry. They were several times modified, by agreement with Mr Ouvrard. Still, either because Mr Ouvrard had not fulfilled all his agreements, or because he had received more money than he was able to account for, or because his accounts were otherwise defective, or, as he believes, because his profits were beheld by Mr de Villèle with as jealous an eye as his former ones had been viewed with by the First Consul and the Emperor, Mr Ouvrard was arrested anew, and, if we are not misinformed, is still deprived of his personal liberty. Much

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has been published against him; much has been said about his affairs, in the French Parliament; but such matters are not for discussion in our journal.

Our readers need not be reminded of the wild speculations that have been carried on lately in England, and have ended in the ruin of so many. Pope, speaking of the woeful catastrophe of the South Sea scheme, said, 'Most people thought the time would come; but no man was prepared for it; no man considered it would come *like a thief in the night;* exactly as it happens in the case of our death.' The bubbles of our days have burst almost instantly, and it may be a sign of the greater civilization of the present times. Curious parallels might be drawn, between the year 1720 and 1820. 'In this disastrous year [1720] of national infatuation,' says Dr Johnson, 'when more riches than Peru can boast, were expected from the South Sea; when the contagion of avarice tainted every mind, and even poets panted after wealth, Pope was seized with the universal passion, and ventured some of his money. The stock rose in its price, and, for a while, he thought himself the lord of thousands.* But this dream of happiness did not last long, and he seems to have waked soon enough to get clear with the loss of what he once thought himself to have won, and perhaps not wholly of that.' Gay and Swift ventured, also, a portion of their small fortunes in that game. But Pope's own remarks are more to our purpose than those of Dr Johnson. 'The universal deluge of the South Sea, contrary to the old deluge, has drowned all except a few *unrighteous* men. I am much pleased with a thought of Dr Arbuthnot's; he says the government and South Sea Company have only locked up the money of the people upon conviction of their lunacy (as is usual in the case of lunatics), and intend to restore them as much as may be fit for such people, as fast as they shall see them return to their senses.' † Little was restored, and late years prove that good sense has not made a rapid progress.

We are not hostile to credit and banks, nor have we the smallest wish to raise any question about immense fortunes, acquired in a short time. Each craft has its mysteries, which

* Pope says;
'In South Sea days not happier, when surmised
The lord of thousands, than if now excised.'

† Roscoe's Edition of Pope, Vol. ix, p. 197.

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are unintelligible to the uninitiated and the unpractised. But we should be happy to contribute to discountenance overbanking and a too adventurous enterprise. We see no great blessing in a paper currency to such an amount as to weigh *in paper*, in ten pound bank notes, more than one hundred and fifty-six thousand pounds.

> 'Blest paper credit,——
> Gold, imp'd by thee, can compass hardest things,
> Can pocket states, can fetch or carry kings;
> A single leaf shall waft an army o'er,
> Or ship off senates to a distant shore;
> A leaf, like Sibyl's, scatter to and fro
> Our fates and fortunes, as the winds shall blow.'

Political cobblers and financial quacks could easily bestow upon Spain, by temporary shifts and experiments, a similar blessing, and would have, moreover, an advantage rather rare elsewhere, that of taking in exchange no little silver and gold. In the midst of all the difficulties of its internal situation, Spain will remain in a *curable* condition, so long as it escapes falling into such hands; and, preserving the moral qualities for which it has been so eminent, the nation will outlive the severe trials to which the times and circumstances may expose its natural fortitude and dignity. Mr Ouvrard's Memoirs contain many shrewd remarks on Spain. He may have looked keenly into its wounds and infirmities, but Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy' is better as picture of the human frame, than Mr Ouvrard's Memoirs are as a statement of the condition of Spain. That country has resources which may seem worthless to a financier, but which are precious in eyes less blinded by the glare of metals. Jeremy Taylor found much to admire in a usage of the kings of Spain, at which a financier would shrug his shoulders, were he even the commercial partner of these sovereigns. 'In the same Escurial, where the Spanish princes live in greatness and power, and decree war or peace, they have wisely placed a cemetery, where their ashes and their glory shall sleep till time be no more.' 'There is an acre sown with royal seed, the copy of the greatest change, from rich to naked, from ceiled roofs to arched coffins, from *living like Gods to die like men*. There is enough to cool the flames of lust, to abate the heights of pride, *to appease the itch of covetous desires*, and dash out the dissembling colors of a lustful, artificial, and imaginary beauty.'

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ART. II.—1. *Philosophy of the Human Voice, embracing its Physiological History; together with a System of Principles by which Criticism in the Art of Elocution may be rendered Intelligible, and Instruction Definite and Comprehensive. To which is added a brief Analysis of Song and Recitative.* By JAMES RUSH, M. D. Philadelphia. 1827. J. Maxwell.

2. *Analysis of the Principles of Rhetorical Delivery, as applied to Reading and Speaking.* By EBENEZER PORTER, D. D., Bartlet Professor of Sacred Rhetoric in the Theological Seminary, Andover. 1827. Mark Newman.

WE take all due shame to ourselves, that two works on Elocution, like those now before us, should have remained so long unnoticed in our pages. We have thought it singular, and we are willing to confess our share in the fault, that works as creditable to our literature as these are, and in a department of knowledge, which, as matters now stand, is positively of greater importance to the body of our scholars than any other, should have been ushered into the world without receiving a hearty welcome from any leading Journal among us. The Rev. Dr Porter's book, we perceive, has been suffered quietly to slide into a second edition; and from that circumstance we presume it is gaining, unpraised and unnoticed, the estimation it deserves among our Academies and Colleges. As to Dr Rush's work, we venture to say that not one in a hundred of our literary men has ever read it, or known anything about it.

We have in these suggestions struck the key-note; but the *strain* of our complaints is yet to come. It is a small matter, comparatively, that these books on Elocution have been neglected in our Journals, or by our scholars. The great evil is the evil *indicated* by this fact. The great evil is, that the subject itself has fallen into neglect. The art of Rhetorical Delivery is regarded with a more amazing and unaccountable indifference among us than ever befell any other art, in circumstances so apparently favorable to its cultivation. This, and nothing but this, accounts for the fact adverted to. One of the works, in question, it is true, is only a Manual, and might not be thought to crave much discussion. But the other is a stout octavo on the Philosophy of the Human Voice. An analysis of the voice, in many respects novel, and running through

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more than five hundred pages, is a pretty serious matter. It must be a very weak production, indeed, to deserve to fall into utter neglect. If such a work,—a work of such size and pretensions, of whatever character, had been thrown out among the ancient rhetoricians, we imagine that they would have turned it over, and handled it, till they made something of it. But now, if we should please to assert that this work of Dr Rush surpasses all that the ancients have done,—surpasses all the rhetorical works in the world; we presume, that not one in a hundred of our scholars and public speakers, could give any good reason for contradicting us.

Our plan is, first, to take notice of these publications, and, then, to offer some remarks on the general neglect of elocution among us, the want of good speaking, and the almost absolute futility of the common methods, devised for its improvement.

We confess our obligations to the distinguished gentleman, at the head of the Andover Institution (as we understand, according to a late arrangement of the officers), for the popular and most valuable treatise on 'the Principles of Rhetorical Delivery,' which he has presented to the public. We are obliged, we do not say to his condescension,—for we hold that to descend to labors like these, is to *rise*; but to the well known professional zeal, which, amidst ill health and the arduous duties of his station, has given us a work, evidently requiring much thought and attention. It is, beyond all comparison, the best work of the kind, that has appeared in our language. We do not now bring it into any comparison with Austin's Chironomia, which is too elaborate and expensive for common use; and in the department which forms its principal distinction from other rhetorical works, that of action, too artificial, perhaps, to be safe as a manual. It were to be wished, by the by, that half a dozen copies of this work were placed in all our college libraries. Sheridan's and Steele's works had, and have, their value; but they are too speculative, and go too much into detail, for the purpose now in view. The same may be said of Walker's Elocution; though a great advance on previous undertakings, yet characterized by something of the vagueness and obscurity, and what now seems to us the unnecessary minuteness, incident to the investigation and establishment of new principles. Rome was not built in a day, and those who rebuild and improve, often do it out of the hard-wrought works of their predecessors. Campbell's invaluable 'Philosophy of Rhetoric,' which is, in-

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deed, the philosophy of language with reference to its rhetorical uses, does not fall within the range of our present comparison.

We consider Dr Porter's work, therefore, as supplying a most material deficiency in our works on Elocution; and it is in all respects exactly what was wanted. The 'Analysis of Principles,' is sufficiently philosophic, and yet very practical. It is a condensed summary; the work, manifestly of an experienced hand, the result of much observation; clear, judicious, and discriminating. We have read, and re-read the whole, and can find no fault with it. We did, indeed, venture to question whether some of the 'exercises on inflection,' given to illustrate the fifth rule on that head, did not more properly belong to the ninth; and we suppose that there is some 'debateable ground' between these rules. *Where* 'the sense *is* suspended;' and what *constitutes* 'an emphatic succession of particulars,'—questions which determine whether the rising, or the falling inflection should be used, may in some cases be a matter of doubt. But the more we have examined these exercises, which occupy more than half of the volume, the more we have found it hazardous to dissent from so respectable an authority. We have only to add that the style of this work, that is, of the original part, is admirable; and that those who have had the pleasure of listening to Dr Porter as a preacher, will meet here with the simplicity, perspicuity, and elegance, together with the pith and energy of expression, with which he is wont to deliver himself. More we might say, and strongly say, if it were proper, of the rhetorical qualifications of this gentleman, for the task he has fulfilled; but lest praise should become intrusion, we leave the subject; again expressing our hearty thanks to Dr Porter, for a work, which, however simple in its character and claims, we are satisfied will do more to raise the tone of speaking in our academies and colleges than anything else that has issued from our press.

We turn now from this manual of 'the Principles of Rhetorical Delivery,' to the much larger and more elaborate work on a single branch of the subject, the 'Philosophy of the Human Voice.'

This, we do not hesitate to say, is the most important department in the whole science of oratory. The voice is the principal organ of the soul; it is that by which the mind first and immediately pours forth its thoughts. Articulate speech is

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the grand instrument of the orator; the most accurate, flexible, delicate, exquisite, and powerful. It is from this, that eloquence derives its name. We can bear any defect in a speaker, better than a bad, or a badly modulated voice; none so directly interferes with the just and forcible expression of his thoughts. We dwell upon this a moment, partly for the sake of inviting attention to the importance of the subject which Dr Rush has chosen for his essay; and partly because it is not an uncommon idea, that *gesture* is the principal thing to be taught in our courses of rhetorical instruction. We believe that the cultivation of the voice is entitled to this preëminence, as, at once, the most essential, the most difficult, and the most practicable of all the labors of the rhetorician. It is the most practicable at the same time that it is the most difficult, because while, on the one hand, no man ever became a perfect reader without much practice and deep study, on the other, no one ever failed to improve his voice by daily and careful practice. This is more than can be said of gesture, which depends much on the general manners of the speaker; whereas to cultivate the voice requires nothing but sense, feeling, and patient study. And yet nothing, much as it has been studied both in ancient and modern times, has been the subject of so many vague ideas and descriptions, as the human voice.

But, not to wander too far from our object, we return to the essay before us. We have had some difficulty in deciding what course to pursue in presenting this work to the notice of our readers. But we have not been long in determining that we cannot find space for any minute criticism on the work. We cannot let our readers far into the mysteries of its nomenclature and notation. We cannot go much into detail, in reviewing a book of details. Almost every page is crowded with discriminations, requiring more deliberation and experiment than we are wont to solicit for our own pages; if it were possible, indeed, to find place in them for discussions of this nature. We shall endeavor, therefore, to give such a notice of this treatise as may, we hope, induce others to read it, rather than attempt to supply them with an abstract so full as to lead them to think a perusal of it unnecessary. We read it with great satisfaction. We considered it as going far beyond any former analysis of the voice. It is from an honest and hearty impulse, therefore, that we recommend it to others;—not having read the book, to review it, but reviewing it because we have read it.

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Of all subjects for philosophical analysis, Dr Rush has taken up the most difficult. This arises from the flexible, variable, vanishing nature of the voice. It is ever changing. It does not stand still to be the object of attention. It does not pause to be listened to. He who hunts in this field, to use the huntsman's phrase, must 'shoot flying.' It is like examining objects which pass swiftly before the eye, and almost instantly vanish from sight; making it nearly impossible on both accounts to distinguish them. And, indeed, the only method of examining the voice, is artificially to lengthen out or prolong its tones; just as we should cause the object of vision in the case just supposed, if we wish to examine it, to move more slowly or to pause before our eyes. It is for this reason, that the singing voice is more easily analyzed, and has been so much more accurately defined. It is not a continuous flow of sound, but it skips from note to note, pausing upon each one, and giving time for the listener to mark and describe it. The speaking voice is like a stream; the observer perceives, that there are undulations in it, that it rises or falls, that its current is stronger or feebler, that its sound is higher or lower; but all minuter discrimination is lost in its continual flow.

Observations of this sort, indeed, pursued, not into detailed and accurate descriptions, but into more vague diffuseness, are by all that we obtain from the ancients. Julius Pollux, as quoted by Austin, enumerates (Lib. II. c. 4.) no less than thirty-seven qualities of voice. Our readers may be curious to know what they are. The following is the catalogue; high, powerful, clear, extensive, deep, brilliant, pure, sweet, attractive, melodious, persuasive, tractable, flexible, executive, mellow, sonorous, distinct, perspicuous, obscure, dull, unpleasing, small, thin, faint, indistinct, confused, discordant, unharmonious, unmanageable, not fitted to persuade, rigid, harsh, cracked, doleful, hoarse, brassy, shrill. 'What can be more wonderful,' says Mr Walker in a note to his Observations on the Greek and Latin Accent, 'than that, among so many of the ancients who have written on the causes of eloquence, and who have descended to such trifling and childish observations upon the importance of letters and syllables, we should not find a single author who has taken notice of the importance of emphasis upon a *single* word? Our modern books of elocution abound with instances of the change produced in the sense of a sentence by changing the place of the emphasis; but no such instance appears among the an-

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cients. Not one poor *Will you ride to town to-day?*' And yet they labored over the voice, they sent it to school, they had masters for it, they prescribed diet and a course of life for it, forbidding figs, apples, pears, nuts, gross eating, much wine, and especially, 'Veneris damnosa voluptas,' and requiring moderation, early rising, exercise, &c.—all which, by the by, we suppose, amounts to this, that to the cultivation of a good voice, good health is usually necessary.

The ancients understood the rising and falling inflections, and that circumflex, which consists of the rise and fall of the voice on the same syllable. To these, Mr Walker claims the honor of adding that circumflex which is the reverse of the old Greek circumflex, which consists, that is, of a fall and rise of the voice on the same note; and this, together with the application of these inflections, and some discrimination of the alphabetic elements, has hitherto been the extent of philosophical analysis, among modern inquirers. It may be asked, what other conditions in the movement of the voice there can be than its monotone, its rising, its falling, its rising and falling, or falling and rising on the same syllable? None certainly; but then, there are species to be sought for under these genera. For instance, the voice not only rises, but it rises through semitones, tones, seconds, thirds, fifths, and eighths on the musical scale; and these transitions are appropriated to various sentiments, the semitone to the plaintive, the tone to ordinary emotions, the third to more earnest, and so on. It is with discriminations like these, that a part of Dr Rush's work is occupied. In the same manner he traces the descent of the voice through the several intervals of the scale. He, then, applies a similar process of investigation to the circumflex, which he denominates 'the wave of the voice.' He not only perceives a rising and falling tone or the reverse, on the same syllable, as others have done, but he finds that it rises or sinks, higher or lower, through various intervals, each having its peculiar expression; and moreover, that it executes this movement by unequal intervals, sinking lower for instance than the note with which it commenced; a circumflex, or 'wave,' expressive of the highest degree of scorn. We cannot go farther into particulars; but this notice of what they may find will induce our readers we hope, to look into these chapters for themselves.

Dr Rush has taken up all the qualities of the voice, and ap-

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plied to them the same minute analysis. Words have not only force, as a quality of sound, but the stress may be applied at the beginning, the middle, or the end, or throughout; or it may be compound, being laid at the beginning and the end; or it may be a particular loudness on one syllable, to distinguish it from the rest. On emphasis, again, we have the same, and many more distinctions. The quality of the voice, time, accent,—in short, most of its rhetorical characteristics have sections devoted to them, in which the object is not to lay down rules and definitions, but to investigate the principles which govern the voice, in these various respects. There are sections also upon other powers and conditions of the voice, which are new in rhetoric, or invested with new importance; as upon 'Aspiration,' one of the most powerful elements of sound; on 'the Tremor of the voice,' a quality somewhere between its ordinary sound, and laughter or crying, and proper to the most impassioned language of either joyous or distressful emotion; on 'the Drift of the voice,' which is its general and prevalent tone, with reference to the leading sentiment of a discourse or part of a discourse; and on 'the Grouping of speech,' or the skilful mangement of the voice in such a manner as to show the bearing and connexion of the different clauses in a sentence. We cannot, in consistency with the further views we have in this article, follow Dr Rush into that detail on these several heads which is necessary to do his thoughts any justice. And, in truth, we are more desirous, if it were in our power, to excite curiosity, than to gratify it. For we repeat the expression of our earnest desire that this work may be much better known.

We cannot help bearing testimony to the spirit of thorough philosophy, and to the evidences of patient and acute observation, which are everywhere manifest in this very curious and original production. We do not profess to have entered very deeply into this *new science*, for in the hands of our author it is new; but allowing for such differences as will arise where the ear is consulted, we yield our full assent to his general principles. We particularly recommend the long sections on 'the Mode of Instruction in Elocution,' and on 'the Faults of Readers,' to all those who have any thorough interest in this subject. The section on 'Syllabication,' in an early part of the work, is a fine argument. And if any one would take account of articulate sounds, from an ear that seems to have listened to nature as few ears have listened, we would advise him to read the third section, on 'the Alphabetic Elements.'

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After all, we have had our fears, from the first, that this work would not be much read. It is too profound, for that leisure reading, commonly assigned to books on rhetoric. He who erects an art into a science, and calls for a new style of thinking, for a novel application of the mind, on any subject, must wait with patience for the 'hearing ear.' The intrinsic difficulty of the inquiry is a still greater obstacle to its obtaining the necessary attention. It is this that deters most men from the study of the mind. But the voice is a more impracticable and evanescent subject for philosophy. The mind has states, at least; but the voice has no condition but that of impulse and immediate vanishing into nothing. The new nomenclature in this essay will be apt to discourage readers. Indeed, it gives an aspect of novelty to things that are not new. As for instance, what is Dr Rush's 'radical and vanishing movement,' but a rising or falling inflection? If he had oftener stated, how far the books of rhetoric, or its received principles, accompanied him in this inquiry, he would have saved an indolent reader from the appalling difficulties of entering upon what seems to him an entirely new field, and an attentive one from the depreciating feeling, that very obvious matters are made mysterious by the new garb in which they are clothed. And, indeed, we think that there are decided faults in the work, which interfere with its success. There is a tone of contempt toward all former writers on rhetoric, not very conciliating to those who have hitherto taken them for masters and guides. The style, too, is often involved and obscure, and, it seems to us, unnecessarily singular and technical, however new are the thoughts to be exhibited. In fine, we cannot commend the manner of this performance, as we cordially do the matter. Dr Rush has not patience. If we had said, modesty, it would have been more than we chose to say; but there are many passages which have an air of haughtiness and self-complacency, that are not needed in a work so capable of resting on its own merits as this.

What will be the effects of this 'Philosophical Analysis,' we venture not to predict. We wish that we could see a grammar of rhetoric, formed on its principles. In the close of his essay on Greek and Latin accent, Mr Walker has the following language. 'But till the human voice, which is the same in all ages and nations, is more studied and better understood, and till a notation of speaking sounds is adopted, I despair of

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conveying my ideas of this subject with sufficient clearness upon paper. I have, however, marked such an outline as may be easily filled up by those who study speaking with half the attention they must do music. From an entire conviction that the ancients had a notation of speaking sounds, and from the actual experience of having formed one myself, I think I can foresee, that some future philosophical inquirer, with more learning, more leisure, and more credit with the world than I have, will be able to unravel this mystery in letters, which has so long been the *opprobrium et crux grammaticorum*, the reproach and torment of grammarians.' If we were to apply this language to the whole science of the voice, which it really embraces in its spirit, we might say, that the course and object of Dr Rush's work comes within the range of the prediction. He has, with his 'Philosophical Analysis,' undertaken to give a notation of the speaking voice. It is drawn, as we have already intimated, from the sister art of music, and is founded on the musical scale. This is the most natural resort; since the speaking voice differs from the musical, only in its being concrete, instead of discrete; that is, only in its flowing through the whole scale. But whether Dr Rush shall be that fortunate philosopher, or whether his system, like the notation of gesture laid down in the 'Chironomia,' will not require more attention, than speakers of modern times will give, must be for time and experiment to determine.

Having thus attempted to discharge something of our duty towards the works named at the head of this article, we shall now take up the burden of our original complaint, at the neglect with which this whole subject is treated. Let it be admitted, in the outset, that not one man in ten can or could be eloquent, though we do not believe it; or, if our readers please, that not one in fifty can rise to the highest efforts of oratory. No doubt there is a distinction to be made between agreeable speaking and powerful eloquence; and we make it, *in limine*, because we would not be charged with the extravagance of complaining that the body of our speakers are not eloquent, in the highest sense of the term. It is the agreeable speaking that we ask for, first of all, and most earnestly. Is it not, in fact, through four fifths of every discourse, all that is wanted? Is it not the staple of good oratory? And if it were not, shall a man say that because he cannot speak eloquently, he will not endeavor to speak agreeably? that because he can-

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not please in the highest degree, he will take no pains to avoid giving offence? Nor would the distinction turn out to be, in fact, so great as, for the sake of argument, we have admitted it to be, in statement. If men were trained to this art, with half the care that they are to the offices of the counter or the work-bench; if they were trained from their youth to a just, easy, and graceful delivery; if the spell of embarrassment were taken off, and they were 'redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled;' in one word, if their powers and affections had a free and full manifestation, we believe that the proportion before stated would be reversed, and that the nine would be, at times, truly eloquent, would be interesting at least, and the one only would be inveterately dull. For there is by no means so great a difference among different minds, in regard to sensibility, as is commonly supposed. The difference, much of it, lies in the mode and power of manifestation.

After all, there must, no doubt, be instances of rare and unequalled excellence, such as Cicero has described in his opening, 'De Oratore'; there must be such instances in this art, as well as in statuary or painting. Yet, neither is this altogether a fair comparison. The labors of the sculptor and the painter are far more artificial than those of the orator. The breath of eloquence is in the human soul; the instruments are provided by nature,—the voice, the countenance, the eye, the lips, the hand, the whole frame; and if habit did not make men automatons, and embarrassment did not put a dull mask over 'the human face divine,' the eloquent soul would speak out,—the man could not help being eloquent.

We are aware that we touch a point here, on which some may differ from us, or may think they differ, and therefore we dwell upon it for a moment. There is a mystery about this matter with some, and with others there may be a misunderstanding of our meaning. There are some who regard the eloquent man as a kind of immediate creation from the Almighty. They say that a man is 'born an orator,' and that it is in vain for any man to strive for excellence in the art, who is not made for it. If by this it is meant that eloquence is a peculiar gift, distinguishable from all the other powers of the human mind, we differ from such an opinion entirely. But if it be meant only, that a man is born an orator just as he is born a mathematician, a philosopher, or a statesman, we have no objection to offer to this position. It confirms what we have

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been saying. There are natural differences among men, but it is none the less necessary that they should use study and effort; and this difference is not, in other cases, construed into a discouragement from study and effort.

The comparison just made, may also help us to make our meaning understood. There are but few men who can be statesmen or philosophers of the highest order; but there are many of various degrees of excellence, to whom we apply these titles. Let it be so with orators; and let it not be said that because only one in a century can rise to the highest sphere, therefore but one has any call to exertion. Or if any one choose to understand by eloquence, the loftiest pitch of excellence, we will not dispute about a word; let us then, we say, have good speaking; and good speaking, we are sure, will pass oftener than men expect, into eloquent speaking. All that we are anxious for is, that no mystical or unphilosophical ideas of eloquence should prevent men from cultivating the powers they have, and from availing themselves of the noble opportunities that are offered to them in this country. For, look abroad through this goodly land of free and intelligent communities, with its thronged schools, and academies, and colleges, with the most popular institutions in the world, with its theatre for oratory in every town-meeting, with its churches, and tribunals of justice, and halls of legislation,—and tell us why eloquence may not flourish here; why its elder glories may not be revived among us. We are accustomed to say, and not without reason, that this country offers the fairest field in the modern world for the culture of eloquence. Nor have men lost their eagerness to witness the displays of this divine art. There is nothing, in ordinary times, that will draw such multitudes together, or transport them with such enthusiasm. They actually feel, that is, the multitude, as if there were something divine, something like inspiration, in the inexplicable and overwhelmning powers of a great orator. They are ready, like those who listened to the 'Oration' of Herod, but not with the same venal feeling, to exclaim, 'It is the voice of a god!' We well remember, in the days of our boyhood, when our fathers and seniors had been up to the distant City, and talked to us, on their return, of the eloquence of Hamilton, that we caught from them an impression of wonder and delight, bordering almost upon supernatural awe and admiration.

If any one would judge of the estimation in which this glo-

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rious gift is held, let him observe how the least approaches to it are received; how a fine voice, or a prurient imagination, like charity, will cover up a multitude of sins against taste, and reason, and truth; how the most absolute dearth of thought, or the most barren commonplace, will be forgiven, will escape the notice even of cultivated audiences, if it wear the veil of an elegant delivery; how—we had almost named names—but how men of the most ordinary talents will make a sensation wherever they go, and collect crowds, not of the weak alone, but of the wise also, to hear them; nay, how dignified senators, the 'most potent, grave, and reverend seigniors' of the nation, will sit as if they were fastened to their seats, and listen by the hour to the most trifling anecdotes, to the most irrelevant stories, when delivered with the ease, and grace, and charm of finished oratory. Indeed, in this matter we grow skeptical about the authority of our (by turns) most wise Hamlet. 'The judicious' do *not* 'grieve'; but they smile, and listen,—and listen, and look grave, and say it is very 'good talk.' And the multitude—it is indeed a 'gaping multitude,' and ready to swallow anything that comes in the shape of rhetoric. They are hungering and thirsting for it. They are lifting up their souls for it,—to the pulpit, to the bar, to the senate-chamber. They are ready to be instructed, to be moved, aroused, transported; yes, the most obstinate are willing to be enlightened, the most obdurate to be melted, the dullest to be charmed, if the power and the wisdom come in the form of eloquence.

'The field is white to the harvest' (not irreverently to make the application), but where are the laborers? Indeed, 'the laborers are few.' Some eloquent men there are in this country; eloquent from the simple force of talent, from the irrepressible burstings forth of genius, on great themes and occasions; eloquent, because they cannot help it. But anything like settled, concentrated, patient effort, for improvement in oratory; anything like an effort, running through the whole course of education, renewed with every day as the great object, pursued into the discharge of professional duties, is scarcely known among us. The mass of our public speakers would as soon think of taking up some mechanical trade as a subsidiary occupation of life, as they would think of adopting Cicero's practice of daily declamations. They would be ashamed, like the member of Parliament, mentioned by Ches-

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terfield, and very properly justified by him, of being *caught* in any practice of this sort. The art of speaking well, seems to be thought a trifling or an unworthy art. Or, is it that most extraordinary desire that prevails so much among our speakers and writers, to have it supposed that their best and most successful efforts cost them little or no preparation?

Whatever be the cause of this general neglect, the consequence is plain enough. *The making of good sentences*, the first business of a public speaker, seems, by most of our legislative debaters and forensic orators, to be least of all understood. Violations of sense, of the structure of sentences, nay, and of grammar, too, are constantly witnessed. It is really perilous to listen. We are in perpetual terror lest the speaker should make shipwreck of all reason and sense. As he rises on the wave of some swelling period, our own minds partake of his insecurity to such an extent, that we lose all thoughts of his subject, in sympathy for his situation.

It fares no better with our discourses, than with our sentences. Alas! what would Father Quinctilian and Dr Hugh Blair say, if they could listen to some of our speeches? The most solemn rules about the exordium, narration, statement, argument, peroration,—about the order, progress, climax of a discourse,—about the consistency of metaphors, with themselves and with the subject,—about figures, comparison, vision, hyperbole, are scarcely more regarded among us, than if those venerable personages had never lived.

And then, what a variety of gesture have we, from the arms, that sail about like the arms of a wind-mill, and with as little meaning, to the more common sawing, and hammering, and punching, that suggest a doubt whether the man was not brought up to a different trade from that of speaking. And so it is with the other organs of the speaker. The countenance is dull, or distorted. The voice is harsh and vociferous, or feeble, or drawling and monotonous, and comes out with a languid and reluctant effort, as if the alternative were to 'speak or die.' And the eye,—we refer now to the pulpit,—the eye wanders upon vacancy, or gazes strenuously upon nothing, or is fixed intently and sedulously upon the cushion, as if it were that 'Velvet Cushion,' which teemed with wondrous thoughts to the attentive Vicar; or the same organ, being lifted up, instantly seeks some pillar or post, on which it may conveniently rest itself. We almost wish, indeed, that those great boxes,

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called pulpits, with their many props and appliances for indolence and dulness, were hewn down, dismantled, and destroyed. Seriously, our only difficulty would be to find a place for the *incumbent*, and for his manuscripts; and this we should do by arranging a bare platform, and a simple low reading-desk. For we would not have the manuscripts rashly given up, though they are undoubtedly an obstruction oftentimes to the zeal of the preacher. No man can ever do full justice to his powers, who always literally follows his written page. But it requires a much more thorough training than our preachers yet have had, to venture much upon extemporaneous delivery. On this subject we would earnestly commend to our clergy, a little book from one of their brethren,* intitled 'Hints on Extemporaneous Preaching;' a book which, in some portions of it, illustrates the eloquence it recommends.

It may be thought that we have indulged somewhat in caricature; but on this subject we are certain that no strength of language can be too great. No caricature, no extravagance, nor ridicule can come up to the absurdity of expecting to speak well, on the slight preparation which is commonly made,—or that which is provided for, in fact, in our systems of education, —for this noble exercise. There may be, of lawyers, clergymen, and others, probably twenty thousand public speakers in this country. We do not believe that, on an average, they have each spent ten weeks of preparation, for this most important part of their professional duties. The orator, with the ancients, was held to be the perfection, the *beau idéal*, of a man. They directed that all the powers of their noble youth should be concentrated to the attainment of this character. But that training of all the faculties to this great accomplishment; that various study, all with reference to this end; that sedulous culture of the memory, the judgment, and the fancy, as the polished instruments of eloquence; that laying in of the stores of learning and the treasures of history for its use; that patient, constant, daily practice of reading and speaking; and, at last, that summoning up of all that was strong, and beautiful, and accomplished, and treasured in the mind, to the great endeavor,—that almost godlike sway and mastery over human hearts, at which they aimed;—all this, we seem as little

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to think of, as if it were detailed in the stories of old romance. Compared with those free and noble spirits, we are content to be slaves, and to wear chains. And yet we are speakers, forsooth, and we talk about eloquence; or we are passing through courses of study preparatory to an appearance before the public; and occasions and subjects that stir up all the passions of the soul are offered to us; the high claims of justice are to be pleaded; the great interests of the nation are to be discussed; the tremendous 'powers of the world to come,' if we may speak so, are to be wielded; and yet the chain is upon us, the chain of mechanical habit, or slavish timidity; the arm moves constrainedly in its socket; there is a leaden weight upon the tongue, and a film upon the eye, that should flash forth the fires of the soul; opportunities nobler than those of heroism are unimproved; the temple of justice but rarely yields inspiration; the public councils are tedious; and the pulpit,—that new and nobler field of eloquence,—even the pulpit, where man should put forth a more awful power, than when Demosthenes 'fulmin'd over Greece,' is proverbially dull!

But what can be done? This is the question which we shall now attempt to answer. We shall speak with earnestness and confidence; and if there shall seem to be anything positive and dictatorial in our suggestions, we must be excused, on the ground, that, to our minds, the case is as clear as it is cogent.

We observe, then, in general, that this great aim—to speak well—must pervade the whole course of education; we mean the education of those who are designed to be public speakers. We would not fall a whit behind the demands of the ancient rhetoricians in this respect. We would have it said to our youth, 'You must study, learn, acquire, comprehend, compass everything, with reference to that end. Your acquisitions are all to be put to that use. Your learning may indeed be valuable to yourselves on its own account; but of what value can it be to others, unless you learn to communicate it? Without this aim, you are acting as absurdly as the merchant's clerk, who should always be poring over 'Anderson's Commerce,' or treatises on commercial law, and never gaining any acquaintance with trade; or as the apprentice, who should busy himself with studying the principles of mechanics, and never make himself acquainted with tools. If you were destined for the anchorite's cell, it would be enough for you *to know;* but

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if you are coming forth upon the theatre of life, for what are you to come? Is it to fold your arms, or worse, to have them pinioned to your sides? and to have every power that you are cultivating, disenabled and rendered useless? No; it is for action, that you are to come forth; and the action, if you are to be public speakers, is to be emphatically that, under which the old orators comprehended the whole body and soul of eloquence.' There never was a collection of youth that more needed to have this said to them, and urged upon them, than the youth of our colleges. There is talent enough, and hard study enough, perhaps; but there is no sufficient feeling of the great relation to active life; nothing like that which must have been awakened in the schools of ancient eloquence; nothing like that which must have animated the ardent youth that waited on the steps of Cicero, as he bent his way to the Roman forum. For want of this, the secluded and silent cells of our colleges are often the graves of genius, rather than its nurseries. We might almost apply, without parody, the words of Gray to them;

'Some village Hampden, with his dauntless breast,
* * * * * *
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

'Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,'

does 'their lot' forbid it? No; but their minds do not grasp it. We speak with feelings at the farthest possible remove from disrespect or scorn. We speak, it is true, more from recollection than from actual observation. But we remember how it was, and we suspect it is too much so still. We remember in what insensibility we passed that period of our lives, of all that was to be done and dared in the world. And there is another trait in our learned institutions, which many among us may probably be able to call to vivid remembrance, if they do not still observe it. There was, and there is, we believe, something, shall we call it, of a stoic or of a monastic spirit, in our colleges, with regard to learning. There was among us, we well remember, a feeling, that it was enough *to know;* that knowledge was to be valued singly and solely for itself; that the only worthy ambition was to be thorough scholars;

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there was, in some of the best and noblest minds, an almost stern and scornful feeling towards all exhibition, or desire of exhibition. In this feeling, it was very naturally forgotten, that the ultimate object, after all, is exhibition; and that all learning and genius, but to their possessor, are useless without it. We have often thought that it would have been of great service to us, if we had, at that period, read the Letters of Lord Chesterfield to his Son. We recommend not their spirit; their worldliness, we mean,—for the taint of licentiousness is a thing that only appears here and there, and does by no means infect the volumes as deeply as is commonly supposed. But the uselessness of all talents and acquisitions, without the power of exhibition, is set forth, with a variety, pith, wit, and earnestness, to say nothing of an almost unequalled style, that would make them a valuable lesson to our young men.

From this general observation on the place which eloquence should hold among the objects of education, let us descend to particulars.

The business of training our youth to this accomplishment must be commenced in childhood. The first school is the nursery. There, at least, may be formed a distinct articulation, which is the first requisite for good speaking. How rarely is it found in perfection among our orators! Words, says one, referring to articulation, should 'be delivered out from the lips, as beautiful coins, newly issued from the mint; deeply and accurately impressed, perfectly finished, neatly struck by the proper organs, distinct, in due succession and of due weight.'* How rarely do we hear a speaker whose tongue, teeth, and lips, do their office so perfectly as in any wise to answer to this beautiful description. And the common faults in articulation, it should be remembered, take their rise from the very nursery. But let us refer to other particulars.

Grace in eloquence,—in the pulpit, at the bar,—cannot be separated from grace in the ordinary manners, in private life, in the social circle, in the family. It cannot be put on with the *toga civilis*. It cannot well be superinduced upon all the other acquisitions of youth, any more than that nameless, but invaluable quality, called good breeding. You may, therefore, begin the work of forming the orator with your child; not merely by teaching him to declaim, but, what is of much more conse-

* Chironomia.

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quence, by observing and correcting his daily manners, motions, and attitudes. You can say, when he comes into your apartment, or presents you with something, a book or letter, in an awkward and blundering manner, 'Just return, and enter this room again,' or, 'Present me that book in a different manner,' or, 'Put yourself into a different attitude.' You can explain to him the difference between thrusting or pushing out his hand and arm in straight lines and at acute angles, and moving it in flowing, circular lines, and easy, graceful action. He will readily understand you. Nothing is more true than that 'the motions of children are originally graceful;' and it is by suffering them to be perverted, that we lay the foundation for invincible awkwardness in later life.

We go next to the schools for children. It ought to be a leading object in these schools to teach the art of reading. It ought to occupy three-fold more time than it does. The teachers of these schools should labor to improve *themselves*. They should feel, that to them, for a time, are committed the future orators of the land. We had rather have a child, even of the other sex, return to us from school, a first-rate reader, than a first-rate performer on the piano-forte. We should feel that we had a far better pledge for the intelligence and talent of our child. The accomplishment, in its perfection, would give more pleasure. The voice of song is not sweeter than the voice of eloquence. And there may be eloquent readers, as well as eloquent speakers. We speak of perfection in this art; and it is something, we must say in defence of our preference, which we have never yet seen. Let the same pains be devoted to reading, as are required to form an accomplished performer on an instrument; let us have our *phonasci*, as the ancients had,—the formers of the voice, the music-masters of the reading voice; let us see years devoted to this accomplishment, and then we should be prepared to stand the comparison. It is, indeed, a most intellectual accomplishment. So is music, too, in its perfection. We do, by no means, undervalue this noble and most delightful art; to which Socrates applied himself even in his old age. But one recommendation of the art of reading is, that it requires a constant exercise of mind. It demands continual and close reflection and thought, and the finest discrimination of thought. It involves, in its perfection, the whole art of criticism on language. A man may possess a fine genius without being a perfect reader; but he cannot be a perfect reader without genius.

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Let us now advance some steps higher, to our colleges. We mean no disrespect to their guardians, and certainly not to their officers (whose duties are appointed to them), in what we are about to say. But we do entertain a full and entire conviction, and experience, observation, the actual result, warrant us in a full conviction, of the absolute futility of the attempts hitherto made, for training up the youth of our colleges to be accomplished advocates, debaters, and preachers. We remember to have asked an intelligent rhetorical professor in one of our colleges, what he was doing to make his pupils good speakers; and his answer was, that he was beginning to think, nothing could be done. And we are persuaded that nothing can be done, till a great deal more is done. The case craves more thorough dealing than it has yet had, or it may as well be given up as hopeless. We are inclined to believe, that we had rather take our chance with a speaker, who had never declaimed in his life, who had never heard of a gesture, than with the body of those who have had the training of our colleges. It seems to us as true of eloquence, as of philosophy, that 'a little learning is a dangerous thing.' There is a homely proverb, that 'men should beware how they handle edged tools.' We think that tones, inflections, gestures, are such things. There are three states of the manners; a native and crude simplicity; next, the awkwardness and constraint of a man, introduced, but not accustomed to a public situation or a polished society, and trying to put on manners for the occasion; and, finally, the ease, grace, and self-possession of the finished gentleman. And there are the same states in the manners of the public speaker. Now what we say, is, that if we cannot have the last of these, we should prefer the first.

It may be thought that we are saying bold things, and that we shall have few to agree with us. Let, then, these suggestions pass for the opinions of a few, or of less than a few. We are certain at least that we should have the old orators to agree with us. If Cicero were to rise among us, what would he think of the means and methods we use to form the orator? If Quinctilian were to write again, he would find occasion to put with a new and satirical meaning, the apparently simple question, 'whether rhetoric be an art." Another of his questions, he might think it almost indecorous to discuss among us; namely, 'whether rhetoric be a virtue.' It, certainly, is both; and yet we treat it, as if it were neither; or, at least, as if it were a

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virtue, an art, so very low, as to be worthy only of a casual, intermitted, and inefficient cultivation.

For, what, we pray, is done, and under what circumstances? Possessed with innumerable bad habits of speaking, laden with blunders that have been accumulating through fifteen years, the boy is sent to college. What is done for him there? He is required to declaim five or ten minutes, once in a month, or once in two months. One, two, or three weeks pass over him (this is ordinarily the fact) without his thinking of the matter but to dread it; without his once opening his lips, in private, to declaim, or to do anything for his improvement in this most important branch of his education,—anything to prepare himself for the principal use of his powers as an educated and professional man. This, we think, we might take for granted, if we did not know it to be, generally, the fact. This, the corporations of our colleges are bound to take for granted, because they have no reason to suppose that anything is regularly and effectually done, which is not required to be done. Take the most interesting study pursued at college; and if a recitation were required only once in a fortnight, or a month, we know that, generally, nothing more would be done than to prepare for it.

Once in a month, then, (this is probably a fair average) the pupil is called upon to declaim, before his teacher and his fellow-students. As the time approaches, he casts about him for a passage for declamation; he commits it imperfectly to memory, rather than studies it; he repeats it to himself, silently or aloud, a few times, and then goes forward to the trial. From beginning to end, it is an irksome business. It is a thing by the by; it is a hasty preparation; it is a feverish effort; and in the trial, the whole power of the individual is often taken up, with recollecting, or with striving to keep down his embarrassment, or with trying to appear not awkward, in which he but ill succeeds. Then come the terrors of criticism; he stands like a criminal before his judges; he quits the stage, as an accused man does the bar of trial, and feels only more comfortably than the culprit, inasmuch as he is not going to jail. For he is condemned, or let off as not worth criticism; he is condemned, or feels that he ought to be; condemned by himself, if not by his tutor; he feels that he has done no justice to his own conceptions, and he retires, mortified and ashamed. We know, that we are describing many and many a case, if

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not every one. And the exemption, where it exists, is seldom fairly earned. There are those who are more confident, and more satisfied with themselves, but seldom with good reason. It is impossible, with the time and pains and means commonly used for accomplishment in this art, that the ingenuous learner, the noble aspirant, should do anything that ought to satisfy him.

We have spoken of the terrors of criticism. This *fear* is the pest and bane of good speaking in all our colleges. To our youthful orators, everything is wanting if they have not freedom. But they are made the slaves of criticism. And what, we ask, is to do away this fear, so long as the highest and most difficult of all arts, the most varied, exquisite, and comprehensive of all the exercises of talent, receives so little attention? What but familiarity with a task like this, can beget freedom in it? We do not know of a more comprehensive sentence with which the author of 'Hints on Extemporaneous Preaching,' could have closed his little work, than that of Goldsmith, in which these two requisites and pledges of success are stated; namely, to '*feel the subject thoroughly, and to speak without fear.*' Let us, while these pages are in mind, make an extract from them in connexion with our present remarks.

'If any one would sing, he attends a master, and is drilled in the very elementary principles; and only after the most laborious process, dares to exercise his voice in public. This he does, though he has scarce anything to learn but the mechanical execution of what lies in sensible forms before his eye.' 'If he were learning to play on the flute for public exhibition, what hours and days would he spend in giving facility to his fingers, and attaining the power of the sweetest and most impressive execution. If he were devoting himself to the organ, what months and years would he labor, that he might know its compass, and be master of its keys, and be able to draw out, at will, all its various combinations of harmonious sound, and its full richness and delicacy of expression. And yet he will fancy that the grandest, the most various, the most expressive of all instruments, which the Creator has fashioned by the union of an intellectual soul with the powers of speech, may be played upon without study or practice; he comes to it, a mere uninstructed tyro, and thinks to manage all its stops, and command the whole compass of its varied and comprehensive power! He finds himself a bungler in the attempt, is mortified at his failure, and settles it in his mind for ever, that the attempt is vain.' pp. 59–61.

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We cannot resist adding to this, the following extract from Dr Rush, a line or two of which we hope our college instructers will pardon, in consideration of the general truth and pith of the paragraph.

'Go to some, may I say all, of our colleges and universities, and observe how the art of speaking is not taught there. See a boy of but fifteen years, sent upon the stage, pale and choking with apprehension, in an attempt to do that, without instruction, which he came purposely to learn, and to furnish amusement to his class-mates, by a pardonable awkwardness, which should be punished in the person of his pretending and neglectful preceptors, with little less than scourging. Then visit a *conservatorio* of music; see the orderly tasks, the masterly discipline, the unwearied superintendence, and the incessant toil to produce accomplishment of voice;—and afterwards do not be surprised that the pulpit, the senate, the bar, and the chair of medical professorship are filled with such abominable drawlers, mouthers, mumblers, clutterers, squeakers, chanters, and mongers in monotony; nor that the schools of singing are constantly sending abroad those great instances of vocal wonder, who sound along the high places of the world; who are bidden to the halls of fashion and wealth; who sometimes quell the pride of rank by its momentary sensation of envy; and who draw forth the intelligent curiosity, and produce the crowning delight and approbation of the prince and the sage.' pp. 489, 490.

But, to return; how unavoidable is it, that this 'uninstructed tyro,' should be 'mortified,' and disheartened. How can it be otherwise than that agitation and fear should take possession of his mind? How could the pupil in music, after a number of imperfect lessons, taken at 'odd times,' and irregular intervals, bear to come before a great audience, with his crude performance? He would be more than a mortal man, or, certainly, more than a modest one, not to fear. The situation of a public speaker is as trying, as his task is great. He who has scarcely acquired ease and freedom in private society, with no other responsibility than to behave with propriety, or to make himself agreeable, is to rise up in the presence of a great assembly; the only object of attention; the only voice listened to, his;—himself, environed with the eyes of hundreds. It must require laborious, assiduous, long continued preparation to meet a situation like this, with an unfaltering tongue, a calm eye, and an unshaken nerve. Without such a preparation, it is a species of cruelty to force upon a man duties like these. We

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say to the speaker, or should say, if we dealt frankly with him, 'You did not seem at ease; you did not give us your eye steadily; you used no action, or you made gestures that meant nothing; you were cold and dull; you ought to have electrified your audience, in such a part of your discourse; you should let out your feelings; you should give up your whole soul to what you are saying; it should hang upon your lips, it should beam from your eye, it should thrill your whole frame;'—all which is about as wise, as if we said it to the slave. How can a man, and be a man, discharge the highest and noblest function in the world, with less training than is required for the most common occupation in life? how can he do this, and do it without distrust, embarrassment, and awkwardness? The spell that binds and paralyzes all the faculties, is *fear*, and nothing can shake it off but studious practice. Even familiarity will not do it. For the speaker, without study, without an intelligent and persevering aim, may become familiarized but to constraint, and apathy, and despair; familiarized to that palsy, which will never more permit him to put forth the vigor of his faculties.

We have already ventured in part upon the implication, that our college exercises in declamation do more hurt, than good. The truth is, they leave the pupil, just in that position between rudeness and accomplishment, that constitutes awkwardness; that makes him feeble without grace, and stiff without vigor. They do just enough to discourage him; just enough to make him feel his deficiencies; just enough to create the feeling, so natural to lingering but unsuccessful efforts, that he never can exert his powers in this way. Any observer may often see a plain man, earnestly talking in the streets, or speaking in a town-meeting with a glow of countenance and a propriety of gesture, which he might well wish to see transferred to the pulpit or the bar. And better, than to require these occasional and inefficient declamations, better were it, perhaps, to leave the mind to its natural impulses, to leave it, to the great occasions of life, to draw forth a just and powerful oratory.

If there be any force in what we have said, we would most earnestly solicit a hearing for it, from the trustees and guardians of our academies and colleges, and of those higher institutions which are designed to prepare our youth for the pulpit and bar. We humbly suggest to them, whether oratory, as a science and an art, should not be more distinctly recognised in

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the plan of a public education; whether it should not have hours of study and practice appropriated to it; whether, in fact, it should not occupy as large a space as any other branch in the course of public instruction. We had it in mind before closing our observations, to suggest a project and plan for a School of Oratory in this country. But in truth all our colleges ought to be such schools. There is a great deal to be done. It is one of the miseries of our college exercises in rhetoric, that a great deal of time must be taken up, merely with correcting faults and removing bad habits, before the student can enter, free and disembarrassed, the career of great excellence. It is notorious, that but few of our educated young men, when they leave college, are so far advanced even as to be good readers. We see and lament this defect continually in our pulpits; and we lament it the more, when occasionally in the hands of a skilful reader, the Bible is unfolded to us, almost as a new book. But we leave our suggestions on this point, again earnestly commending them to those, with whom it remains to decide whether we are to go on for years to come, without any essential improvement.

But we cannot leave our public institutions, without taking notice further, of what seems to us the prodigious waste of study and talent, which the present system involves. Here and there a man, from some fortunate direction of his mind, or strong natural propensity, or favorable situation, breaks through the difficulties that keep down other men, and rises to a considerable measure of eloquence, and becomes conspicuous in his neighborhood or in the country at large. But do we not know that there are hundreds of others, whose powers and acquisitions are equal,—who think as clearly, and feel as deeply, but whose talents are buried in comparative obscurity? who *think* eloquently, who feel that 'it is *within*' them to address eloquent thoughts to their fellow men, but who can never say, with Sheridan, '*it shall come out*'! It is not for the want of study, that these men, the majority, fail. What years have they spent, and spent all their substance too; what days of toil, and evenings of patient thought, have they pursued to the midnight hour. The waning lamp has been no romance to them, the fixed brow and the feverish pulse no poetry; they have toiled, reckless of health and comfort, they have kindled, and rekindled the fire within them, that has wasted away the strength and prime of their youth; and when they come to the crisis of

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their fate, when they stand before the great public, and are put to the trial in which they are to rise or fall, for this world,—they find, alas, that the very office they have there to discharge, is the office which they are least of all prepared for. With all the sciences and arts they have labored to understand, they have never learnt the grand art of communication, the science of speech; with all the languages they have mastered, they have never learnt the language of eloquence; and their acquisitions, their reasonings, the collected wisdom of sages, the gathered lore of centuries, sink to nothing before the pretensions of some flippant declaimer. It is from this cause, no doubt, it is from want of the power of communication, that preachers are often unreasonably charged with dulness. It is not, always, that the *man* is dull; but it is, that being placed in a situation for which he is not properly trained, he sinks into a mechanical habit, from the very inability to give just and natural expression to his emotions. Many and many a sermon has been written (it is not too much to say) with burning tears, and when it came to the delivery, has been struck, as if by magic, with the coldness of death; and he, whose breast glowed with sacred fervor in the closet, has appeared in the pulpit, as a marble statue. May we be permitted, in passing, to suggest to our preachers and public speakers, the propriety, nay, the duty of paying some attention to this subject? We allow that the effort to improve, at this later period, is attended with considerable danger. Some, no doubt, have injured their style of delivery by such an effort. Their manner has become artificial; and they have lost in power, what they have gained in correctness. We venture to point out what we think is the only remedy; and that is, to forget all definitions, rules, and *praxes*, when entering the pulpit or the bar, to have no gestures or tones provided beforehand, but to give ourselves up wholly to the impulse of the occasion, letting whatever improvement there may be in manner, tone, &c. be, at the moment, altogether unpremeditated and insensible. With this precaution, we have no doubt that reading or declamation an hour every day, would be of the most essential service, and would in a single year, if the practice were universal, put almost a new face upon our pulpit and bar.

The labors requisite to form the public speaker are by no means duly appreciated among us; and this is the first great difficulty that lies in the way of our argument. There is

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nothing like the ancient estimation of this work. An absurd idea prevails among our scholars, that the finest productions of the mind are the fruits of hasty impulse, the unfoldings of a sudden thought, the brief visitations of a fortunate hour or evening, the flashings of intuition, or the gleamings of fancy. Genius is often compared to lightning from the cloud, or the sudden bursting out of a secret fountain. And eloquence is regarded as if it were a kind of inspiration. When a man has made a happy effort, he is next possessed with an absurd ambition, to have it thought that it cost him nothing. He will say, perhaps, that it was a three hours' work. Now it is not enough to maintain that nothing could be more injurious to our youth, than this way of thinking; for the truth is, that nothing can be more false. The mistake lies, in confounding with the mere arrangement of thoughts, or the manual labor of putting them on paper, the long previous preparation of mind, the settled habits of thought. It has taken but three hours, perhaps, to compose an admirable piece of poetry, or a fine speech; but the reflections of three years, or of thirty, may have been tending to that result. It is a good rule, no doubt, 'to write with fury, and correct with phlegm;' but a man cannot write with fury, and write with sense too, without much previous thought. He may write with folly, and that is often done. He may imagine that he is writing finely, because he is writing fast, and that his sounding pen flies over an inspired page; and that is likely to result from the absurd application of the maxim, that happy efforts are hasty ones. Genius is thought, is study, is application. The two simple, but magic words, which contain the secret of Newton's greatness, according to his own explanation, are 'patient thought.' There is not a more indispensable characteristic of genius than good sense. It is this that has given to the true works of genius, universal reception and immortal fame. And here, too, is indicated the rock, on which thousands have split. Many men have a powerful imagination, but they have not the 'patient thought,' the good sense, requisite to control it. They have not learnt, in 'the very torrent, tempest, and whirlwind of passion, to acquire and beget the *temperance*, that may give it smoothness.' We wish that we could see an analysis of genius on these principles; that we could see unfolded all the previous thought, the patient study, the thorough reflection, the fine discrimination, that are necessary to produce even a page of really fine wri-

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ting. It would be a useful lesson. It would teach our aspiring youth, that they never can succeed without labor; that it never will do to trust to irregular hasty efforts; that they might as well expect literally to command the lightnings of the tempest without philosophy, as without philosophy to wield the lightnings of eloquence. They ought not to have this power without laboring for it, without waiting patiently at the shrine of that divinity,—the Industry, which alone can give it. The gift is too great, too high, to cost them little.

But this is a point, which deserves to be considered by itself,—the greatness of the art. To give the noblest thoughts the noblest expression; to stand up in the pure light of reason, or to create a new atmosphere, as it were, for intellectual vision; to put on all the glories of imagination, as a garment; to penetrate the soul, and to make men feel as if they were themselves new creatures, to make them conscious of new powers and a new being; to exercise, in the loftiest measure, the only glorious and godlike sway, that over willing minds; to fill the ear, the eye, the inmost soul, with sounds, and images, and holy visions of beauty and grandeur; to make truth and justice, to make wisdom and virtue and religion, more lovely and majestic things, than men had ever thought them before; to delight, as well as to convince; to charm, to fascinate, to win, to arouse, to calm, to terrify, to overwhelm,—this is the work of eloquence; and it is a glorious work.

The great object of all the liberal arts is to exhibit the mind; to exhibit character, thought, feeling, in their various aspects. In this consists all their power and sublimity. For this, the painter spreads upon the dull canvass the breathing forms of life; the sculptor causes the marble to speak; the architect models the fair and majectic structure, with sublimity enthroned in its dome, with beauty shaped in its columns, and glory written upon its walls; and the poet builds his lofty rhyme; and the eloquent in music, orders his movement and combination of sweet sounds. But, of this mind, the human frame is the appointed instrument. It was designed for this end. For it could have answered all the purposes of physical existence, without any of its present grace and beauty. It was made with no more obvious intent, than to be the expression of mind, the organ of the soul, the vehicle of thought. And when all its powers are put in requisition for this purpose,—the voice with all its thrilling tones; the eye, 'through which, as a window,

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the soul darts forth its light'; the lips, on which 'grace is poured'; the whole glowing countenance, the whole breathing frame, which, in their ordinary forms, can express more than the majesty of an Apollo, more than the agony of a Laocoon;—when every motion speaks, every lineament is more than the written line of genius, every muscle swells with the inspiration of high thoughts, every nerve is swayed to the movings of some mighty theme;—what instrument of music, what glories of the canvass, can equal it? Eloquence is the combination of all arts, and it excels them all in their separate powers. Nor is it confined to the mere gratification of taste. The great and ultimate object of social existence, is for man to act on man; and eloquence is the grandest medium of this action. It is not only the highest perfection of a human being (for 'the orator must be a *good* man') but it is that perfection in act. It is sublimity, beauty, genius, power, in their most glorious exercise.

Eloquence, it is often said, is the peculiar attribute of man. But more than this is true. It belongs to humanity. The human soul is eloquent, whenever and wherever it has a full devolopement. Its signatures are divine; and where they are seen, they cannot fail to leave their impression. It is one of the maxims with which we have no patience, that the English character is not fitted for an earnest delivery; that eloquence will not flourish on this stock; that there is something in our temperament or taste that forbids it. The English mind not eloquent! We might as well say, that it is possessed of no strong feelings or noble thoughts. For if it has these, and has them, in fact, in uncommon strength, has it not a language, a voice, a countenance, a free and unfettered arm, 'the weapon of the orator,' to express them? It is true, that our taste may not be altogether so favorable as it ought to be; a dull, prudish, perverse taste. It is true that our ordinary manners in this country have not the desirable ease and freedom; there is newness, embarrassment, awkwardness, constraint, in them; they are not so free and forcible, and not so indicative of the free workings of the mind, as they ought to be. But these, after all, are rather the manners of ceremony, and of formal society. Go to the exchange, the market, the public street, the municipal meeting, and you shall see, that the men, in whose veins English blood is flowing, can be ardent and earnest, and can use action, though they do not know it; and that is the right action. Go up to the greater

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occasions of life, to the crowded and grave assembly, and our Burke, and Sheridan, and Chatham, and our own Ames, and Hamilton, and Emmet, and the names of the living among us, that rise to our thoughts, are sufficient to wipe away the stigma, that we are so willing to fasten upon ourselves; sufficient to show that our court-room and our debating-hall are not always tedious, and that our pulpit is not always dull.

It is another maxim, as little to be endured, that oratory must decline with the progress of knowledge and refinement; that the age of eloquence is, in fact, passing away from us. We believe it not, any more than we believe that the age of thought and feeling is passing away. It is a shallow maxim, arising from an imperfect developement of mind, which is too often mistaken for refinement and decided improvement, when it is only the crude, fermenting process, that is leading to improvement. Is the mind to grow feeble, as it advances? Is feeling to lose its intensity in true refinement? Is truth to be less interesting, because error is detected? or simplicity to be less divine or mighty, because exaggeration has ceased to move us? Is the soul to be bereft of its energy, or shorn of its brightness, as it emerges to light, and rises to sublimity? Some of the awakening themes of eloquence may pass away with those occasions of tyranny, oppression, and danger, that create them. Enough of these, however, are likely to remain. But others will open, more glorious and majestic than these. These, too, will arise in new forms, so long as wickedness and misery prevail in the earth. We have as yet broken down only some of the outward barriers, in the way to social and individual happiness. There are other and more formidable enemies to be met in the great struggle for human welfare. The single evil of intemperance is as powerful a call for eloquence, as the most oppressive tyranny that ever cursed the earth. Heaven grant that there never may be occasion for 'Philippics' in this free land. But there will be occasion for arguments, invectives, warnings, and all the arousing and pleading voices of eloquence, for many and many long years, before the united energies of this nation shall have wrought out that happy state, to which the patriot and the philanthropist are looking. It is, indeed, an immense and glorious field; and we trust that it is to be cultivated, with labors such as have not yet been seen among us. We look for future orators in this land, whose words of might shall shake its wide and utmost

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borders, shall resound from the Atlantic to the 'Pacific seas'; and whose renown shall be the heritage of distant generations. We trust that a voice is to arise in this Western world, which shall echo to the glorious eloquence of ancient times.

ART. III.—1. *Œuvres de Platon.* Traduites par VICTOR COUSIN. Vol. I—V. 8vo. Paris. 1822–8.

2. *Fragmens Philosophiques.* Par le même. 8vo. Paris. 1826.

3. *Cours de Philosophie.* Par M. V. COUSIN, Professeur de Philosophie à la Faculté de Lettres de Paris. 8vo. Paris. 1828.

4. *Nouveaux Fragmens Philosophiques.* Par le même. 8vo. 1828.

A FAITHFUL and elegant translation of the works of Plato would be one of the most acceptable presents of a literary kind, that could be made to the English public. That of Taylor, the only one we have, though complete, is written in so barbarous a style as to be wholly illegible; and those celebrated Dialogues, which, independently of their beauty as literary works, are immeasurably curious and valuable as the authentic contemporary reports of the lessons of Socrates, the Gospel, as it were, of the first pure and powerful proclamation of natural religion, are still inaccessible to the mere English reader. Until very recently the other modern languages were equally deficient in this respect with ours. The German version of Schleiermacher has been published within a few years, and the French one by Professor Cousin, of which we have now the satisfaction to announce the first volumes, is still unfinished. Should this be completed (as there is every reason to suppose it will be in the course of a year or two), it will in a great measure supply the defect of which we complain, though in a manner less honorable than we could have wished, to our own contemporary literature. An acquaintance with the French language is, however, so general, that most persons who would be capable of enjoying Plato in an English dress, will not probably find him much less familiar in the elegant Pa-

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risian costume in which he is now presented to us. Mr Cousin unites, in a superior degree, most of the qualifications necessary for complete success in this undertaking; and whatever may be the fortune of his own philosophy (concerning which we are not very sanguine), he will, we think, at all events secure a high and durable reputation by thus connecting his name and labors with those of the eloquent disciple of Socrates. He combines, in fact, the vivacity and fine taste that are in some degree natural to his countrymen, with the indefatigable industry, the wide research, and the patient meditation, which, in these degenerate days, have been considered as almost peculiar to the Germans. The particular direction that he has given to his studies, which, it seems, have been very much turned to the writers of the Alexandrian or new Platonic school, though unfortunate, perhaps, in some respects, for his own fame, has at least served to increase his familiarity with the language and opinions of his author, and to supply him with the most complete apparatus of critical learning that could possibly be brought to bear upon his text. Being thus possessed of every facility and advantage for obtaining a correct understanding of the sense of Plato, and having at command a most flowing, beautiful, and spirited French style, he has given us a translation, which will be read with delight as a literary work by all who have a taste for intellectual enjoyment of a high order, and may at the same time be depended on as an exact representation of the celebrated original. The only defect which we have noticed in the execution of this noble enterprise is, that the translator has occasionally introduced his peculiar philosophical theories into the introductory remarks which he has prefixed to the several Dialogues. Were these theories less questionable than they often are, it would have been, perhaps, in better taste to have reserved them for his own original writings, and to have permitted his translation to remain an unsophisticated monument of the highest result in wisdom and eloquence, that unassisted human powers have yet attained. The infusion of doubtful matter is, however, very moderate, both as respects the quantity, and the tone in which it is pressed; and the work will be read, on the whole, with nearly unmingled pleasure. It will serve, we think, to extricate this elegant philosopher, whose poetical graces were the charm of all antiquity, from the dust and lumber of learned libraries, and fairly

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introduce him into the circle of polite literature in which he is properly fitted to move. He will now be read wherever the French language is known, that is, throughout the civilized world, by those who read nothing which does not address itself to the taste as well as to the understanding; and we should not be surprised, if some of the fair devotees at the shrine of learning should occasionally employ a part of the awkward interval, between the finishing of the last new novel and the appearance of its forthcoming successor, in comparing the profession and proofs of Platonic attachment with which they are constantly besieged, with the theory of the subject as developed in the works of the master. The last volume will contain a life of Plato, and a full exposition of his philosophy, by Mr Cousin. When the publication shall be completed, we shall take an opportunity of returning to it, and of noticing it in greater detail.

The other works whose titles are placed at the head of this article, contain original speculations of Professor Cousin upon several points in intellectual and moral science, together with a course of public lectures on the History of Philosophy, which he delivered at Paris during the last summer. We have already taken the liberty to express our doubts of the correctness of the peculiar theories of this writer; but we would not be understood to speak with confidence on the subject, because we have not yet the means of ascertaining with precision what his views really are. Two of the volumes now before us are avowedly collections of fragments, in which the author does not profess to give a clear and connected view of his system. He has also employed in these essays a technical phraseology apparently imitated from that of the German metaphysicians, which is often nearly or quite unintelligible, and which forms a singular contrast with the simple and perspicuous style, which he has at command whenever it suits his purpose. The Lectures on Philosophy are prepared in a more popular form, but they take up successively so large a variety of subjects, that each is necessarily treated in a very summary manner; and although they profess to give a succinct sketch of the author's opinions, we are still unable to assure ourselves that we quite understand him, or, as we should rather perhaps say, we are unwilling, upon so imperfect a statement, to form a definitive judgment upon principles which, as they are here set forth, do certainly appear to us extremely hazardous, but which are

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evidently the conclusions of a very able, industrious, and apparently upright and conscientious inquirer, deduced from an arduous and long continued course of reading and reflection. The author proposes to continue the explanation of his views in successive annual courses of lectures, on the various branches of intellectual and moral science; and when these shall have brought into clearer light the real character of his system, we may, perhaps, take another occasion to examine its merits.

Mr Cousin, who is still in the prime of life, appears to have had his first philosophical education under the instructions of Mr Royer Collard, now the distinguished President of the French House of Deputies. This statesman resided at Paris during the reign of Napoleon, ostensibly in a wholly private condition, though in fact employed, as is now understood, in the capacity of a private agent of the absent king. However this may be, he certainly busied himself in giving lectures on intellectual and moral philosophy at one of the public institutions, and was the person who first brought into notice in France the writers of the modern Scotch school, particularly Reid. Mr Cousin speaks in high terms of the value of his lectures, some fragments of which have lately been published as an appendix to a French translation of Reid, which has not yet reached us. It is evident, indeed, from the profound and original notions on the theory of government, constantly thrown out in the speeches of Mr Royer Collard, that his mind is of a decidedly philosophic cast; although other more absorbing, though perhaps not more important pursuits, have since withdrawn him entirely from the schools. His disciple does not seem to have been long contented within the somewhat narrow circle which the Edinburgh doctors have marked out as the impassable limit of the Philosophy of Mind. His studies took a wider range through the whole field of metaphysical science, from its first splendid developements in ancient Greece, down to its last multifarious and somewhat mystical exhibitions in modern Germany. After this large survey of all the various systems and theories that have successively obtained the public favor, he appears to have selected, as the object of his peculiar preference, the one which had hitherto been regarded as the least inviting and probable among them; we mean that of the *New Platonism*, a doctrine which, as our readers are aware, prevailed in the Greek schools at the last period of their existence, and was still flourishing when they were closed by order of the Empe-

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ror Justinian. This system had been generally viewed as a wholly worthless and, as it were, monstrous product of an age in which the worst kind of barbarism, that which follows a period of civilization, was gaining very fast upon the abodes of art and science. It was considered as a strange amalgamation of all the superstitious notions and practices of the time, with abstract theories which seemed to border very nearly on absolute atheism. The professors of this doctrine dealt in magical incantations, evocations of departed spirits, and various other sorts of mysteries. They publicly and zealously patronized the worship of the fantastic deities of the Greek mythology, which had been long before dethroned by the riper judgment of the people, and consigned to endless ridicule by the pen of Lucian. At the same time their bold speculations on the nature of the Supreme Mind tended to identify this sublime principle with the material universe, and thus deny its personal and separate existence. Such was the singular and repulsive character of this system, which had been rejected, almost without examination, by all preceding inquirers, and which Professor Cousin appears to have taken under his peculiar patronage. He seems to think, if we understand him rightly, that he can discern through the apparent contradictions and absurdities of the creed in question, a profound philosophy, which reconciles inconsistent theories, and explains those that are apparently absurd, by ascertaining their origin and real sense, which have commonly little or no connexion with their form, and are, for the most part, wholly unknown to the mass of the people. *The sage*, says Proclus, the great authority in this school, *is the hierophant of all the mysteries.* He views with equal respect all the various philosophical and religious systems that divide the world, and uses their forms and language with equal readiness and sincerity, because he considers them all as only different expressions, more or less appropriate and intelligible, of the grand elementary truths of religion and philosophy. He, and he only, has a key to the wild and monstrous fictions, the absurd and self-contradictory principles, which the vulgar receive without examination, and often make a merit of believing against their understanding, but which are, in fact, only parables, whose meaning and moral are for them lost. Such, according to our author, is the real secret of the new Platonic philosophy; and he seems to have adopted the idea as a fundamental tenet in his own. An *Eclectic* spirit, which inter-

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prets instead of rejecting; seeks and consequently finds points of analogy between the various doctrines, instead of madly insisting on merely external differences,—is the true philosophical temper, and the only one that will guide the inquirer safely through the labyrinth of history.

This principle is no doubt excellent as a rule of conduct and inquiry; but when toleration and liberality have done their best in accounting for apparent contradictions, the question still remains, What are the great elementary truths of religion and philosophy, into which our sage is to resolve all the mysteries? and upon this question there would perhaps be more difference of opinion than our author appears to anticipate. The new Platonic theory, of which he seems to have adopted the principles as well as the method, borders, as we have remarked above, on absolute atheism; and might not be so completely satisfactory to all inquirers as it has been to himself. However this may be, the view which he has taken of this particular system, determined, as we have already remarked, to a certain extent, the direction of his studies, and the character of his publications. The first of these was an edition of some of the unpublished works of Proclus, consisting of commentaries on Plato, which were preserved in manuscript in the royal library at Paris. His next enterprise was the translation of Plato himself, which is still in progress. While engaged in these labors, he was also much occupied with instruction. His master, Mr Royer Collard, had been appointed, after the return of the Bourbons, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of France, and Mr Cousin had been designated as adjunct professor in the same branch. They were both, however, obnoxious to the more violent royalists, as persons suspected of political liberality, and during the ascendancy of Mr de Villèle were prohibited from delivering lectures. During this period our author was employed in solitary studies and private instruction, and appeared but little before the world. His only publication was the first of the volumes of 'Philosophical Fragments' now before us, consisting in part of detached articles, mostly critical, which he had contributed to the scientific journals, and in part of extracts from his lectures, which, however, from the concise and almost enigmatical style in which they are written, afford slender means of ascertaining his opinions. A second volume under the same title has lately appeared, but has not yet reached us. At this time Mr Cousin travelled into

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Germany, in company with the young Duke of Montebello. Here his reputation for literature seems to have gone before him and to have alarmed the jealousy of the Prussian police, then very much on the alert in regard to what they called 'revolutionary movements' (*demagogische Umtriebe*), a phrase which was hardly supposed before to mean the publication of editions of Proclus and translations of Plato. Our professor was politely invited to take up his lodgings in a fortress, where, in the absence of all materials for study, he had full leisure to reflect upon the difference between the habits of the tyrants of our day, and of that of his great master. Dionysius of Sicily, one of the most remarkable among the latter, had, as is well known, assiduously courted the society of Plato, and entertained him at his court, with the highest distinction. The French ministry, more inclined at heart to the modern fashion of dealing with philosophers than to the ancient one, though embarrassed in their practice by the prejudices of the weaker brethren among their countrymen, did not probably exert themselves with any great excess of zeal in his favor. After a while, however, he obtained his release, and returned to Paris. In the mean time the public opinion of the country had been rapidly changing, and liberalism was now lord of the ascendant. One of the first results of this political revolution, was the elevation of Mr Royer Collard to the Presidency of the House of Deputies; and another very natural consequence of it was the restoration of Mr Cousin to his professorial chair, and the renewal of his public lectures. He accordingly resumed his labors during the last summer, and under the encouragement afforded by these auspicious changes in the feeling of the people, he seems to have been animated with fresh alacrity, and has laid out a wide and arduous field for future exertion. His first course of lectures, which is one of the works before us, professes to give a very summary sketch of the history of philosophy, through all its various branches, sects, and divisions; the most important of which are again to be taken up separately and made the subject of distinct courses. That of the present year will be occupied with the philosophy of ancient Greece.* The one now before

* Since writing this article we learn from the French newspapers that Mr Cousin has commenced his second course of lectures, and that the subject of them is not, as he had intimated that it would be, the

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us is not liable, in point of style, to the objections which we have taken the liberty to make to the 'Fragments.' It is, on the contrary, remarkably well written throughout, and rises occasionally into high flights of eloquence. The attractions of our author's manner, both as a writer and as an orator, are indeed sufficiently attested by the largeness of the audience which attended the delivery of the lectures, and by the evident signs of satisfaction with which they were constantly received. Their principal defect results from the vast extent of the subject, which renders it impossible to treat it in any of its parts with much fulness; and as the speculations in which the author indulges, are often of a novel character, it is not always easy to follow his meaning. We must also add, that although the language is generally perspicuous, the thoughts are not uniformly brought out with the precision which is so necessary in all philosophical discussions. For these reasons, and looking upon the present works as an imperfect, and, as it were, preliminary developement of our author's views, we deem it expedient, as we have remarked above, not to examine them in great detail, although many passages might be selected from them, which would furnish matter of interesting reflection. Reserving the discussion of Mr Cousin's peculiar theories for a more fitting moment, we shall rather avail ourselves of this occasion to complete the very rapid survey of the most important epochs in the history of intellectual philosophy, which we commenced in a former number.* In our review on the first part of the Baron de Gerando on this subject, we pursued the progress of the science, from its origin in Greece, down to the period of utter depression and decay that preceded the revival of letters in modern Europe. The second part of the same work, which completes the survey, by bringing it down to the present time, has not yet appeared, or at least has not yet reached us; but the publication of the works before us, in which Professor Cousin treats in his usual summary way the philosophy of the last three centuries, seems to offer a not unfavorable occasion for resuming the discussion.

The view taken by our author of the history of the period

philosophy of ancient Greece; but that of the eighteenth century. From the manner in which these lectures are mentioned in the newspapers, it appears that they have excited a strong sensation, and have even been made a matter of controversy between the different political parties.

* See North American Review, No. 43, for April, 1824.

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which formed the subject of the article above alluded to, is succinctly exposed in the following remarks, which form the whole of one of the 'Philosophical Fragments,' and will give the reader a rather advantageous notion of his manner. The train of thought accords, in general, with the common opinion.

'The problem of the origin of knowledge may be solved in two different ways, by tracing it respectively to the senses or to the understanding. We meet with these different solutions at the very birth of philosophy, in the doctrines of the two Greek schools, called the Ionian and the Italian. The science advances, but the problem still remains; and the different modes of solving it continue to characterize the different sects. Pythagoras revives in Plato, who looks at everything *à priori*. Aristotle restores the Ionian system, with great improvements; deduces all his principles from a scrupulous observation of particular facts, and in establishing his theories constantly reasons *à posteriori*. The Academy and the Lyceum are the two schools into which almost all others may be resolved. They divided the ancient world, and the middle ages; and the history of the manner in which their doctrines have been modified by the state of civilization at different times, and by the character of individuals, forms, in fact, the history of philosophy. What higher praise can be given to two men than to say, that for two thousand years in succession the minds of their fellow-men have followed in their track, and can claim at best no higher honor than that of entering fully into their ideas? The encomium is immense, but must be considered as fully merited, by all who have studied the philosophy of the middle ages. Plato is a father of the church. He reigned a long time at Alexandria. Until the ascendancy of the Arabs, he was the favorite philosopher throughout Europe. All who were not skeptics, and who had endeavored to account for the origin of knowledge, adopted his theory. After the arrival of the Arabs, Aristotle took his turn, but was so ill understood, that the only result of his influence was the logic of the schools, which was little else than the art of unmeaning disputation. Important questions were no longer the objects of study, and nothing was heard but a confused jargon of controversy about absurdities invented in the leisure of the cloisters, which had no relation whatever to any real facts or interests. At the first dawn of the revival of learning, the problem of the origin of knowledge reappears, and two modes of solving it form respectively the bases of the great rival schools of *Nominalists* and *Realists*, which divided the last period of the middle ages. As antiquity was better understood, Plato and Aristotle still shared between them the empire of opinion. The former is explained by George of Trebisond, the latter by Bessarion, and others of less celebrity. Such was the state of philosophy, before the appearance of Bacon.

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'Bacon was the first man of genius who had applied himself to the science since the time of Plato and Aristotle. The philosophers of the long intervening period are at best men of letters, and generally only monks. Bacon merits the title of the father of modern philosophy, inasmuch as he invented the method which has produced the great discoveries of modern times. He is the father of modern philosophy, not because he created, but because he pointed out the means of creating it. If I were asked what is the philosophy of Bacon, I should hold my peace, from respect for the memory of that great man, or I should say that he had none at all. His object was not to introduce particular systems, but a general method for ascertaining truth. A philosophical writer has compared Bacon to one of the guide-posts erected on the public roads, which show the way to passengers, but never move themselves. Bacon himself declared that he was not laboring to remove the obscurity from particular parts of the temple of science, but to light a torch which should illuminate the whole building. We cannot, therefore, say, *the school of Bacon*, as we say, *the school of Plato*, because Bacon had no positive doctrine; but it is his spirit which animates the whole modern philosophy, and gives it a character of precision and severity unknown to the ancients. We may, however, say, that Bacon, though he teaches no peculiar doctrine, yet by constantly recommending the experimental method, engages, as it were, to explain everything in that way. It is in this sense that he is the founder of a school, and that he belongs himself to the school of Aristotle. But I rather love to consider Bacon as independent of all schools; above both teachers and disciples; mastering all the sects of philosophy without attaching himself to any one. Under his influence the zeal for science increases, and new advances are made; but the fatal problem is still present, and the ancient solutions are still resorted to, under some variations of form. Aristotle remained in possession of the schools, until Descartes deprived him of his influence. But what were the works of Descartes? I speak now of his positive philosophy, and not of his method, the originality of which is above all praise. What, I repeat, are the works of Descartes? In substance, a commentary on Plato. The *archetypes* of the latter reappear under the name of *innate ideas*. The Academy revives, and reckons among its numerous and illustrious disciples such men as Malebranche, Arnaud, Bossuet, Fénélon, almost the whole age of Louis the Fourteenth. On the other hand, Locke attacks Descartes, and while rejecting the authority of Aristotle, becomes the restorer of his principles. The comprehensive and conciliating genius of Leibnitz endeavors to unite Locke and Descartes, Aristotle and Plato; but with all his impartiality, he evidently inclines to the latter. All the subsequent systems resolve them-

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selves ultimately into those of Locke and Leibnitz. The philosophy of France and England is the offspring of the former, that of Germany of the latter. These, as we have seen, are themselves the representatives of the rival philosophers of Greece. It is therefore with these two great men we must commence all serious inquiry into the history of intellectual science.'

The first great names which we meet with in the history of modern philosophy, are those of Descartes and Bacon; but these illustrious men, as is justly remarked in the above extract, were the inventors of methods rather than of systems. Descartes asserted the right of inquiry and private judgment against the despotism of the name of Aristotle, which still remained unshaken. He affirmed that nothing must be taken on trust, and would not even admit his own existence, until he had proved it to his full satisfaction by a syllogism. This was the first step in the progress of truth, for without inquiry there could of course be no discovery. Bacon made another important advance, but still of a preparatory kind, by recommending the practice of reasoning from experiment and observation, instead of the syllogistic system, then generally in use. In doing this, he appears to have supposed himself to be substituting a new method for that of Aristotle, and accordingly gave to the work in which he announced his plan, the title of '*Novum Organon*,' a *new Machine*, or *Method*, as if in opposition to that of '*Organon*,' which the 'mighty Stagyrite' has affixed to his Logic. In reality, as we remarked on a former occasion, Bacon only restored the method of Aristotle himself, which had been kept out of view by the schoolmen, in consequence of the exaggerated importance which they had attached to some of his other ideas. Aristotle never recommended the syllogistic system as a mode of discovering new facts. He was aware that this could only be done by observation or experiment; and accordingly recommended this method, in opposition to that of his master, Plato, who believed that general ideas were an original or innate possession of the mind, and that they were the basis of all our knowledge. But in the experimental method of acquiring knowledge, the generalization of facts is hardly less important than the discovery of them, both operations being indeed indispensable; and it was to facilitate the former, that the Stagyrite laid down the rules of correct reasoning in his Logic,—a work which exhibits in a remarkable degree the power and acuteness of his extraordina-

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ry mind, and which, if he had written nothing else, would have procured him a reputation of the highest order. The monks of the middle ages were so much delighted with the precision and justness of these rules, that they played at logic as a sort of interesting game, without caring or knowing whether the facts supposed in their arguments were true or false; just as a real amateur plays at whist for counters, with as much eagerness as he would for the highest stake. Their error did not consist in employing the syllogistic method, which was excellent when applied to its proper use, but in employing it exclusively, to the neglect of observation; and the service rendered to science by Bacon did not lie in rejecting the syllogistic method, and overthrowing the authority of Aristotle, but in completing the apparatus for discovering truth, by bringing into view another Aristotelian method, of which the schoolmen had in a manner lost sight. The glory of Aristotle was or should have been increased, instead of being diminished, by the suggestions of Bacon; but as the monks are justly blamable for having neglected the experimental method of *the philosopher* (as they called him, *par excellence*), in their admiration of his Logic, so the great Chancellor of England is liable, perhaps, to the reproach of having, whether by design or accident, overlooked the beauty and usefulness of Aristotle's rules for generalization, in his zeal for experiment, and of having appropriated to himself the credit of inventing this latter method, which properly belonged to the same great master of science. Bacon, instead of undermining, in fact restored the philosophy of Aristotle. Since his time it has reigned with undisputed authority throughout Europe; while by a singular sort of chance, the name of its author has labored under a sort of disgrace, from which, however, it is now fast recovering. It is probably destined to receive, through the long course of enlightened and civilized ages which, as we may hope, is now opening on the world, an intelligent homage, hardly less deep and general than the ignorant devotion of which it was formerly the object.

The necessity of inquiry being thus pointed out by Descartes, and the proper method of conducting it revived by Bacon, it it only remained to proceed in earnest to the work of actual discovery. It is the glory of Newton and Locke, to have directed their labors at once, and with all the necessary zeal and perseverance, to the most important subjects in physical and intellectual science; and the splendor of the results cor-

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responded with, or even surpassed, all that might have been expected from the excellence of the new method, and the extraordinary talent of those who made the application of it. It does not belong to our subject to insist on the value of the astonishing discoveries of Newton. The efforts of Locke in an equally or still more interesting field, were hardly less successful, although the truths he has made known, from their entirely abstract character, are somewhat less fitted to attract the attention and excite the imagination of the world at large. The services which these illustrious philosophers respectively rendered to intellectual and physical science, were, indeed, of an exactly similar character. The great principles of the Newtonian system had been suspected even by the ancients, and were probably taught in the schools of Pythagoras; but resting on insufficient grounds, they never took deep hold on the public opinion, and were afterwards lost. In modern times they were again received, as it were on credit, by several distinguished inquirers, but still, as before, in the shape of probabilities, rather than ascertained truths, and would, perhaps, have been lost again, had not the genius and patience of Newton fixed them for ever upon the basis of rigorous demonstration. In the same way, the leading principles of intellectual science had floated loosely for centuries upon the chaos of public opinion, sometimes adopted, sometimes rejected, but in either case on insufficient grounds, and always mixed up with a large alloy of fiction and absurdity. The sagacious and powerful mind of Locke seized upon them as they lay in this unsettled and corrupted state, divested them of the extraneous matter with which they were connected, placed them on a solid foundation of clear and satisfactory argument, and arranged them into a regular and symmetrical system. In the 'Essay on the Human Understanding,' intellectual science appeared for the first time in a clear and intelligible shape, unmingled with the vain and visionary fancies which had previously disfigured it, and accessible to the plain good sense of every cultivated mind. This great work is, and will probably always remain, the text-book of the noblest branch of human learning. What higher honor could mortal ambition attain or aspire to, than that of achieving it? It is not, perhaps, free from errors; for what work of the same extent was ever faultless? But of the exceptions that have been taken to it, the most considerable have been or will be overruled by the great tribunal of

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public opinion; and those that are better founded, are of too little consequence to affect its general value. The style is, on the whole, remarkably well adapted to the nature of the subject. Disdaining any effort at rhetorical elegance, which was foreign to the taste and talent of Locke, and which, could he have employed it, would have rather disguised than adorned the simple majesty of his matter, it affords, nevertheless, a fine specimen of pure, correct, perspicuous, manly, and expressive English. At a time like the present, when a fondness for meretricious ornament is often recommended by the example of powerful writers, and sanctioned by the temporary favor of the public, the works of Locke are, even in point of language, an excellent study, though they may not be a perfect model.

As the services rendered to science by Locke and Newton were in some degree similar, so their fortunes were to a certain extent parallel. The extraordinary merit of both was at once acknowledged and rewarded by their countrymen. At about the same, and that no very distant period from the one in which they flourished, their reputation spread to the continent, where they enjoyed, through the greater part of the last century, a sort of vogue, and general popularity, which is rarely accorded in any country to foreign writers, even of the highest class. Of late, however, a disposition has been manifested in certain quarters, to reverse this favorable judgment, as far as it applies to Locke. The political revolutions of the last thirty years have created a large and active party on the Continent, the adherents of which habitually denounce the 'Essay on the Human Understanding,' as the real fountain of all the mischief which more superficial professors of the same doctrine have attributed to Voltaire and Rousseau, and which sounder thinkers than those of either class, would perhaps account for by causes much more deeply seated than the publications of any contemporary or recent writers. Accustomed as we are to look up to Locke with reverence, as one of the great teachers of intellectual, moral, and religious truth; aware that he has not only established in his great work the doctrines of natural religion, but was also a firm believer in revelation, in defence of which he published a separate treatise; recollecting that he adorned the splendid elevation of his genius by a private life of remarkable disinterestedness and exemplary moral beauty; looking at his character, we say, under this point of view, which is common to the whole English public on both sides of

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the water, it is not without some astonishment as well as pain, that we find him branded at the present day by a party on the Continent, as the great apostle of irreligion, immorality, impurity, and sedition. We still remember the surprise with which we some years ago saw him for the first time held up in this character, in connexion with Wickliff, Hobbes, Luther, Calvin, Hume, Voltaire, Rousseau, Helvetius, and Robespierre, (a singular assortment of names,) in an address from the muni cipality of Madrid to his Catholic Majesty. We have since ascertained that a similar opinion is held respecting him by other persons, who are perhaps more competent judges on a question of philosophy than the Corregidor and Alcaldes of that heroic city. In a late French work, entitled 'Evenings at St Petersburgh,' * by a writer of uncommon learning and talent, although of an eccentric cast of thought, the character and principles of Locke are attacked with a sort of fury. We subjoin a few specimens of the critical remarks of the Count de Maistre, which from their very extravagance are, we think, rather amusing than offensive.

'No serious work is less read than that of Locke. I very much doubt whether there be a single person in Paris who has perused from beginning to end the "Essay on the Human Understanding." It is much talked of and quoted, but always upon trust. I talked

* 'Les Soirées de St Pétersbourg, ou Entretiens sur le Gouvernement Temporal de la Providence, suivis d'un Traité sur les Sacrifices. Par Mr le Comte Joseph de Maistre. 1822.' This very curious, original, and entertaining production is a posthumous work of the learned author, who had previously distinguished himself by several political essays of great power. He writes under the influence of the most decided anti-revolutionary prejudices, and has besides a tincture of mysticism about him, but is always ingenious and elegant, even in his extravagances. The Count was a native of Piedmont, and occupied several important situations in the government of the kingdom of Sardinia. During the residence of his sovereign in the island of that name, he was employed as his minister plenipotentiary at the court of St Petersburgh, where the writer of this article had some slight personal acquaintance with him in the year 1810. Those who have a relish for the higner kinds of intellectual entertainment, will find the 'Evenings at St Petersburgh,' one of the most interesting productions of the present day. The author was an elder brother of Count Xavier de Maistre, a general officer in the Russian service, who is known to the public by several elegant works of a lighter cast, particularly the *Voyage autour de Ma Chambre*, and the *Lèpre d'Aoste*, both of which have lately been presented to us in an English dress, by a learned foreigner residing in this country.

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about it myself for a long time, with as much intrepidity as the rest, without having read it. At length, for the greater freedom of my conscience, I went through it, pen in hand, from title-page to colophon; and I assure you that I never executed a more fatiguing task. In most other books, even of little value, there are some instructive or amusing passages, but in the Essay there is nothing to console you; it is as dreary as a vast Arabian desert. Not the smallest *oasis*, not a single inch of verdure, to afford the weary traveller a temporary refreshment. Name any one of the worst faults that can be found it a book, and I pledge myself to show you an example of it in Locke, wherever you choose to open him. How pitifully he reasons upon his boasted experimental system! The proper title of the work is not *An Essay on the Human Understanding*, but *An Essay on the Understanding of John Locke*. It is, in fact, a full length portrait of the author, executed to the life. We recognise at the first glance a man of natural good sense and honesty, but completely bewildered and led astray by party spirit, besides being absolutely deficient in power of thinking and in the most ordinary philosophical learning. It is really laughable to find him telling us, that he has taken up the pen in order to prescribe the rules by which a reasonable being ought to govern his conduct. His philosophy is throughout entirely superficial. There is no depth, no reach of mind, nothing thorough or profound about him. How I pity and despise the frivolous generation, that have made an oracle of him, and whose intellects are still fast *locked** in the chains of his authority. How I pity especially the French, who have neglected and insulted their own Christian Plato [Malebranche], a man for whom Locke was not fit to mend pens, and have yielded the sceptre of intellectual philosophy to this wooden idol of their own creation, this false god of the eighteenth century, who knows nothing, says nothing, does and can do nothing. Say what you will of it, the "Essay on the Human Understanding" is, beyond a doubt, the most mortally tiresome production, the one most completely destitute of all pretensions to taste and genius, that ever saw the light. But enough on this subject. The day will come, and is not now far distant, when Locke will be reckoned by general consent among the writers who have done the greatest amount of injury to mankind. After laying the foundations of his false and dangerous intellectual philosophy, his fatal activity was next directed to the subject of politics, and with an equally deplorable

* The pun upon the name of *Master John*, as this writer elsewhere calls our illustrious sage, is by Count de Maistre himself, who uses the French word *emprisonné*, and with much complacency explains it, in a note, by the phrase *locked fast in*.

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success. He has treated the origin of laws as wretchedly as that of ideas; and here too has advanced principles of which we have seen the results. The icy dulness of his style would have destroyed, in a great measure, the effect of his detestable doctrines; but it was warmed into life in the hot-houses of Paris, and there brought forth the revolutionary monster that has devoured Europe. *Contempt of Locke is the beginning of wisdom.*'

We have selected these detached passages as specimens of a long article in the form of dialogue, containing a detailed criticism on some of Locke's principles which we have not room to quote. Extraordinary as this view of his philosophy will probably be thought by our readers, we have no hesitation in saying, that we believe it to be one which now prevails pretty extensively on the Continent of Europe. It is not confined to the *legitimate* or anti-revolutionary political party, of which the lively and peremptory Chancellor of Sardinia was a warm adherent, but is held by many adepts of the liberal school. Professor Cousin, for example, speaks of Locke in the following manner in the History of Philosophy now before us;

'Locke, gentlemen, is a disciple of Descartes as well as Leibnitz, that is, he follows the method of free inquiry, rejecting all authority but that of reason, and commencing by an endeavor to ascertain the ideas of which we are naturally conscious. But his review of these ideas is not complete; and although he does not wholly overlook the internal part of our nature, that is, liberty and intelligence, he nevertheless attaches himself principally to the external part, or sensation. The philosophy of Locke is a branch of that of Descartes, but it is a partial and exclusive system. It has been carried out into all its consequences, but not in the country of the author. England, gentlemen, is a powerful island, and in England everything wears an insular character; everything is bounded by fixed limits; nothing spreads itself out into a large expanded shape. England is not destitute of invention; but history proves that she does not possess that power of generalization and induction, which is necessary to the full developement of any great principle. Compare the English political revolution with ours, and remark the essential difference between the characters of the two. On one side everything is local,—the effect of secondary causes; on the other all is general and ideal. Before the principles of the English political reform could acquire influence and produce their proper fruits, it was essential that they should be transported to the other side of the Channel. In the same way it was necessary that the sensual philosophy should cross the Channel, and land among a people who, for a number of rea-

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sons,—such as the universality of their language, their central situation in Europe, their character at once firm and supple, their power of thinking, their habit of fearless acquiescence in all the consequences of acknowledged principles, and their remarkable facility of generalization,—were best fitted to give it a full developement. It was necessary in short that the philosophy of Locke should be received in France. There only has it borne its fruits, and thence it is that it has spread itself through the whole of Europe.

'In the works of Locke, the sensual system is still incomplete. The English philosopher attaches great importance to sensation, but he leaves some room for reflection. It was a Frenchman who gave to this theory its true character and systematic unity, by suppressing the insignificant and equivocal functions which Locke has assigned to this latter faculty. Condillac demonstrated that since reflection, as understood by Locke, had no original notions proper to itself,—no laws derived from its own essence and which it might add to and *impose upon* the ideas received through the senses,—it was in fact nothing but a modified sensation. He demonstrated that the several modes of reflection, which according to Locke constitute our intellectual faculties, were only so many forms of sensation; and hence that sensation, either in its original shape of an impression on our material organs or in that of abstraction and generalization, is the only element of knowledge and the only instrument of acquiring it. On the system of Condillac, sensation, being once given by the material world, manages all the business of the mind without requiring any assistance. As circumstances change, this power becomes attention, comparison, judgment, reason, and even the will. It becomes the only object of consciousness. It becomes in fact the whole mind. What then is the mind, thus constituted? Evidently nothing more than a collection of all our sensations, whether generalized or not, destitute of any principle of unity, substance, or action. I here simply state the theory of Condillac, without pretending to criticize it; but I beg you to notice the boldness with which this writer reduces everything to sensation, and pushes the philosophy of Locke to its natural and necessary results. Considered under this point of view, the "Treatise on Sensation" is a real historical monument. In this way Condillac perfected the metaphysical part of the sensual system. The moral part, which had not yet been developed, was supplied by Helvetius. Our sensations not only inform us of the existence of external objects, but create in us emotions of pain and pleasure. Avoid then those sensations that give pain, seek those that give pleasure,—such is the sum and substance of all morality. Saint Lambert composed upon the basis of this principle a complete code of ethics, in which the gratification of the

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senses is represented as the essence of virtue, and the pleasure of the individual its only object. The same system was carried into political science. It was declared, and even decreed, that nations, like individuals, are bound by no moral law but that of promoting their own interest, of which they are also the exclusive judges. The will of the people is therefore the only criterion of political justice; and the sovereignty of the people, the only legitimate principle of government.* The theory was applied to other sciences, as for example to medicine. As the mind was supposed to be only a bundle of sensible ideas, so life was considered as a collection of functions without any principle of unity. The harmony existing among these functions is, on this system, a very singular

* In representing the doctrine of the sovereignty of the people as implying a denial of the reality of moral distinctions, Mr Cousin has, we think, given an example of the summary method of proceeding from premises to conclusions by leaping *à pieds joints*, which he imputes below to the medical philosophers, and of which we shall have occasion to notice another instance in his own reasoning. Admitting (what we hold to be beyond dispute) that the law of nature, which expresses the will of its Divine Author, is an obligatory rule of conduct, it follows that in all cases, excepting the extraordinary one of an immediate revelation, there must be somewhere on earth a power competent to declare and enforce this law. Every individual possesses and exercises this power for himself as far as he has a right to regulate his own conduct, or in the words of St Paul is a *law unto himself*. But man naturally exists not merely as an individual, but as a member of society, and is bound to obey the law of nature which is applicable to him in the latter capacity, as declared by the competent authority in the society to which he belongs. Who then possesses this competent authority? The doctrine of the sovereignty of the people merely affirms, as we understand it at least, that the right of giving laws to a society belongs to the society itself, and not to any other society, or to any individual or family, as a natural privilege. It is obvious that this theory is perfectly consistent with the reality of moral distinctions, and that it does not imply the exclusive legitimacy of any particular form of government.—No form of government can be rationally defended in theory, excepting as the one in which the nation can best exercise its natural right of sovereignty. The doctrine does not even imply that the numerical majority of the members of a society have a natural right to declare the law. The right of sovereignty, which the people incontestibly possesses, belongs to it, not as a collection of individuals, but as a body, and can only be rightfully exercised in such forms as accord with the suggestions of reason and natural feelings. But whether the political power of a community be exercised by all its members in person as in pure democracies, by elected representatives as with us, or by hereditary representatives as in monarchical governments, it is equally exercised in all these cases, *n'en déplaise à M. Cousin*, under a strict moral responsibility.

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fact; but its partisans leaped *à pieds joints* over all difficulties, and medicine also was provided with its experimental philosophy.'

Although the tone and temper of the two writers from whose works we have made these extracts be essentially different, it is obvious that their objections to the system of Locke are substantially the same. They both belong to a school of philosophy which may be looked upon as a reaction or indirect result of the French Revolution. The long train of disasters which accompanied that great political crisis, naturally excited a strong prejudice against the moral and political theories which prevailed about the time of its opening, and were supposed to be, to a certain extent, the causes of its occurrence and of the unfortunate direction which it pursued for so many years. These moral and political theories were also believed, whether correctly or not, to be essentially connected with the metaphysical systems of the day; and the latter again, having been published and generally received as deductions from the philosophy of Locke, were somewhat too hastily identified with his opinions. Under these circumstances it appeared necessary, in order to furnish a complete refutation of the political doctrines of the French revolutionists, to go back to the source of the evil, in the 'Essay on the Human Understanding.' The leading principle of this work, that all our ideas are either received through the senses or obtained by reflection upon such as are so received, was looked upon as the root of all the modern heresies; and was therefore to be set aside at all hazards. In order to contest this principle with success, it was necessary to show, that such of our notions as are not the immediate results of sensation are original possessions of the mind. This is the old theory of *innate ideas*, which has accordingly been revived with a sort of passion by most of the anti-revolutionary philosophers of the present day, and has even been adopted, as we have already remarked, by many of the adherents of the liberal political school; who while they approve the results of the Revolution, are anxious to shake off all responsibility for most of the acts and even opinions of its authors. Mr Cousin and Count de Maistre are both declared partisans of this theory. Mr de Maistre even goes the length of asserting that all our ideas are innate. We shall have occasion to offer a few remarks on this question in noticing the opinions of the modern German philosophers, who generally take their departure from the same principle. In the mean time we may

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observe here, that in the course of reasoning which brings home to Locke the responsibility for the moral and political theories of the French Revolutionists, there is more than one example of the same summary mode of getting over the ground which Professor Cousin attributes to the medical philosophers of the last century. We doubt, in the first place, whether there be any such close and necessary connexion as the learned professor appears to suppose between the metaphysical theories of Condillac and the moral and political doctrines that prevailed in France at about the same time. It is certain at least that the two systems were not professed by the same persons. The 'Spirit of Laws,' the text-book of the liberal political school, was openly ridiculed by Helvetius, who thought himself, and was generally thought at the time by his countrymen, a much more thorough and profound reasoner than Montesquieu.*

* 'I know not what our friend the President means,' said Helvetius, in a letter to one of his correspondents written soon after the publication of the *Spirit of Laws*, 'I know not what our friend the President means by his three forms of government, each having its different principle. I am acquainted with only two sorts of governments; one the good, the object of which would be to promote the happiness of the people, but of which we have hitherto had no examples, and the other the bad, comprehending all the known instances, and of which the only principle is to squeeze as much money as possible out of the pockets of the subject.' This petulant sally was considered at the time as evincing much more depth and power of thought, than the definition of law by Montesquieu. It has been well observed that a person who accuses all men of being governed by corrupt motives, convicts at least one. Supposing this to be true, what opinion are we to form of the writer of the following passages in the work of Helvetius? '*Man hates dependence; hence perhaps arises the hatred he naturally feels for his father and mother.*' SA HAINE POUR SES PERE ET MERE!!! Had this miscreant then no parents? Was he, as the despairing Queen of Carthage in Virgil declares her false-hearted lover to have been, born out of the cleft of a rock and suckled by a she-tiger?

'Duris genuit te cautibus horrens
Caucasus, Hyrcanæque admôrunt ubera tigres.'

We are bound perhaps in charity to believe, that Helvetius was not quite so bad as he has here represented himself, and that he was so far deluded by his own wretched sophistry as to mistake and belie the feelings of his heart. Such however was the morality which the best informed part of society, the sons and daughters, the fathers and mothers, of France, received and applauded half a century ago with a kind of general enthusiasm. Can we wonder that such a society should have been visited by the judgments of that God who avenges with unheard-of tortures even a look that threatens a parent with in-

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Rousseau, the most ardent and eloquent apostle of the new theory of government, was at open war with the philosophers, and a decided spiritualist in metaphysics and religion.* But without insisting on this point, which does not belong to our present subject, we may go farther, and assume with little danger of mistake that the metaphysical theories of Condillac are not either necessary or natural deductions from the principles of Locke; that the latter is of course not responsible for the errors contained in them; and that these errors, with their practical moral and political results, whatever they may have been, are justly imputable to no one but their actual and immediate author, that is, to Condillac himself. This observation naturally leads us to make a few remarks upon the philosophy of that writer, undoubtedly the most distinguished, with all his errors, of the disciples of Locke.

The object of Condillac, as is correctly observed by Mr Cousin in the above extract, was to simplify and complete the philosophy of his great master, which had just been made known on the Continent at the time when he wrote. Assuming the leading principle of Locke, that all our knowledge is the fruit of sensation or reflection, and not an original possession of the mind, he undertook to prove that the abstract notions which are referred by Locke to the latter source, being only generalizations of sensible ideas, are in fact sensible ideas under another form. But, as sensation is the appropriate name for the faculty by which we take cognizance of sensible ideas, if it be admitted that all our ideas are substantially of this description, it follows that all our intellectual faculties are in substance nothing more than modes of sensation. Imagination and memory are merely sensation representing to itself, under the same or different combinations, the ideas which it has already acquired. Reason is sensation comparing and developing two or more ideas. Thus far the language used, though in our opinion exceedingly objectionable, might perhaps admit of such explanations as would make it appear consistent with facts. But Condillac proceeds a great deal farther. Our affections as well as our perceptions are the results of the action of external

sult? 'The eye that mocketh at his father and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it.'

* Hume, it is well known, declared that Rousseau was little better than a Christian in his own way.

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objects on our senses. These therefore in all their variety,—love, hatred, hope, fear, astonishment, anger, and the rest, are only so many modes of sensation; that is, loving, hating, hoping, fearing, and wondering, are only other names for seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting, and feeling. The will itself, which is only the affection or desire that predominates for the moment over all others, comes under the same general category, and is only another mode of sensation; which is thus made to comprehend our whole moral as well as intellectual being, or, in the language of Condillac himself, *the whole soul.* In support of his theory, this writer brought forward his celebrated illustration of the Statue, and explained at great length, in conformity with these principles, how, being once endowed with sensation, an inanimate figure would gradually acquire by the mere exercise and developement of this faculty a complete and perfect human intellect. Saint Lambert, in his 'Catechism of Moral Philosophy,' accordingly defines man as *an organized and sentient mass, which acquires understanding (l'esprit) from the objects around, of and from its own wants.**

It is, as we conceive, quite unnecessary to enter into a formal argument against the correctness of these extraordinary principles, which are sufficiently refuted by a reference to the Dictionary. To say that loving, hating, wondering, and willing, are only different names for seeing, hearing, smelling, and tasting, is an error that falls under the jurisdiction of Johnson, or the French Academy, rather than that of Locke and Aristotle. It is more important to our present purpose to remark, that the absurdity of these notions is imputable exclusively to Condillac and his followers, and in no degree to the great master whose theory they suppose themselves to be simplifying and bringing to perfection. As there are, by general acknowledgment, no traces of any such opinions in the works of Locke, so there is evidently no connexion between them and the principles which are in fact set forth in the 'Essay on the Human Understanding.' Locke no doubt affirms that we can only exercise our intellectual faculties upon ideas received through the senses; but does this proposition tend in the most remote degree to prove that

* Were the question merely of the power and beauty of different forms of expression, independently of any higher considerations, we confess that we should prefer the language of Scripture on the same subject;—*Surely there is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty hath given him understanding.*

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our intellectual and even moral faculties,—our whole soul,—resolves itself into the power of receiving ideas through the senses? Because a sculptor can only exercise his talent upon the block of marble which he receives into his workshop, does it follow that his talent resolves itself into the capacity of receiving a block of marble? nay, that the sculptor himself (for such seems to be the last conclusion) is the block of marble which he receives and works upon? It is obvious that there is not only no necessary connexion between the propositions, but that they are as remote from each other as Indus from the Pole. We cannot help feeling some surprise that so acute a writer as Mr Cousin, however prejudiced in favor of his own doctrine of innate ideas, should acquiesce in the reasoning by which Condillac deduces his conclusions from the premises of Locke; and we deem it necessary to take into view the political reaction by which he and most other contemporary philosophers of the Continent are to a greater or less extent influenced, in order to conceive the possibility of such an error.

Such however is the system of Condillac, which partly by the effect of the agreeable and perspicuous style in which it was explained, and partly from its tendency, real or supposed, to favor the moral and political theories of the day, was received with extraordinary favor, and obtained a pretty general currency through the whole Continent of Europe. While these conclusions were drawn from the philosophy of Locke in one quarter, others of a different but not more correct or agreeable character had been supposed to follow from it in another. Assuming the opinion, which appears to be countenanced by Locke, that the mind in the act of perception takes cognizance only of the organic change in the body which precedes this act, and not of the external object to which we refer the perception, Berkeley concluded that we have in fact no knowledge of anything but this organic change in ourselves; and that the existence of an external object, or in general of the material world around us, is a mere supposition, which may or may not be true, but of which at all events we can have no evidence. This was by no means a new theory, and is even characterized as a hoary doctrine by the Bishop of Cloyne himself. It prevailed occasionally in the Grecian schools, and was perhaps one of those which Cicero had in view when he remarked, that there was no absurdity, however glaring, which had not at one time or another been seriously asserted as a truth by some phi-

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losopher. It has lately been ascertained that the same doctrine was anciently taught in India, where it is attributed to a 'saint or sage,' called Vyasa, who has been accordingly pronounced, by a modern English poet,

'The immortal BERKELEY of that elder age.'

The recurrence of this strange hypothesis in so many different and independent quarters, furnishes a remarkable example of the regularity with which the mind, in speculating on any subject, runs through and exhausts the whole circle of possible suppositions, including those that are apparently the most unnatural. While Berkeley was thus undermining the existence of matter, Hume was carrying an exterminating war into the realms of spirit. Admitting the theory of Locke, that all our ideas are the products either of sensation, or of reflection upon sensible ideas, he affirmed that reflection could do no more than combine or analyse anew the materials upon which it works, and that we cannot possibly possess any idea which is not originally conveyed to us through the senses. Now, our notion of the relation of cause and effect is not directly given to us by the senses. Causes and effects are things which we can neither hear, see, feel, taste, nor smell. Since then we cannot have obtained this notion in the regular and only possible way, it follows of course, according to Hume, that we do not possess it, and that the idea we mean to express when we speak of causes and effects is merely that of *antecedents* and *consequents in time*. This theory, which, like that of Berkeley, was only a new edition of an old absurdity, not only unsettled all the certainty of our ordinary knowledge, but struck a fatal blow at the very foundation of natural religion; while by another argument, directed against the evidence of miracles, the same ingenious philosopher conceived that he had effectually disposed of revelation. At this portentous wreck of matter, and crush of worlds, both spiritual and sensible, minds even of some steadiness might well be alarmed; and many intelligent persons forgetting the *tenax propositi* of the sage in Horace under similar circumstances, lost their confidence in their old principles, and cast about anxiously for some new ones which would serve to secure their faith and hope against the threatened ruin. The result of the researches made for this purpose was, the rise of two new schools in philosophy, commonly known as the *Scotch* and *German*, which, though differing essentially on many other points, agree in abandoning the theory of Locke

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on the origin of knowledge, and reviving the ancient doctrine of *innate* or *original ideas*. Both these schools have exercised, and continue to exercise, a strong influence on public opinion. Their rise and progress up to the present time form the main subject of the history of philosophy during the last half century; and the hasty remarks which we have to offer respecting them, will occupy the few remaining pages which we are able to devote to this review.

It may be proper however to premise, as we have indeed already intimated, that in our opinion the attack upon received principles, which led to the formation of these two schools, was by no means so formidable as their founders appear to have supposed, and that the alarm, created by the sophistry of Berkeley and Hume, was in a great measure groundless. Metaphysical writers have generally acquiesced with too much readiness in the assertion, that the existence of the material world is not susceptible of rigorous demonstration. The ultimate facts at which we arrive in tracing our knowledge to its sources, are those of perception and consciousness; and if these were denied, they would of course admit of no proof. But the facts of perception and consciousness are not contested; and the question at issue turns upon the reality of the objects of these operations of the mind, and of the mind itself. Now, assuming the facts of consciousness and perception, it is clear that the existence of the mind and of the material world is a necessary consequence from them, because every act supposes, that is, proves the existence of an agent, and when the action is transitive, of an object acted on. *Cogito, ergo sum*, 'I think, therefore I am,' was the argument employed by Descartes to satisfy himself of his own existence; and notwithstanding the ridicule that has sometimes been thrown upon it, is evidently a perfectly logical and conclusive one. It has been objected that the act of thinking *supposes* the existence of a thinking being, which is the point to be proved, and that the argument therefore involves the sophism called *petitio principii*, or begging the question. But this pretended objection is no other than the argument itself stated in different words. That the act of thinking supposes the existence of a thinking being is the precise idea which Descartes has expressed under the form of the regular enthymem, '*I think, therefore I am.*' Hence a person who makes this objection, instead of refuting the argument of Descartes, only expresses his acquiescence in it, or rather re-

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peats it under another form. The conclusion in favor of the existence of the object acted on, that is, in this case, of the material world, is obviously not less direct and incontrovertible. It is impossible, indeed, that we should feel the certainty which we do feel of our own existence, and of that of the material world, unless these facts were susceptible of rigorous demonstration. Facts that are objects of sensation or consciousness, possess the certainty which results from that sort of evidence. But all others,—and the existence of our minds and the material world is of the number,—can only be certain as far as they are correct deductions from the former. Now any fact which is a correct deduction from another, or several others, is of course demonstrable; since demonstration is nothing more than a repetition of the process of induction, by which the knowledge of the fact to be demonstrated was originally acquired. The assertion which we often hear made, that some abstract principles, which are yet certain, are of too elementary and simple a kind to be strictly proved, is clearly erroneous, and tends to introduce uncertainty and confusion into all our notions of the nature of evidence.

The reality of the material world is thus susceptible of a very easy, and at the same time perfectly rigorous demonstration; nor is the nature of the proof at all varied, whether we suppose the mind, in the act of perception, to take cognizance of the external object, or only of an organic change in our own bodies. In the one case, the act of perception proves the existence of the external object, and in the other, of our own bodies; and the existence of either, of course, carries with it that of the whole material world. The sophistry of Berkeley was therefore far from being so dangerous as it seems to have been considered; and that of Hume, concerning our idea of the relation of cause and effect, is even still less plausible. It is in the first place certain, that when we think or speak of this relation, we mean something entirely different from succession in the order of time, and that we have in our minds a distinct notion to which we give the name of *power*. If this notion, which, as Hume justly supposes, is not a direct result of sensation, were not correctly deduced by reflection from those that are, it would follow, not that we do not possess any such idea, but that we possess besides the faculties of sensation and reflection some other source of ideas through which we have obtained the one in question. Such accordingly has been the conclu-

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sion of the German metaphysicians, who revived the doctrine of *innate ideas*, principally for the purpose of discovering a legitimate origin for our notion of the relation between causes and effects. But this on other accounts very improbable theory, is in our opinion wholly unnecessary for the purpose for which they have called it in; and we see nothing whatever to object to, in the reasoning by which Locke derives the notion of *power* from our observation of the acts of our own minds upon the objects around us, and of these upon each other. Indeed the objection of Hume, if it had any force, would not only deprive us of the notion of *power*, but of all our general and abstract ideas, none of them being, in the form in which we possess them, the direct results of sensation. Take for example the notion of *fame*. The poet Goldsmith having accidentally seen a copy of one of his works lying, elegantly bound, upon the table of some nobleman, related the circumstance with much satisfaction to his friend Dr Johnson, and concluded by remarking, 'This, Dr Johnson, is fame.' 'Nay, sir,' said the Doctor in reply, 'I should have deemed it a far more certain evidence of a just and enviable reputation, to have found the book in the cottage of a peasant and in tatters.' Here the direct objects of sensation are an elegantly bound volume, and a tattered one, upon the view of one or the other of which the observers are supposed to obtain their ideas of the author's fame. Can it be pretended that the speakers in this little dialogue had in their minds no meaning corresponding with the word *fame*, because there is in fact nothing in the sensible idea af an elegant or a tattered book that answers to it? The number of our ideas which have no direct prototype in sensible objects, is, beyond a doubt, much larger than that of those which have one. The celebrated author of the *Intellectual System*, being one day in conversation with a friend who affirmed that all our ideas were received through the senses, invited the latter to take up any book on the table, and offered to prove that the first word he should fix upon would express an idea that was not of this class, so confident was he that those of the other were much more numerous. His friend accepting the challenge, turned to the beginning of Cicero's Treatise on Duties, which opens with the word *quanquam*. 'There,' said Cudworth, 'let me know through which of your senses, you get the idea conveyed by *quanquam*.' This great philosopher, who was a partisan of the theory of innate ideas,

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supposed that all notions, not received through the senses, were original possessions of the mind, forming, as it were, a part of its substance; but the illustration is equally conclusive in favor of the reality of our general notions, if we suppose, with Locke, that they are not innate, but obtained by reflection upon sensible ones. Few persons indeed would go the length of denying *en masse* the reality of all our general ideas; and the mere consideration that the argument of Hume is as fatal to all the rest, as it is to that of *power*, is sufficient to show that it is utterly destitute of force, and even plausibility. The easy acquiescence which was given to it (notwithstanding its dangerous consequences) by so many thinking men, and the favor which it continues to enjoy even in our own day, are striking proofs of the facility with which ingenious paradoxes are adopted, and of the tenacity with which they retain their hold upon public opinion.

For these reasons we are inclined to consider the alarm created by the skeptical philosophers of the last century, as in a great measure needless. It was however, at the time, perfectly sincere, since, as we have already remarked, it induced many judicious men, although they could not bring themselves to assent to the dangerous consequences in morals and religion which the skeptics had deduced from these doctrines, to abandon the principles upon which they had formerly relied in proof of the most important truths, and seek for others more substantial. Reid, the founder of the Scotch philosophy, first distinguished himself by an attempt to show that the mind in the act of perception takes a direct cognizance of the object perceived, and not (as, according to him, was generally supposed before) of an organic change in our bodies. A late writer has endeavored to show that Reid was mistaken in his view of the doctrine of preceding philosophers, and that his pretended improvement was in reality no other than the common opinion; but although the language both of Reid and of preceding writers, may not be always perfectly consistent with itself, there are evidently two opposite theories on the subject, one of which supposes that we naturally refer our perceptions to external objects, and the other, that we learn to make this reference by experience. The former opinion was that of Reid, the latter that of most preceding philosophers, including Locke. It also appears to be adopted by Brown (the writer to whom we just alluded), who thus differs from Reid himself, although he

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affirms, for the purpose of contesting the claims of that philosopher to originality, that his theory is the same with the one previously received, and that there is no difference of opinion upon the subject. The improvement of Reid appears to us to be real, but belongs to physiology rather than philosophy, and had little or no connexion with the question of the existence of the material world; which, as we have remarked above, is equally demonstrated by the fact of perception, whether the immediate objects of that operation of the mind be external bodies, or the organic changes in our own. Not having observed, as it seems, that existence is implied in the facts of perception and consciousness, and of course proved by them, Reid laid the foundation of the certainty we feel in this respect, in a supposed instinctive and irresistible belief, of which all men are conscious without being able to give any reason for it. This is the leading principle in the Scotch school of philosophy, which has accordingly been sometimes called the philosophy of *common sense*. Mr Cousin summarily gives his opinion of the value of this idea in the following passage.

'It was in England that the philosophy of sensation made its first appearance, and the first attack upon the same philosophy proceeded from a province of that kingdom. I define the Scotch philosophy, gentlemen, an honorable protest made by common sense against the extravagances of the last consequences of the sensual system. Let this be its title to the esteem of the wise and good. But this doctrine was not less incomplete in its own way, than that of Locke in his. The Scotch philosophers contented themselves with bringing into notice some of the elements of our nature which had been overlooked,—with restoring, as it were, to their proper places, some of the ideas originally inherent in our minds, and which they describe under the character now generally attributed to them; but they did not even attempt to enumerate all the ideas of this class, to trace them to their origin, or to follow them out into their consequences. Their doctrine contains an introduction only to the philosophy of the mind, but has no regular logic or metaphysics, no theology or theory of the spiritual world, and a mere smattering of morals and politics. The merits and defects of the Scotch are the same with those of Locke. They have perspicuity and good sense, but they want power, reach of mind, precision and exactness;—not to mention an almost total deficiency of learning. The common sense to which they appeal, is no doubt the basis of science; the point from which it takes its departure, and to which it regularly returns. Common sense serves admirably to protect the uninstructed part of the

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world from the inroads of materialism, but is after all an entirely different thing from science, which is the result of the complete developement of all our intellectual faculties. As the sensual philosophy never appeared in its full and perfect form in the hands of Locke, so the doctrine of idealism would never have acquired from the timid speculations of the worthy professors of Edinburgh, the brilliant and masculine character which it wanted in order to attract the attention of Europe, and struggle successfully on that vast theatre with the seduction and talent of the opposite school. The philosophy of Locke was obliged to cross the channel in order to make its fortune; and idealism required a more generous soil than that of Scotland, before it could flourish with much luxuriance, or produce its proper fruits.

'The common-sense school was represented in France by Turgot and J. J. Rousseau. The former was early withdrawn from science by political occupations, and had only time to make some passing attacks of little importance, upon the worst consequences of the theory of Condillac. The latter was rather a man of letters than a philosopher; and when he undertook to oppose the prevailing opinions, only exhausted his eccentric genius in sentimental protestations, which hardly deserve notice in the history of science.'

The correctness of the above remarks upon the leading principle of the Scotch philosophy, is, we think, quite obvious. Common sense and philosophy are different modes of stating the same facts. Their results naturally check and correct each other; but for that very reason it is clear, that, as processes, they can have nothing in common. To suppose that we can found philosophy on common sense, would be like supposing that we can take a lunar observation by throwing the log, because both these methods are employed to ascertain the longitude of a ship at sea. The skeptical writers, and particularly Hume, are the first to admit that their theories are in direct opposition to common sense; but they affirm that a rigorous examination and analysis of the phenomena that present themselves to the student of intellectual philosophy, lead to different conclusions from those which are naturally drawn upon a merely superficial view; just as the science of astronomy corrects, and even reverses, in many important particulars, the common opinion founded on the evidence of our senses respecting the appearance and motions of the heavenly bodies. To this we may answer with perfect propriety, for all practical purposes, that we would rather trust the common sense of the

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world, including the skeptics themselves, than the philosophy of two or three individuals. This, we say, is a perfectly good answer for practical purposes, and is accordingly the one which the world habitually makes; but it is obviously not even in form the basis of an anti-skeptical system of philosophy. It amounts to saying,—We cannot believe your doctrine, although we do not know how to refute it; and instead of being a scientific theory, is, on the contrary, a confession that we are aware that a new one is necessary, but that we are unable to furnish it ourselves.

If then the writers of the Scotch school mean to represent their elementary principles as mere expressions of the common opinion of the world, and as being in that character the incontestable foundations for all our knowledge, it is evident that their propositions have not even the form of a philosophical system. It is probable, however, although their language on this head is not so precise as might be wished, that they mean to represent the common opinion of the world in favor of their elementary principles, as a kind of *instinctive conviction*, which forms, as it were, a part of the original substance of the mind of every individual. Thus explained, their views assume, no doubt, the form of a scientific theory; but they now become liable to other objections, some of which are correctly indicated by Professor Cousin in the above extract. Instinctive convictions of the truth of principles suppose, of course, the possession of the ideas of which the agreement or disagreement is indicated in these principles. An instinctive conviction, for example, of the existence of the material world, supposes the possession, anterior to or independent of perception, of the numerous ideas, intellectual and sensible, implied in this conviction. The Scotch philosophy, thus explained, amounts to the theory of *idealism* or *innate ideas*, and in order to be admitted, must be developed and proved as such. In its present shape it will be held in little esteem, either by the partisans or the opponents of idealism; since it must be viewed by the latter as essentially false, and by the former as a defective and unsatisfactory statement of what they believe to be the truth.

It would seem therefore that the Scotch philosophy, considered as an attempt to reform the theory of Locke respecting the origin of knowledge, and establish a new system upon that subject, is of little value. We are not however to conclude from this, that the labors of the various able and judicious

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writers of this school, upon the different branches of intellectual and moral science have been wholly lost. Much in all their works, and many entire productions, possess a merit independent of the truth or falsehood of the theories alluded to above. Their analysis and description of the intellectual powers, though perhaps objectionable in some particulars, include a great deal of instructive and interesting discussion; and wear, especially in the hands of Dugald Stewart, the most agreeable and entertaining shape. In ethics, politics, and political economy, they have furnished important contributions to the stock of knowledge. Adam Smith has given a text-book to the last of these sciences, and thereby secured a higher and more durable reputation than any writer on moral science since the time of Locke, with the single exception of Montesquieu. The works of the illustrious author of the Wealth of Nations exhibit the delightful union of fine taste with power and comprehensiveness of thought; which is also exemplified in a remarkable degree in those of Dugald Stewart; and which forms the charm of the most celebrated productions of the same class that have been handed down to us from remote antiquity by the Platos, the Ciceros, and the Senecas. The extreme rarity of the combination of qualities necessary to produce such works, which demand the exercise of the different and, in some degree, inconsistent powers of thought and feeling, together with the deep and permanent importance of the subjects they treat, place them perhaps at the head of all the achievements of the human mind. Thought and feeling are the two great departments of our higher nature. To bring into action either of these faculties with remarkable success, is in general all that can be done by an understanding even of the first order, because the developement and habitual exercise of one of them, when it does not suppose the absence, commonly injures the vigor of the other; but when this result is avoided by the effect of an extraordinary natural constitution, or a particularly favorable culture, and the two are exhibited together in an equal, and that the highest degree of perfection, they indicate, of course, the complete man. We may add that Hume, notwithstanding the exceptionable character of some of his works, has displayed in others a power of observation and reflection, and in all an elegance of style, that render him one of the principal ornaments of the Scotch school of philosophy. Reid, whose merit depends more immediately and exclusively

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on the correctness of his metaphysical notions, which, as we have seen, are somewhat questionable, has perhaps less chance, than the writers whom we have just named, of maintaining his reputation at a very high point, although he can never be viewed in any other light than as an honest, able, judicious, and in some instances, at least, not unsuccessful inquirer after truth.

The last writer of this school is the late Dr Brown, whose 'Lectures' have attracted a good deal of attention in this country. With every disposition to do him full justice, we are compelled to say, that we think he owes the estimation in which he is held among us (for in his own country and on the Continent of Europe he is little known or valued) more to the strong evidence of good feelings and intentions, that appears so plainly in his works, than to any great actual merit which they possess, either of substance or style. The principal peculiarity of his metaphysical system is an attempt to revive the most absurd and dangerous of the paradoxes of the skeptical school. His first work was a defence and explanation of the hypothesis of Hume respecting our idea of the Relation of Cause and Effect; and in his 'Lectures' he brings forward the same system with much complacency, raises it into extraordinary importance, and makes it, as it were, the foundation of his philosophy. So anxious was Brown to establish this theory, that rather than abandon it, he had persuaded himself to believe (in opposition to the well known and unanswerable objection of Dr Reid) that day is the cause of night, and night of day, because they succeed each other in the order of time; although he has not explained why the world had not hitherto connected with these antecedents and consequents the notion of *power*, which it regularly connects with so many others. In the same way the learned Doctor would doubtless have proved, if necessary, with equal pomp of language, that the snows of February are the cause of the blooming vegetation of May, and the effect of the warm suns of September; or that the twenty-four letters, which succeed each other both in place and time, as parts of the alphabet, are a chain of causes and effects which may be regularly traced from the last effect, *Omega*, to the first cause, *Alpha*. On this system, the world is governed by a principle resembling the *foreordained harmony* of Leibnitz; and the infinite varieties of action which are going on around us, are nicely calculated beforehand, so that, without there being any mutual connexion

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between them, each takes place exactly at the right moment; as each of the various parts of a piece of clock-work performs its respective operations in a manner entirely independent of all the rest. If water rise to a certain height in a tube from which the air has been exhausted, it is not because the withdrawing of the air has a natural tendency to facilitate the rising of the water, but because it was foreordained that the water should rise at the moment immediately following that in which the air was withdrawn. But who foreordained this harmony? Who arranged this vast piece of clock-work? One of the results of the admirable theory in question is to deprive us of the leading argument in proof of the existence of God, who is only known to us in natural religion as the Great First Cause. Dr Brown, who seems to have been sincerely and deeply religious, has endeavored to escape from this consequence, by inventing one of the elementary principles of belief, which are always at hand in the Scotch school upon any emergency, to supply the place of the logical conviction resulting from the necessary connexion of causes and effects. Upon the value of these elementary principles, we have already made some remarks, and shall only add here, that the supposition of an instinctive and irresistible belief in the necessary connexion of antecedents and consequents in time as such, is too evidently false even to admit of an argument in its support. The same views which led Dr Brown to deny the reality of our idea of *power*, are followed out into various other consequences, and lead to assertions, which, even if susceptible, as we are willing to hope they may be, of satisfactory explanations, are, in our opinion, to say the least, very unfortunate modes of expression. As *power* is nothing, so all other qualities, physical and moral, are in themselves nothing. They are *states* of matter or of mind; and then again, they are mind or matter itself in certain states; 'All the feelings and thoughts of the mind are only the mind itself existing in certain states.' * Thus ill-humor is a wealthy

* To call our affections and thoughts *states* of the mind, is an incorrect use of terms, and of course an alteration for the worse, of the common phraseology. To say that our affections and thoughts are the mind itself existing in certain states, is an assertion not only wholly inadmissible in itself, but directly at variance with the former one. It is impossible therefore that both can be true; yet Dr Brown continually interchanges and employs them in succession throughout his work, as if he supposed them to mean one and the same thing. It would be difficult to produce a stronger instance of confusion in thought and language.

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valetudinarian in a fit of the gout, and ambition a *Deliverer* at the head of his army; beauty, a pretty girl of sixteen, and learning, a doctor of divinity, law, or medicine. 'There is no virtue in nature,' and of course no vice. What then, we may pertinently ask, becomes of the difference between them which has sometimes been considered of importance? But substances as well as qualities vanish under the powerful analysis of our metaphysical magician. 'There is no *virtue* in nature more than there is *quadruped* or *substance*.' If then, neither substances nor qualities have any reality, we would gladly learn what sort of creatures compose the world in which we live, move, and have our being. These we say are unfortunate forms of expression (for in Dr Brown we are willing to consider them as nothing more), and could perhaps be satisfactorily explained; but then the same explanation would be fatal to the principles on which the Doctor denies the reality of our idea of *power*, and which form the leading feature in his work. We consider his 'Lectures' as belonging, in the main, to a class of books more dangerous and mischievous than any other, those in which false and vicious principles are maintained with honest conviction by persons of undoubted good intentions, and clothed in such a dress as not to shock the moral feeling of the public. Presented in this questionable shape, these principles are unsuspectingly adopted by minds that would not otherwise have come in contact with them; and being once adopted, they of course work out their necessary effects, which are in no way neutralized by the skin-deep gilding under which the poison was exhibited. The style of Dr Brown has, in our opinion, as little to recommend it as his matter. It is such a one as might be called good in a promising school-boy; easy and copious, but verbose, feeble, and overlaid with tasteless ornament and trivial learning. It forms a sorry contrast with the manly and significant simplicity of the 'Essay on the Human Understanding.' For these reasons we cannot but regret that the work has obtained so much currency among us; and venture to hope that it will not long be allowed to usurp, in our most respectable institutions for education, the place which was once occupied by the great master of intellectual science.

Such, however, are the general characteristics of the Scotch philosophy; entirely baseless when viewed as a mere expression of the common sense of the world; and when considered as a form of *idealism*, a defective and untenable exposition

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of a theory essentially false. At about the same time when this doctrine was growing up in Scotland, another came into notice in the North of Germany, which engaged for many years a large share of the public attention, and indeed excited a stronger immediate sensation than any philosophical system which has ever been promulgated. We allude of course to the *Transcendental Philosophy*, founded by the celebrated Kant, a professor at the University of Königsberg in Prussia. This writer states in the introduction to his *Criticism on Pure Reason*, that having been convinced by the arguments of Hume that the idea of *power* is not obtained by sensation or reflection, instead of denying with the Scotch skeptic the reality of this idea (which we are conscious of possessing), he drew the conclusion that it must be an original or innate possession of the mind. Having come to this opinion respecting our notion of *power*, or the relation between causes and effects, he was naturally led to inquire whether there were not other ideas which were also independent of sensation and reflection, and which formed, as it were, a part of our intellectual substance. The result of his researches was, that there are a considerable number of ideas of this kind, which he arranges under the two heads of *sensible* and *intellectual* ideas. The first division includes only the two notions of *space* and *time;* the second, that of *power*, and some ten or twelve more, which we need not recapitulate. The rule adopted by Kant for discovering which of our ideas are innate, was the following.—On reviewing your ideas, whenever you come to one which strikes you as necessary, so that having once obtained it, you cannot possibly suppose it not to exist, you may be sure that it is not the product of sensation or reflection, but an original possession of the mind. Thus we can easily conceive the non-existence of all extended objects, but having once obtained the idea of *extension* or *space*, we cannot conceive its non-existence. The notion of *extension* or *space* is therefore transcendental and original, while those of the qualities of particular extended objects are the results of sensation. These two classes of ideas we naturally connect together in the habitual exercise of our intellectual powers, so that all our notions of individual objects are combinations of one or more ideas belonging to each class; just as the idea which a man, looking through a piece of colored glass, forms of the object before him, is a combined result of the sensible qualities of the object and of the color of the glass.

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This is the illustration which has been employed by the disciples of Kant to explain their theory. Hence we know nothing of the real character of the external world, because we never see it except in combination with some ingredient furnished by our own minds; but we are certain of the reality of our transcendental notions, because they are immediate objects of consciousness, as they exist in their own nature, and unmingled with any other element. Kant therefore abandons the external world to the skeptics, and founds the certainty of our knowledge upon the supposed reality of the notions originally inherent in our own understanding. Such is the general outline of this system, which is traced with sufficient distinctness in the first chapters of the *Criticism on Pure Reason.* It is afterwards pursued by its author, in that and other works, into an immense variety of consequences. For the purpose of expressing himself with more precision, Kant invented a complete metaphysical nomenclature, so that the study of his writings is equivalent, even for those who are familiar with German, to the learning of a new language. This task will of course be regarded as unnecessary by those who reject the fundamental principle, from which all his consequences are deduced, and with which, if it be erroneous, they must necessarily fall. Professor Cousin admits the system so far as it affirms the reality of innate ideas, but rejects it where it calls in question that of the external world. His remarks upon it are as follows.

'It was reserved for Germany, for that serious and contemplative country which had already produced Leibnitz and Wolf, to give to idealism its proper representative, who was no other than the illustrious Kant. Kant is, like Locke, as respects his method, a disciple of Descartes, and pursues the same course of free inquiry and accurate observation of facts, which will for ever remain the distinguishing characteristic of modern philosophy. Kant carefully separates the provinces of faith and knowledge, and commences his inquiry with an examination of the operations of the mind; but he differs from Locke, in attaching himself to a different class of these operations, from that which was chiefly observed by the latter philosopher. The great object of Kant was to take a survey of the understanding as it exists independently of sensation, and to ascertain the laws which regulate its operations. It is his glory to have furnished, as it were, an exact account of these laws. Not content with indicating their existence, and classing them in a methodical way, he describes

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their mode of action, and follows them into all their applications. *Apparet domus intus.* Kant is the real founder of the philosophy of the mind; but his genius was too bold and creative to stop at this point. After enumerating, classing, and describing the laws of thought, he inquires how, from a contemplation of these laws, we arrive at a knowledge of the material world,—of God, and of everything foreign to our own intelligence. He maintains that as these laws are merely qualities of the mind, we cannot logically deduce from our knowledge of their reality, that of anything else. We are no doubt conscious of believing in the existence of God, and of the external world, but we only believe it as it is known to ourselves; and we cannot apply the conviction we have of their reality, to the external object as it exists independently of our minds. Thus Kant, by dwelling continually in the depths of the understanding, mistook it in a manner for the only real world; and while he enriched the philosophy of the mind with new discoveries, made it much too exclusively the object of his inquiries. Fichte however goes still farther than his master in the same track. According to Kant, our notions of external objects are modified by the laws of our own mind, which regulate the perception of them. Fichte affirms that, as external objects are only known to us by our perceptions, they are in fact nothing more than inferences deduced by the understanding from its own operations, and only exist as ideas or affections of the understanding. The understanding is therefore the principle, not only of all perception, but of all existence. Thus Fichte absolutely denies the reality of the external world, which Kant merely considered as incapable of proof. Their views of the nature of God were equally at variance. Kant thought that we have an instinctive or intuitive belief in God, as a being entirely distinct from our own minds. According to Fichte, God is nothing more than *mind*, considered as existing absolutely, and not individualized in any particular being. Now although we are willing enough to regard the human mind as the only thing in nature that has a real existence, it is repugnant to our feelings, gentlemen, to regard it as identical with God. Fichte therefore distinguishes between the mind, as it is an object of our consciousness, and the mind as it really exists. The former is the mind, the *moi*, existing in each individual, as we commonly understand the term; the latter is the substance or essence of the mind, as it exists independently of any individual, and this is God himself. When we have reached this point, we have obviously arrived at the last extreme of idealism, just as the sensual system had attained its complete developement, when it represented the mind as a bundle of sensible notions, and God as only another name for the material world. The sys-

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tem of Kant and Fichte reduces our intellectual faculties, with all the ideas upon which they are employed, to reflection, as that of Locke and Condillac reduced them all to sensation; and as sensualism, in its last and most degrading results, denies the existence of the mind by identifying it with matter, so idealism, in its sublime extravagance, arrives at the same conclusion in a different way, by identifying the mind with God.'

For those who are satisfied with the account given by Locke of the manner in which we acquire the idea of *power*, the vast and cumbrous machinery of the Transcendental Philosophy, which was originally resorted to for the purpose of supplying a better one, is of course, when considered in its origin, entirely superfluous. As respects the method by which Kant distinguishes between transcendental and sensible ideas, we may remark, that he seems to confound the idea and its object, the notion and the thing known. 'Whenever,' says he, 'in reviewing our ideas, we come to one, of which, having once acquired it, we cannot conceive the non-existence, that idea is transcendental.' But what idea is there of which we cannot conceive the non-existence? Ideas exist only in our minds, and while their objects are immediately under our contemplation. Not one can be named, which does not cease to exist a hundred times a day. That of *space*, for example, which is regarded by Kant as transcendental, ceases to exist whenever we cease to think of *space*. It is not our idea of space, but space itself, of which we cannot conceive the non-existence. The necessity belongs not to the notion, but to the thing known. But because the things which we mean by *space* and *time*, that is, extension and duration, considered in the abstract, cannot cease to exist, does it follow that we get our ideas of these things in a different way from that in which we obtain all others? Our ideas of space and time are obtained, like all the rest of our abstract notions, by generalizing our particular ideas of the extension and duration of particular objects and actions; and when we say that we can conceive the non-existence of *beauty*, *justice*, *substance*, *man*, and cannot conceive the non-existence of *space* and *time*, the reason of the difference evidently lies in the nature of the things intended by these terms, and not in the nature of our ideas of them, or the manner in which these ideas are respectively acquired.

These considerations apply rather to the form in which the theory of innate or original ideas is stated by Kant, than to the

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theory itself. But, notwithstanding these and perhaps other objections that might be made to some of his particular views, notwithstanding the repulsive and fatiguing character of his style, his works are generally considered, by the partisans of idealism, as the most complete and satisfactory statement of that system, that has ever appeared, either in ancient or modern times. It seems proper, therefore, to make the few remarks which we propose to offer on the subject, with immediate reference to the Trancendental Philosophy, and we have accordingly reserved them for this part of the present article.

By those who are acquainted with the theory of innate or original ideas, only through the detailed, and in general to us very satisfactory refutation of it given by Locke, it may perhaps be deemed a mere chimera, long since exploded, and unworthy of the least notice at the present day. It is nevertheless a doctrine that has in all ages, including the present, been held by many philosophers of the highest rank; and is indeed represented, not without some appearance of correctness, by the writer now before us, as one of the two leading answers that have been given, alike in ancient and in modern times, to the problem of the origin of our knowledge. The great names of Plato, Descartes, and Leibnitz, must for ever secure it from contempt, whatever judgment we may form of its actual value. But while we feel every disposition to speak with respect of an opinion patronized by these illustrious ornaments of our race, we are bound to say that the doctrine of innate ideas, whether critically or historically considered, presents itself to our minds less as a real philosophical solution of the great question above alluded to, than as a bold attempt, by men of creative genius and brilliant imagination, two or three times repeated in the course of ages, to solve this problem before the knowledge and application of the true methods of scientific inquiry had rendered the solution of it possible. Plato appears to have invented it, if he did not borrow it from the Oriental schools; and at all events he embellished it with the sublime and beautiful poetical coloring which he knew how to throw over all the subjects he chose to treat. But no sooner did his great disciple discover the experimental method of inquiry, and direct it, with the natural energy of his sterner mind, to intellectual science, than the innate ideas or *archetypes* of his master vanish into air. Yet the system, as understood and presented by Plato, is perhaps more easily susceptible of an

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explanation conformable to the truth, than in any of its other forms. In modern times again, the speculations of the French metaphysicians precede the restoration of the experimental philosophy, to the revival of which they contributed so much themselves, but which they failed so completely in turning to practical account, either in physical or moral science. No sooner does the firm hand of Locke, the worthy representative in modern times of the mighty Stagyrite, again put in use this masterly machine, than the theory of innate ideas is again recognised as a brilliant but visionary fabric, belonging to that region of 'Cloudland gorgeous land,' to which Aristotle had before consigned it when it was first descried in Greece. In both cases, the doctrine which attributes the origin of all our knowledge indirectly or directly to experience, having been once distinctly and powerfully stated, seems to have been pretty generally adopted by judicious men. The opposite theory, no doubt, had its partisans in ancient Greece, after the time of Aristotle, and in modern Europe since that of Locke; but they have been, for the most part, persons in whose minds imagination seemed to predominate over the other faculties, or whose judgments were biassed by interested motives. With this latter class we have ventured to identify the idealists of the present day, who, as we have already remarked, are evidently influenced by the political reaction resulting from the excesses in doctrine and practice of the French Revolutionists. Independently of this consideration, there seems to be a restlessness in our nature, which leads us, when in the progress of improvement we have attained the truth, not to be satisfied with it, but still to wander on in search of new discoveries, although every step we take necessarily carries us farther from the point at which we profess to aim. We see this disposition plainly exemplified in the department of the fine arts, where a period of good taste is uniformly followed by one, of which the predominant characteristic is extravagance, and a hankering after the exploded errors of a barbarous age. The principle no doubt exercises its influence with equal certainty in philosophy. It is to this cause that we may attribute the reappearance of idealism in the later schools of ancient Greece, and in part its present currency on the Continent of Europe. If there be any case which furnishes an exception to these remarks, it is doubtless that of Kant, in whose mind imagination seems to have had no place, and whose natural turn was exclusively for the

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most severe and rigorous methods of inquiry. With him the immediate motive for embracing idealism was a strong desire to escape from the conclusions of the skeptical school, against which he saw no other resource; but we deem it a singular phenomenon, that a person in whose intellect judgment was so decidedly the leading power, should have acquiesced in the feeble and flimsy reasoning by which the skeptics deduced their conclusions from the principles of Locke, and should, under any circumstances, have rested with such complete conviction upon the intangible and fleeting, though beautiful visions of idealism.

But one exception, admitting it to be real, does not change the rule; and idealism, therefore, historically viewed, presents itself as an unsubstantial dream, which charms the infantile period of intellectual philosophy, rather than as one of two opinions which have nearly divided the thinking men of all ages and nations. Critically viewed, the system has, we think, the same general characteristics. There is a wild and ethereal air about it, that catches the attention and delights the fancy. It fills the mind with lofty and glorious imaginations, transposts us from the cold and formal realities of the world around us, into empyreal regions, the perpetual abodes of light, truth, purity, and happiness. It gratifies our longing after a nobler and a loftier destiny than that which we can here aspire to, by bringing our minds into nearer contact,—identifying them, indeed, by some mysterious and inexplicable bond of union,—with the sublime spirit whose energy pervades and governs the Universe. It lends itself easily to all the beauties of rhetorical embellishment, and when it appears in its natural dress, always wears the seductive graces of an elegant style. Its professors are a sort of inspired prophets. Their course of thought is well described by Akenside, who had himself caught, in his favorite Greek studies, the spirit of these philosophers.

> 'The high-born soul
> Disdains to rest her heaven-aspiring wing
> Beneath its native quarry. Tired of earth
> And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft
> Through fields of air; pursues the flying storm;
> Rides on the vollied lightning through the heavens;
> Or, yoked with whirlwinds and the northern blast,
> Sweeps the long tract of day.'

The idealists are recognised indeed by Cicero as of nobler race than the partisans of opposite opinions. 'All other phi-

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losophers,' says he, 'appear like *Plebeians* when compared with the followers of Plato.' This system partakes, in short, of the nature and essence of poetry, as it properly appertains to that period in the progress of the intellect when poetry is most cultivated and valued. And if we feel some regret at seeing the splendid and elegant constructions of idealism subside into narrower dimensions and simpler forms under the touch of a rigorous method, there is yet much consolation in reflecting, that the pleasure we receive from dwelling upon these imaginations of the poetical school of philosophy, as upon those of poetry itself, furnishes an indirect evidence of the elevated nature of our intellectual being. But when we come to a close survey of the doctrines of the idealists, we find that, as they are animated by the spirit of poetry, so they share the faults to which it naturally leads. They are too apt, like that 'sweet seducer of youth,' 'to accommodate the shows of things to the desires of the mind,' rather than to the reality of sober fact. Their doctrine is vague, undefined, and somewhat difficult to come at in strict detail. It presents itself under various shapes, in the works of different writers. In Plato, ideas are the archetypes or models of created things, which dwell eternally in the Divine Mind, and in order to perceive them, we must elevate ourselves to a nearer intimacy and mysterious community of thought with God. In Malebranche,—the French Plato, as Count de Maistre calls him,—the human mind is a ray of light emanating from the divine substance, but not entirely separated from it, and our general notions are still, as in Plato, conceived, as it were, in the bosom of the Deity. In Kant,—who has somewhat clipped the wings of idealism in his attempt to reduce it to a precise and logical expression,—our general notions exist only in our own minds, have no corresponding objects in nature, and are forms with which we dress up the unsubstantial images presented by the senses, in order to give them 'a local habitation and a name.' In the Edinburgh writers, the system appears in so reduced a shape, that we hardly recognise it, and only perceive some traces of its tone of dogmatism and inspiration in the confidence with which they assure us of the existence of certain elementary principles in the mind, without pretending to account for the manner in which they got there. With the followers of Kant, again, it takes a new flight. Our general ideas compose not only the forms but the substance of their supposed objects;

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and the mind not only communes with God, and thinks and feels in God, but is itself God, man, and the universe. The mere variety of these views of the system, independently of the towering extravagance of most of them, would render it very doubtful whether they really represented any valuable leading principle; and the vague and figurative forms of expression which are generally employed by the idealists, would also naturally lead us to the same conclusion. Precise and correct thoughts commonly clothe themselves in simple, accurate, and intelligible language. Hence, when we find philosophical writers habitually indulging in a loose and indefinite phraseology, made up, as it were, of a succession of bold figures, we are tempted to suspect that they feel an instinctive consciousness that their opinions would not stand examination if presented in a simple dress. Such, however, is in general the character of the style of the idealists. They abstain almost wholly from strict definition, and often draw conclusions with the utmost apparent confidence, from premises with which a common reasoner cannot unite them by the slightest bond of connexion. 'Truth,' says Count de Maistre, 'is nothing more than an equation between our ideas and the objects they represent. Now if the former member of this equation be not innate, preëxistent, and unchangeable, the latter would also be variable, and there would be no truth. Therefore all our ideas are innate.' In the same way it would be easy to prove that the images which appear in a mirror must necessarily be innate, in order to resemble their originals. 'All our ideas,' says the same writer, 'are entirely foreign to the senses, by the intellectual act which affirms,' (*par l'acte intellectuel qui affirme.*) By this loose and inaccurate phrase, the Count seems to intend, that because the act of affirming or denying any proposition is wholly intellectual, the ideas contained in the proposition affirmed or denied must be necessarily foreign to the senses; as if these ideas, and the act of affirmation or denial, were one and the same thing. We purposely select these examples of loose expression and incoherent reasoning from the less extravagant passages in the works of a really able writer, to show the faults that prevail in the ordinary and better manner of this school. Kant and his followers, the only idealists who pretend to strict and logical forms of expression, have given their language the same indistinctness and obscurity which belongs to that of all the rest, by employing a new and almost unintelligible nomenclature.

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Their terms not being settled by familiar usage or precise explanation, really convey, notwithstanding their exact and scientific air, no definite meaning to the mind of the reader, and serve, on the contrary, to shroud the author's opinions under a misty veil, equivalent in effect, though by no means in attraction, to the wild and vague poetical imagery of the preceding writers of the same class.

These general and superficial views of the ideal theory would naturally, we think, produce a strong impression against it, in the minds of judicious men. If, however, it were necessary to test its correctness by a more thorough examination, and if, leaving out of view the obviously extravagant imaginations of some of its partisans, we attempt to grasp the essential principle of the system, as professed by the highest authorities, particularly Kant and his followers, and compare it with that of Locke, there will appear, in our opinion, a very decided preponderance of probabilities in favor of the latter. The two theories, briefly stated in their simplest elements, seem to be nearly as follows.

On the system of Locke, our perceptions are expressions of external objects, and our abstract ideas are generalizations of these objects, their qualities, and the relations we observe between them. On the ideal system, our perceptions are composed of two distinct parts, one of which consists of sensible images, and the other of general notions. The former part only is the result of sensation, the latter being always supplied by the mind, out of a fund of original and innate ideas with which it is provided for this purpose. When I see, for example, a white globe, the perception I have of it is, according to Locke, a simple image or expression of the object; and by afterwards considering it under different points of view, I obtain the abstract notions of whiteness, roundness, and substance. On the ideal system, I perceive *whiteness* and *roundness*, to which the mind adds *substance*, from its own stock, and thus completes the perception. To this system there are, we think, several solid objections, some of which we shall very briefly indicate.

1. For those who are satisfied with the manner in which Locke describes the origin of our general notions (and we have repeatedly professed ourselves to be of that number), the ideal system is unphilosophical, because it resorts to a new principle, or rather to a vast apparatus of new metaphysical machinery, to find a cause for effects which are fully accounted for by those already known to be in operation.

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2. The phrase *innate* or *original ideas*, involves a direct contradiction in terms. Ideas are expressions or representations of things, and suppose of course the previous presence to the mind of the things they represent, just as the image in a mirror supposes the presence of the object reflected; while the epithet *innate* or *original* supposes that the object is not, and never has been, present to the mind. An innate idea is, therefore, an image without an object, a copy without a model, a translation without an original, and belongs to the same category with a three-legged quadruped, or a triangle with two sides.

Innate or original ideas, if they in fact existed, would necessarily represent objects with which the mind had become acquainted in a previous state of existence; and such was the opinion entertained of them by Plato, who affirms that all our knowledge is only recollection. This explanation of the doctrine, if not plausible, is at least consistent in terms; but, even on this supposition, it would be difficult to conceive how the ideas which the mind brings with it from another world should happen to fit so exactly the objects we meet with in this, and why we should never recollect any of our ante-natal knowledge until the precise moment when a fact exactly similar comes within our observation upon this visible diurnal sphere.

3. If we refer our general notions, including that of substance, which is the most general of all, exclusively to the mind, it is not easy to see what we leave as the immediate objects of perception. I see, for example, a white globe, that is, a white round substance, something white and round, or let it be the 'something large and round,' which the little girl in Southey's ballad saw her brother rolling about upon the battle-field of Blenheim, and which afterwards proved to be the skull of some poor fellow who was killed in the great victory. According to the idealists, the substance of the skull, the *something* which we perceive to be large and round, exists only in the spectator's mind. One is tempted to think that a person must have but little brain in his own skull, who can find room within it for the skulls of other people. But admitting, for argument's sake, that the skull exists only in the brain of the spectator, what then remains without as the external object of perception? Apparently, the size, color, and figure of the skull. But size, color, and figure are merely qualities, and can have no real existence separately from the substance to

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which they are attached. If, then, the substance of the skull be in the brain of the spectator, its qualities, if they exist at all, must be there also. But if neither the substance nor the qualities of the skull have any existence, excepting in the brain of the spectator, what, we ask again, remains without as the external object of perception? Evidently nothing; and such has been, in fact, in all ages, the conclusion of the consistent idealists, who have uniformly ended by denying the reality of the material world. This is of course a *reductio ad absurdum* of the whole theory. But let us admit again, for argument's sake, that although the substance of the skull exist only in the brain of the spectator, its size, color, and figure remain without as the direct objects of perception, and see how far the supposition will be found to accord with the leading principles of the idealist. The direct objects of perception are then, we will suppose, the shape, color, and size of the skull, considered independently of its substance. But shape, color, and size, considered independently of the substance to which they are attached, are merely general notions, as, in the present case, *largeness*, *whiteness*, and *roundness*. On this system, therefore, the direct objects of perception are the general or abstract notions of sensible qualities. Remark now the strange inconsistency of this result of the ideal theory, with the notions that led to its adoption. The precise reason why the idealists deem it necessary to resort to the supposition of innate ideas is, that they cannot admit the possibility that general notions can be obtained, even indirectly, through the senses; and we now find them representing these same general notions as the direct and only objects of sensation. If general notions be not even indirectly furnished by the senses, how can they be the direct objects of perception? If they be the direct objects of perception, why invent an entirely new metaphysical system to account for their origin, independently of the senses? We profess ourselves unable to reconcile these contradictions, and, until better advised, shall adhere, in regard to these points, to the homely philosophy, *paupertina philosophia*, as Liebnitz calls it, of Locke. The object of little Wilhelmine's perception, in the case above alluded to, was the skull itself, composed of substance and qualities, the 'something large and round,' which she carried to her grandfather; and had old Caspar possessed as good a notion of metaphysics as he appears to have had of morals, instead of reading her a lecture upon the

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battle of Blenheim, he would have explained this to her, and have added, that by reflecting upon the skull merely in reference to its color, size, and shape, she would obtain the abstract ideas of *whiteness*, *largeness*, and *roundness*, and by considering it as an object of perception and knowledge, independently of any of its qualities, that of *substance*.

'Observe,' says the Count de Maistre, 'a triangle, whether real or imaginary. You had certainly no idea of it before you saw it; but though you had no idea of this triangle, you had the idea of a triangle in general, or of *triangleness* (triangulité), and thus it is that we may know and not know the same thing at the same time, when considered under different points of view.'

The meaning of this seems to be, that when I see a triangle, my eye furnishes me the sensible ideas of *equilateralness*, *right-angledness*, and so forth, according to its particular form, and that my mind adds from its own stock and substance the idea of *triangleness*, which completes the perception. The inconsistency of the notions of the idealists is still more apparent in this example than in the last. At the same time that certain general notions, such as *equilateralness*, *right-angledness*, and the like, are represented as direct objects of perception (although the very essence of the theory consists in proving that we cannot possibly obtain our general notions, either directly or indirectly, though the senses), at the same time, we say, another general notion, *triangleness*, of precisely the same kind (they being all generalizations of the forms of sensible objects), is declared to be innate. We profess ourselves unable to comprehend the reasons of this distinction. If we can perceive *equilateralness* and *right-angledness*, why may not we perceive *triangleness*? and why must this last idea be declared *innate*, in order to account for its origin? If we cannot perceive *triangleness*, and it be in fact an innate idea, how do we manage to perceive *equilateralness* and *right-angledness*, and why are not these also innate, being general notions of the very same class? Why is it not as rational to suppose that we see *triangleness* and add to it, or, to use the language of the idealists, *impose upon* it, *equilateralness* or *right-angledness*, as to suppose that we perceive these latter ideas, and impose *triangleness* upon them? Or, in the other case of the poor fellow's skull at Blenheim, is it not as natural to suppose that we see *skullness*, and impose upon it *largeness*, *whiteness*, or

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roundness, as that we see *largeness*, *whiteness*, and *roundness*, and impose upon them *skullness?* Is it not, in fact, rather more natural to impose the form upon the substance, than the substance upon the form? Would not a sculptor, who was in the habit of using correct language, be more likely, if he employed the expression at all, to say that he imposed the form of the Venus de Medicis upon a block of marble, than that he imposed a block of marble upon the form of that statue? We must leave it to the sagacity of the intelligent reader to answer these questions, and to decide whether the person who is credulous enough to believe in any of these suppositions, be not in fact the party really *imposed upon*.

4. By representing our notion of substance as innate, and our abstract ideas of the sensible qualities of bodies as the direct objects of perception, the idealists not only contradict flatly their own leading principles, but destroy the reality of the material world. This conclusion has accordingly, as we have just remarked, been drawn by all the consistent partisans of the theory in ancient and modern times. Professor Cousin attempts to escape from it, and has undertaken to neutralize the extremes of sensualism and idealism, by combining them in his own way in one system; but as he holds that there is only one substance in nature, and no substantial distinction between God, man, and the material world, his doctrine is equivalent to a denial of the real existence of two at least out of the three, and ends in Pantheism, that is, Atheism. Now, for those who admit the fact of perception (which is admitted by all the idealists), a denial of the reality of the external world involves, as we have already remarked, a logical absurdity, since every act supposes an agent, and every transitive act, like that of perception, an object acted on.

We need not enter any further into the nature of the objections to this theory, nor have we thought it necessary to treat the subject with much seriousness, since, notwithstanding the imposing appearance which idealism makes, under the formidable terminology of Kant, and the seductive graces which it wears in the charming style of Plato, we cannot upon the whole regard it, when reduced to its simple expression, and rigorously examined, as anything but a mass of palpable absurdities. Upon this view of the system, it may be thought difficult to account for the general favor with which it has been received by enlightened men in particular countries, at more

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than one period in the history of philosophy. This difficulty is however by no means insoluble; and idealism is far from being the only example of an absurd theory that has obtained for a time a pretty extensive prevalence. In these cases the absurdity generally gains favor, not, according to the somewhat paradoxical form of expression of the African bishop, as such, *quia absurdum*, but because it is supposed to represent and be essentially connected with some important truth. Thus the different false religions that prevail in the world, maintain their hold upon the minds of their respective adherents, because their truth is supposed to be essentially connected with that of the existence of God, and the immortality of the soul, principles so dear to the heart of man, that he will swallow without struggling the most monstrous fictions and the most revolting absurdities, rather than relinquish his faith in them. It is in like manner easy enough, upon a general survey of the history of intellectual science, to perceive the great truth which is represented by the fable of *idealism*, and which appears to be no other than the independent and substantial existence of our thinking part, '*the God within the mind.*' * This principle, which, as we have repeatedly remarked, is logically proved by all our intellectual operations, as well as clearly revealed to us by our moral feelings, beams upon the understanding in the

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* 'This light and darkness in our chaos joined,
What shall divide? *The God within the mind.*'

Lord Bolingbroke, who supplied Pope with the materials of the 'Essay on Man,' probably borrowed this idea from Seneca. 'In unoquoque virorum bonorum (quis Deus incertum est) *habitat Deus.*' (Epist. 41.) In accommodating this sublime thought to the measure, the poet has somewhat impaired its correctness. We can hardly speak with propriety of *the God within the mind.* The mind is itself the God within us. In another passage of the Essay, Pope has been led in the same way into the expression of a thought directly opposite to the one he had in view.

'Count all the advantage prosperous vice attains,
'T is but what virtue flies from and disdains.
And grant the bad what happiness they would,
One they must want, which is, to *pass for good.*'

That bad men must of necessity want the happiness of passing for good, is an assertion contradicted by daily experience; nor is this supposed happiness the object of the virtuous, whose aim, on the contrary, is not to appear good, but to be so. Pope probably intended to say, that bad men must want the consciousness of good intentions, which belongs to virtue; and it is not a little singular how completely, in steering by the treacherous rudder, Rhyme, he has lost sight of his own meaning.

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early periods of civilization, like a bright and glorious vision not yet realized in a complete and positive shape. Under these circumstances, various false or doubtful opinions are connected with it; amongst which is the not unnatural theory, that a thinking being, which has an existence independent of the body, must also possess thoughts which are entirely foreign to the senses. This system, which, as we have seen above, lends itself readily to the graces of poetical embellishment, circulates a while with general favor. This is the age of idealism, of Plato, and of the French metaphysicians. At length the invention of methods and the improvement of languages put another face upon the science. It is now perceived, that the mind is an independent being, extending its comprehensive grasp over the vast expanse of the universe, from the point where its flaming limits (to use the bold language of the Latin poet) are lost in the boundless ocean of infinity, to that where the energies that inform and move the grand machine centre beneath the clouded majesty of the throne of God,—but extending it by the exercise of the *faculties* with which it is endowed for this purpose; that all our knowledge, whether of God, our own minds, or the material world, must of course be the result of the exercise of these faculties; and that to possess ideas previously to or independent of their exercise, would be to have thought without thinking, *to know without knowing*, which is, in fact, the sum and substance of idealism. This simple, manly, intelligible, and at the same time generous, elevated, and inspiring philosophy, was substituted in ancient Greece by Aristotle, and in modern times by Locke, for the splendid dreams of Plato and Descartes. Intellectual science is now fixed; but the mind, ever restless, and ever dissatisfied with its own possessions, undervalues the truths it has acquired, and still pushing forward on its perpetual voyage of discovery, arrives at length at the region of materialism and sensuality, —of sophists and skeptics,—of Epicurus, Pyrrho, Condillac, Helvetius, and Hume. It is now affirmed, that because the mind can only communicate with external objects through the senses, it is in fact nothing more than a faculty attached to the body; and the system is pushed into its consequences until it ends in the denial of the immortality of the soul, and the existence of God. Alarmed for these sacred and cherished principles, which, as we have already remarked, man will make any sacrifice rather than relinquish, and casting about with

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anxious impatience for the means of securing them, the mind, in the first moments of uncertainty, rejects *en masse* the whole improved doctrine which has apparently involved such fatal results, and oscillates back to the visions of its childhood, content to embrace the ideal theory, with all its absurdity, rather than abandon the glorious truths with which it is for the time supposed to be connected. Such appears to have been the origin of the second Platonism of antiquity, and of the revival of idealism in modern Europe by the Scotch philosophers, by Kant and his followers, and by the French writers of the present day. But this period of reaction is obviously in its nature a transitory one, and when the false alarm created by the sophists has subsided, the enlightened opinion of the public will quietly settle down again in the conclusions of Locke and Aristotle, which, in our view of them at least, as they exhaust the science and leave no room, on essential points, for the farther progress of real discovery, must form in all ages the creed of judicious men, and the standard to which those who may be led astray by the false lights of other theories, will be gradually rallied back from their different vagaries.

Notwithstanding the essential improbability of idealism, and the repulsive dress in which it was presented by Kant and his followers, it obtained, as our readers are aware, and, as we conceive, for the reasons just stated, an extraordinary vogue in Germany, which, however, has already in a great measure passed away. While it lasted, innumerable works were published in developement, defence, and explanation of the favorite system; but it is a remarkable fact, and one that may perhaps be regarded as an additional evidence of the essential worthlessness of the theory, that of all this multitude of books, written in many cases by able and learned men, not one, as far as we are informed, has acquired a classical character, has been translated into any foreign language, or is likely to be read with interest half a century hence. The 'Criticism on Pure Reason,' as it contained the first proclamation of a system that created so much temporary excitement, and is directly connected with the name of its author, will probably preserve a place in scientific libraries; be consulted occasionally by a learned curiosity, though very rarely, we suspect, perused from one end to the other, by the most intrepid student; and thus survive as an historical monument of one of the most remarkable aberrations of public opinion that has ever occurred.

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The decline of the Transcendental Philosophy is the last in the series of the events which properly belong to the history of intellectual science, and which exclude of course those that are immediately contemporary; the nature of which, however, we have taken occasion to indicate in the course of our remarks. From the brief and very imperfect outline that we have ventured to offer of this vast field of inquiry, it results, that the progress of opinion on these momentous subjects in ancient and modern times has been exactly parallel; that the mind, starting from the same point of departure, has in both cases run through the same circle of theories, ascertained the same truths, and again partially lost sight of them under the influence of the same errors and delusions; and that the great names which adorn the successive stages in this progress are not so much expressions of individual opinions, as of the general intellectual character of successive generations. We have now reached, in the modern world, the point at which philosophy was left by the ancients, when Justinian closed the schools in the Eastern Empire, and the invasion of the barbarians demolished them in the Western. The disastrous political events of that period precluded any farther improvements in any branch of knowledge; the reaction in favor of sound and rational opinions that might have been expected in intellectual science, never occurred; and the prevalence of idealism was succeeded immediately by a period of complete barbarism. Under the more auspicious circumstances in which the civilized world is now placed, we may anticipate a different result, and have reason to expect that public opinion, after returning from its aërial excursion with Kant and Fichte, and recovering from the causeless terrors inspired by Berkeley and Hume, will repose again with renewed pleasure and confidence on the sober certainties of Locke.

On our view of the subject, therefore, this great philosopher has in a manner fixed the metaphysical department of moral philosophy in its leading features, and left little for successors, but to remove here and there an unimportant blemish, or complete an imperfect outline. We regret to add, that the state of the other great departments of moral philosophy is far from being equally satisfactory. Ethics and Politics in particular, offer an extensive field, which will long demand the labor of inquirers, and amply reward it, if judiciously conducted. In Ethics, the modern world has yet produced no single treatise of a standard and classical character; none, perhaps, that can

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fairly be put in competition with the 'Offices' of Cicero, although that work, noble and elegant as it is, by no means posesses the correctness and precision which would be required in a text-book of the science. Kant's Treatise on Morals *(Kritik der practischen Vernunft)* is highly valued by the partisans of the author, and is largely commended by Professor Cousin, who pronounces it to be 'the most imposing and durable monument that philosophical genius has ever erected to real disinterested virtue.' Unfortunately, as it supposes the truth of the Transcendental Metaphysics, and must stand or fall with them, it can hardly be of use to those who have not adopted that system. In England the two theories that now divide the opinion of the public are, the *moral sense* of the Scotch philosophers,—a doctrine which probably gives us a glimpse of the truth, but has not yet been stated with sufficient power and precision,—and the *Utilitarian* scheme, which found favor as presented by Paley, in consequence of the general respect for natural and revealed religion with which he had arbitrarily connected it, but which appears at the present day in its naked deformity in the hands of the cynical disciples of Jeremy Bentham,—not as a system of morals, but rather as a complete denial of the reality of moral distinctions. Everything, therefore, is yet to be done; yet such is the universal indifference on the subject in the mother country, that in quarters where we have a right to look for opinions of some authority, the terms of the question are evidently not understood.* The low state of moral science in all its branches in Great Britain is curiously evinced by the difficulty that has been found in filling the chair of this department in the new London University, and by the fact that the presidencies of the two principal scientific corporations of the kingdom, which should regularly be filled by distinguished moral philosophers, if such were to be found, are occupied in one case by a poet, and in the other by a member of Parliament. In Politics, the deficiency of standard works in the literature of modern Europe is equally remarkable, and the science is evidently still unsettled. Locke's 'Treatise on Government' is far from possessing the same complete and satisfactory character with his 'Essay on the Human Understanding'; and the notion of a *social contract*, which he held in com-

* See the article on Paley's Life and Writings, in the London Quarterly Review, for October, 1828.

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mon with all the English politicians of his time, and which forms the basis of his theory, seems to be essentially erroneous. The *Spirit of Laws* is justly celebrated for the depth of thought, extent of reading, and point and beauty of language which are exhibited in it, and will ever remain a most valuable literary monument; but, unfortunately for its utility as a classical and standard work, it excels chiefly in details, and the statement of leading principles is precisely the most questionable thing about it.* The later French politicians wrote under the influence of temporary passions and interests, and receded from instead of advancing beyond the point to which the science had been brought by Montesquieu. Rousseau did little more than present, under the attractions of his powerful style, but in other respects in a less advantageous form, the theories of the English writers; and Mably, whose name was at one time distinguished, with all his apparatus of positive historical knowledge, is substantially a mere declaimer. In England little or nothing has been done since the time of Locke, towards completing the enterprise which he unfortunately failed to accomplish; the attention of those who take an interest in the subject having been, and being still, totally absorbed by controversies upon passing events. Had Burke digested his notions into a complete and formal treatise, he would have been at once the Locke and Plato of politics; and it is in his writings, occasional, fugitive, passionate,—sometimes self-contradictory as they are,—that we are to look, if anywhere, for the scattered elements, the *membra disjecta*, of a true theory of government. The system now most popular in England, regarded only the number and not the character of its adherents, is that of *radicalism*, as understood and taught by the followers of Bentham. Little can of course be looked for in politics, from a school which denies the reality of moral distinctions; but their opinions evidently gain ground, in the absence of any

* We allude to the arrangement of governments into three classes, respectively informed and kept in action by the operation of the three moral principles, *fear*, *ambition*, and *virtue*. With all the respect we entertain for Montesquieu (who seems himself to have been completely satisfied with this theory), we cannot consider it a sufficient basis for the science of politics. Independently of the positive objections that may be made to it, the negative one, that it leaves entirely out of view the influence of *property*, would be, in our opinion, quite decisive.

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powerful champion of an opposite one, and threaten to subjugate the mass of the people; an event, which, if it happen, must of course be followed by a bloody and disastrous revolution. Such at present seems to be the condition of these all-important branches of moral philosophy. We should feel ourselves highly gratified, if the cursory remarks we have now made on the subject, should induce any of the noble and gifted spirits of our own country, to turn their labors into this direction; and can assure them beforehand, that their vigorous and persevering efforts, if made in a right spirit, will be rewarded by the general approbation of the wise and good, and by the consciousness of having rendered a great and lasting service to the world. No better model can be found for the conduct of such inquiries, whether we look at the excellence of the method pursued, or the splendid success with which it was applied, than the 'Essay on the Human Understanding.' The writer, who shall do for Ethics and Politics, what Locke has done for Metaphysics, will deserve and obtain one of the highest places in the temple of true Glory.

ART. IV.—*Chansons de* P. J. DE BÉRANGER. 2 tomes. 12mo. Baudouin Frères Editeurs. Paris. 1826.

IT is but of late years that any knowledge of foreign literature has been diffused among us. Most of those now upon the scene, can remember the time when the acquisition of the French language was no common one, and when he who had read Don Quixote in the original, or could understand Schiller in his own tongue, was indeed *rara avis*. Thanks, however, to the rapid increase of wealth, and to the general advance of cultivation, the time has passed when these attainments, of themselves, conferred on their possessors considerable distinction in society,—attainments of little value, save as they facilitate the farther acquisition of knowledge.

Still, however, the old proverb, that he knows most, who is aware that he knows nothing, is fully verified in our case; for those alone, who are best acquainted with the stores of foreign languages, know with how small a part of them we are generally conversant.

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The evil which we have stated to exist, it would however be idle to lament; it is an evil that time will correct, and which it is even now rapidly correcting. Indeed, when we reflect on the great progress we have made in the few past years, on the increase of means of information, and on the re-publication of good classical authors, we find no cause to fear that we shall not keep pace with the hopes and wishes of the most sanguine.

We now beg permission to contribute our mite of labor to the great work, by calling the attention of the reader to the volumes which form the subject of this article, and to their author, Béranger.

To some we believe this name will be new; and by them, perhaps, we shall not be credited, when we assure them, that he who bears it, is their contemporary, and is, or was by the latest accounts, enjoying the common blessings of heaven in the city of Paris. This obstacle overcome, we will endeavor to show that it is not owing to his being devoid of merit, that he has attracted no attention in this country; but because our minds run in a different channel, and that while we have the names of political leaders by heart, and watch with interest the changes in the cabinet, we are too apt to pass over literary men, unless occupying the first place, and to pay them but little attention until the lapse of half a century has given them a claim to our admiration.

As the life of Béranger is intimately connected with the character of his works, we will interweave with our remarks on his songs, a short sketch of his life, which is not, we think, devoid of interest. If the reader detect any errors of time or place, he will, we hope, excuse them, when he reflects on the difficulty of composing a biography before the obituary be written.

Pierre Jean de Béranger was born, as he himself informs us, at Paris, in the year 1780. His maternal grandfather was a tailor, and under his roof it appears that our author first saw the light. Of his plebeian birth, we indeed are elsewhere informed in his song, entitled *Le Vilain*, in which he proudly assures us that he owes to no latent germ of nobility the *de* prefixed to his name, and the burden of which is,

'Je suis vilain et très vilain,
Je suis vilain,
Vilain, vilain.'

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Béranger, starting on the lowest round of the ladder, necessarily rose, if he moved at all; and accordingly, after being successively a waiter in an inn, and a reader in a printing-office, he received, in 1809, a clerkship in the University of Paris. This humble post,—for the salary was but twelve hundred francs per annum,—seems destined to be the apex of Béranger's fortune; for a life of rather more than the average length has given him nothing better.

It is not to be supposed that the gay and spirited versification of Béranger is the result of study, or the production of a mature age; but the earliest date of his songs is 1806, and the earliest in this collection goes back no farther than 1810.

The dawn of his poetical genius attracted the attention of Lucien Bonaparte, who was willing and able to assist the young poet; but with that seemingly nervous love of independence, which he has evinced throughout his life, Béranger wholly refused his patronage.

The earlier songs of Béranger are generally light and often trifling vehicles of severe satire upon the morals and manners of the age; but in the pursuit of their object, they too frequently overstep the bounds of modesty, and sometimes, those of common decency. But though we should be inclined to accept as an excuse for Béranger, that which has been generally offered and received for the abler satirists, whether of ancient or modern times, there still remain portions of his works, which the most lenient moralist must condemn as pernicious in their tendency, and which, the mildest critic must allow, owe their reputation to that of their author, founded on productions of a very different character. To this class belongs his *Bacchante*, a song which might have been hickuped forth at any drunken orgies in any age, and for which, in a city not famous for its morals, he was cited before the tribunal of Correctional Police; and we could point out many others which would have subjected him to similar mortification, had indecency been scanned as closely as the dissemination of free principles.

During the government of Bonaparte, Béranger rarely or never interfered with politics. True, he occasionally indulges in an involuntary smile at the *sénateurs muets de l'empire*, but he was undoubtedly satisfied with the imperial rule; and it is natural to presume that he, like many of his countrymen, while they saw the real and substantial benefit which they were surrendering for national glory, cheerfully acquiesced in the ex-

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change, giving the public to understand, however, by many an innuendo, that they were perfectly aware of the terms of the barter.

Of his early songs, which, as a class, differ from those written at a later period, to which we shall hereafter have occasion to call the attention of the reader, we will give a specimen. *Le Roi d'Yvetot*, we think, is a fair sample of his productions during this time. And we give it the preference the more readily, that it seems to be a good-humored satire upon the Emperor himself.

'Il était un roi d'Yvetot,
Peu connu dans l'histoire,
Se levant tard, se couchant tôt,
Dormant fort bien sans gloire,
Et couronné par Jeanneton
D'un simple bonnet de coton,
Dit on.
Oh! oh! oh! oh! ah! ah! ah! ah!
Quel bon petit roi c'était là!
La, la.

'Il faisait ses quatres repas
Dans son palais de chaume,
Et sur un âne, pas à pas,
Parcourait son royaume.
Joyeux, simple et croyant le bien,
Pour toute garde, il n'avait rien
Qu'un chien.
Oh! oh! &c.

'Il n'avait de goût onéreux
Qu'une soif un peu vive;
Mais en rendant son peuple heureux,
Il faut bien qu'un roi vive.
Lui même à table, et sans suppôt,
Sur chaque muid levait un pot
D'impôt.
Oh! oh! &c.

'Il n'aggrandit point ses Etats,
Fut un voïsin commode,
Et modèle des potentats,
Prit le plaisir pour code.
Ce n'est que lorsqu'il expira,
Que le peuple que l'enterra
Pleura.
Oh! oh! &c.

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'On conserve encore le portrait
De ce digne et bon prince.
C'est l'enseigne d'un cabaret,
Fameux dans la province.
Les jours de fête, bien souvent,
La foule s'écrie en buvant
Devant,
Oh! oh!' &c.

We recognise in these verses, though in a greater degree in many others, that remarkable talent of versification, that perfect command of language, and that smooth flow of rhyme, which constitute no small part of the beauty of many of his early productions.

But though his songs were thus essentially French in their *character*, something more than this was necessary to distinguish them from the great mass of works of this class; something more than this was necessary to engrave them upon the heart of every Frenchman, and to render their author the most popular living poet of France. It was requisite that they should be French in *spirit*; that their subject should be France, '*la belle France*,' and that that subject should be treated with the devotion and exclusiveness of feeling, which it is almost the peculiar gift of that land, endeared by a thousand heart-stirring recollections, to inspire.—The opportunity was soon presented.

During the victorious course of the French arms, those who from Paris, the centre of the empire, looked out upon the unimpeded flight of their eagles, never failed in obtaining sympathy in their joy, nor did they need a poet to express in set terms, and in stanzas of a given length, those feelings which were poured forth without regularity or measure from their over-full hearts; a bulletin from their Emperor announcing a battle gained, was sweeter music than any song, and the number of standards and cannon taken, formed the gayest chorus that ever was trolled in the streets of Paris;—but it was when their eagles stooped from their victorious flight, and were driven cowering home towards their eyry; when the sceptre was torn from the grasp of him who had won it by his own energies, and placed in the hands of one whose only title was a legitimate descent from a family, humbled in the eyes of the whole French nation;—it was when France was reduced from an empire to a kingdom; when the trophies of her conquests were torn from her; when sympathy for the fallen was no safe,

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and as far as the expression of it went, no common feeling;—then it was, that the want of sympathy was felt by the friends of the fallen; then the want was felt of one, who could express, in moving language, pity for the vanquished, contempt for the victorious,—one, by whom the frown of power would not for a moment be placed in competition with the smile of gratitude. Such an one was wanted, and at this crisis Béranger presented himself as the advocate of by far the greater part of the French nation. With rare powers of language, with an eminent talent for ridicule, he has embodied in his songs the spirit of the French people; and this is the cause of his popularity. It is not that he is a *great* writer, for he might be found unequal to a long continued effort; but that France is his idol, and that his whole soul is poured out in his descriptions of her former glory, and in his lamentations over her present state; that in these national songs every true child of France sees reflected, as in a mirror, the feelings which animate his own breast. This has created his reputation; this is the cause why his name is known, and his songs echoed, from Calais to Marseilles.

The first of the national songs in this collection, and among the most spirited of his productions, is entitled *Les Gaulois et les Francs*. It was written at the close of the disastrous campaign of 1813, when the French soldiers for the first time met with serious reverses; but before their spirit was broken, and their self-confidence impaired by the pollution of their capital by a foreign foe, an event which Béranger, like all his countrymen, in this song regards with abhorrence, but scarcely admits to be within the range of possibility. When we look back upon France in those days, with a vivid recollection of her recent losses, and prospective calamities, this powerful chorus, so often repeated, rings in our ears like the sound of the trumpet, bidding to battle. But our readers shall judge for themselves.

'Gai! gai! serrons nos rangs,
Espérance
De la France.
Gai! gai! serrons nos rangs;
En avant, Gaulois et Francs!

'D'Attila suivant la voix
Le barbare
Qu'elle égare

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Vient une seconde fois
Périr dans les champs Gaulois.
Gai! gai! &c.

'Renonçant à ses marais,
Le Cosaque
Qui bivouaque,
Croit sur la foi des Anglais,
Se loger dans nos palais.
Gai! gai! &c.

'Le Russe, toujours tremblant,
Sous la neige,
Qui l'assiège,
Las de pain noir et de gland,
Veut manger notre pain blanc.
Gai! gai! &c.

'Ces vins que nous amassons
Pour les boire
A la victoire
Seraient bus par des Saxons!
Plus de vin, plus de chansons!
Gai! gai! &c.

'Pour des Calmouks durs et laids
Nos filles
Sont trop gentilles,
Nos femmes ont trop d'attraits.
Ah! que leur fils soient Français.
Gai! gai! &c.

'Quoi ces monumens chéris,
Histoire
De notre gloire,
S'écrouleraient en débris!
Quoi! les Prussiens à Paris!
Gai! gai! &c.

'Nobles Francs et bons Gaulois,
La paix si chère
A la terre
Dans peu viendra sous vos toits
Vous payer de tant d'exploits.

'Gai! gai! serrons nos rangs,
Espérance
De la France.
Gai! gai! serrons nos rangs;
En avant, Gaulois et Francs!

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During the remainder of the contest, which terminated in the exile of Napoleon to Elba, and during the time of his abode there, Béranger's lyre was, as before, tuned to gaiety and mirth; and to this period we must ascribe some of the most beautiful of his productions. We would mention as among the best, *Les Adieux de Marie Stuart*, *La Bouteille Volée*, and *Ma Vocation;* to all which a delightful versification, a strain of sentiment, now gay and lovely, now tender and pathetic, but at all times with the utmost skill adapted to his subject, impart a grace which not many authors have given to the song. But with the exception of a few light Satires, Béranger does not as yet appear to have had his attention fixed and concentrated upon those subjects, on which his more permanent fame was to be founded. His apparent indifference on matters which afterwards, in so powerful a degree, engrossed his attention, we can solve only by conjectures, which we will not press upon the acceptance of the reader. We can, however, understand upon what terms he was with the Bonapartists, from the fact, that during the Hundred Days, he was offered the lucrative office of the Censorship, which he however refused; and his refusal we attribute, not unreasonably, to his disapprobation of the principle that gives rise to that office, which he attacks throughout these two volumes, with his keenest satire,—satire which receives great point from this disinterested action.

But the time was now fast approaching, when Béranger was to lay aside his indifference, and devote all his powers to the overcoming of those difficulties, which lay in the course upon which he had already entered, and from which he was to deviate but rarely, in the after course of his life.

It was when the terrible campaign of 1815 had not only extinguished for ever the hopes of Napoleon's partisans, and fixed the Bourbons upon the throne, but had given a coalition of foreign monarchs a power in France, sufficiently galling and humiliating in itself, but rendered doubly so by their indifference for the sensitive feelings of the French,—then it was that Béranger, striking his lyre with a freer and bolder hand, once more appeared upon the stage as the advocate of France, and France's glory, and the opponent of those, who, in his eyes, were pursuing a course tending only to suffering and humiliation.

In the *Marquis de Carabas*, he attacked with all his powers of satire, the pride and arrogance of the emigrant *noblesse*, on

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their return to their seignorial possessions; in *Plus de Politique*, he bewails in moving strains the recent reverses of France, and recounts the glory acquired under a former dynasty; in the *Cocarde Blanche*, written in 1816, to celebrate the first entry of the Allies into Paris, with the most biting irony he boasts of the triumphs of foreigners, and of the humiliation of the French name; of his *Sainte Alliance Barbaresque*, the matter and manner may be easily divined;—but it were needless to repeat the titles of all the songs in which he inveighed against the dominant government, its tools, and its measures; the list would be no short one, and a catalogue is, of all things, the most unsatisfactory. Béranger, to be correctly appreciated, must be read and re-read, and examined minutely, for he is no easy author; perhaps it would be difficult to select any living writer, whose works present more real obstacles to the student.

Suffice it to say, that they were of sufficient number and severity, to point out their author as a mark for vengeance to the one party, and to make him the avowed champion of the other; dangerous honors, usually gained but by extraordinary exertion, and deserved by extraordinary suffering. Béranger was not to be an exception to the rule. The wrath of his enemies, however, long remained ungratified, probably because, his songs being published in the gazettes and other periodical works of the day, it would have been difficult to identify the author. Whatever may have been the cause, he certainly remained unharmed until, in 1821, he published his *Recueil*, in which, together with his satirical and amorous songs, were inserted all the most invidious of his national or political pieces, without retrenching or curtailing anything, even of their harshest features.

If we examine his condition at this, the most fortunate period of his life, we shall be better able to appreciate the boldness and independence, which prompted him to this hazardous act. His whole income amounted, as we have already stated, to a miserable pittance of twelve hundred francs per annum, received from his clerkship, which, with great truth, he repeatedly calls a *modique emploi*; but this office was held at the pleasure of the Council of the University, and this body, as it proved afterwards, (but what else could be expected?) was entirely under the control of those whom Béranger had most reason to consider his enemies.

That at this time his situation was far from being one, which,

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even under a free government, would be esteemed independent, the reader may determine to his own satisfaction, by turning to but a few of those songs, in which he portrays himself. In *Ma Vocation*, he says,

'D'une vie incertaine
Ayant eu de l'effroi,
Je rampe sous la chaîne
Du plus modique emploi.'

And the following stanza, from his *Mon Habit*, is to the same effect.

'Je me souviens, car j'ai bonne mémoire,
Du premier jour où je te mis.
C'était ma fête, et pour comble de gloire,
Tu fus chanté par mes amis.
Ton indigence, qui m'honore,
Ne m'a point banni de leurs bras.
Tous ils sont prêts à nous fêter encore;
Mon vieil ami, ne nous séparons pas.'

For any one, the open expression of compassion for the fallen dynasty was at this time no safe procedure; but when the same person, and one by no means, from his rank in life, enabled to brave those in power, added contempt for the reigning family and its measures, his conduct seems either madness or a total forgetfulness of self; which of these it was, we will not attempt to determine; it has already been examined by severer judges, and their decision we shall report.

The publication of his *Recueil*, which contained the songs in the first and half of the second volume of the present edition, drew down upon the head of Béranger at once, as we have already stated, the long delayed vengeance of his enemies. They selected the surest and most direct means of annoyance. By the immediate interference of the minister, as he tells us in a note to his *Adieux à la Campagne*, he was removed from his clerkship, and in November of the same year, he was cited before the *Cour d'Assises*, to reply to the charges made against him on the part of the crown, by the attorney general. In a trial, in which we will not believe that his accusers were guilty of twisting laws, which already bore but too directly upon their object, he was convicted, and on the eighth of December condemned to imprisonment. The sentence was executed, and Béranger was confined in the prison of St Pélagie.

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The restraints to which he was there subjected, were rendered much less galling by the kindness of his numerous friends; and most of his pieces written while there, are songs of acknowledgment for their attentions. The spirit of his muse, as shown to us in the remainder, does not seem at all impaired by the harsh treatment she had received; and his song *La Liberté*, in its gay yet keen irony, equals his best efforts in his best days. But if his muse did not lose her spirit, her fecundity was certainly much lessened, for we have scarcely a song per month during his abode at St Pélagie.

His confinement was of short duration, six months, we believe; and in the summer of 1822 he again made his appearance in Paris, with a reputation greatly enhanced in the eyes of his countrymen, but wholly destitute of the means of support.

In such a situation, it would be difficult to evince a more thorough love of personal freedom than he manifested in declining a proposal made to him by Mr Lafitte, offering him a place in his *bureau*. The offer was made, it would seem, in all friendship, for we cannot believe that the wary banker could have flattered himself with the hope of remodelling the poet into a scribe or accountant; but it was rejected after but little deliberation by Béranger, in those spirited lines entitled *Les Conseils de Lise*, which, as they present in a very striking light some prominent features of the author's character, we will give at full length. We should previously remark, that *Lisette*, or *Lise*, is the heroine of the greater number of his songs; many of his most spirited satires are addressed to her, and to her inspiration, perchance, it is that we are indebted for them. But far are we from attributing the virtue of constancy to Béranger; in this respect he has been, it must be confessed, guilty of great poetical license. The honor of his admiration is no peculiar one, shared as it is by Rose, 'ma Jeannette, ma Jeanneton,' Phyllis, and Cupid only knows how many more.

'Lise à l'oreille
Me conseille;
Cet oracle me dit tout bas;
"Chantez, monsieur, n'écrivez pas.

'"Un doux emploi pourrait vous plaire,"
Me dit Lise, "mais songez bien,
Songez bien au poids du salaire,
Même chez un vrai citoyen.

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Rester pauvre vous est facile,
Quand l'Amour, afin de l'user,
Vient remonter ce luth fragile,
Que Thémis a voulu briser."
Lise, &c.

' " Dans l'emploi qu'un ami vous offre,
Vous n'oseriez plus, vieil enfant,
Célébrer au bruit de son coffre
Les droits que sa vertu défend.
Vous croiriez voir à chaque rime
Les sots doublement satisfaits,
De vos chansons lui faire un crime,
Vous en faire un de ses bienfaits."
Lise, &c.

' " Craignant alors la malveillance,
Vous ririez moins de ce baron,
Courtier de la Sainte-Alliance,
Qui des rois s'est fait le patron.
Dans les fonds de peur d'une crise,
Il veut que les Grecs soient déçus ;
Pour avoir l'*endos* de Moïse,
On fait banqueroute à Jésus."
Lise, &c.

' " Votre Muse en deviendrait folle,
Et croirait flatter en disant
Que sur la droite du Pactole
Intrigue et ruse vont puisant ;
Tandis qu'une noble industrie
Puise à *gauche*, et de toute part,
Reverse à flots sur la patrie
Un or dont le pauvre a sa part."
Lise, &c.

' Ainsi mon oracle m'inspire,
Puis ajoute ce dernier point ;
" Des distances l'amour peut rire ;
L'amitié n'en supporte point.
Riche de votre indépendance,
Chez Lafitte toujours fêté,
En trinquant avec l'opulence
Vous boirez à l'égalité."

' Lise à l'oreille
Me conseille,
Cet oracle me dit tout bas ;
" Chantez, monsieur, n'écrivez pas." '

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We have said that a portion of the songs in the present edition, namely, those composed by the poet down to 1821, were in that year published by him under the title of his *Recueil.* The remainder of those in the second volume, bear the title of *Chansons Nouvelles*, being those which he has written from the commencement of the legal proceedings against him, down to the year 1825. Among the latest are *Lafayette en Amérique*, and *Le Chant de Victoire des Ottomans*, written soon after the horrible massacre at Psara or Ipsara. Its chorus,

> ' Exterminons une race invincible,
> Les rois Chrêtiens ne la vengeront pas,'

is the severest satire ever uttered upon the conduct of Europe during this contest.

One word as to the merit of these *Chansons Nouvelles*, for we feel ourselves bound to bestow upon them, in some respects, peculiar commendation. Age (for Béranger is somewhat past his prime), age and hard fortune have exerted their chilling influence upon the warmth of his temperament; and though they have been unable to repress his ardor, they have at least changed its direction, and have given it a moral instead of a physical character. In these later productions of his muse, he has in a great measure laid aside the trifling of his early days; and while *Le Malade*, *Les Esclaves Gaulois*, addressed to M. Manuel, on his expulsion from the Chamber of Deputies, and *Le Chant du Cosaque*, are a proud testimony that suffering has not rendered him less daring or more prudent, we could point out but very few pieces of that class, to which, in the earlier part of his poetical career, his muse largely contributed, and which were indebted for their circulation solely to the satire they contained.

The present edition, in which the *Recueil* is reprinted, and the *Chansons Nouvelles* for the first time published, obnoxious as it must have been, was followed by no injurious consequences to its author. To his fortune they had done their worst, and they had probably discovered that civil proceedings against Béranger but redounded to their own disadvantage; for in every such case notoriety is reputation to the accused (be he injured or not), and the odium recoils upon the accuser.*

* Since the above was written, and since the unfortunate termination of the process instituted against Béranger, for the publication of

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What the present condition of Béranger is, we will not be so curious as to inquire; but we will hazard the conjecture, that, though certainly in a lamentable degree destitute of the goods of fortune, still, free from the embarrassments of wife and child, he is joyfully received at the tables, and the hardships of his condition greatly alleviated by the kindness, of those whose valets would not, on the score of property, change places with the poet.

Here concludes our short sketch of the life of this man, to whom our readers will not, we hope, refuse the epithet of remarkable. Born of humble parents, and cast upon the lowest spoke of the wheel of Fortune, in spite of her malicious efforts to throw him off, he has clung to it during its revolutions, until the goddess, mollified, as it were, by his perseverance, has bestowed upon him a boon which would be gladly grasped by most men, namely, a most extensive and popular reputation. As a party writer he has rendered himself obnoxious to one great political sect throughout the kingdom, and has made himself an equal favorite with the numerous faction that is arrayed on the other side. His poems have been already reviewed by Tissot, who, in a most commendatory essay has (a wonder for a French critic) openly avowed that he prefers Béranger's Lisette to the classical mistresses of Propertius and Tibullus. The man of letters must set a high value upon his works, for he is aware that the National Song, a portion of the French literature which may be said to have taken its rise in the *Chant Marseillais* and the *Chant du Départ*, owes the prolongation of its existence almost entirely to the talents of Béranger; and he is forced upon the attention of the *négociant*, who hears his songs far more frequently than any others, in the mouths of the common people.

We may be thought enthusiastic; and we confess that we find something to excite enthusiasm in the character of one, who, despising alike the favors of fortune and of power, has devoted himself and his talents to his country. Blind and selfish though his affection may be, still it is a noble selfishness, and one that excuses much that we should not otherwise so

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his *Chansons Inédites*, the name as well as the works of this author are far better known amongst us; so much so, indeed, as to render some of our previous remarks on his reputation apparently inapplicable.

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lightly pass over. The levity, the voluptuousness, the vanity, nay, the coxcombry of talent, which abound in many of his songs,—all these blemishes we excuse, when we remember how often he throws off this veil which shrouds his more estimable qualities, and displays to us, in its true light, the feeling, or rather passion, which burns beneath them,—an ardent and unquenchable love of freedom.

Should any inquisitive readers, after the sketch of the mind of Béranger which we have attempted, request of us that of his person, we would comply with their demand in his own words, from his song entitled *Ma Vocation*, which we have already noticed as among his best, and tell them that he is

> 'Laid, chétif, et souffrant;
> Etouffé dans la foule
> Faute d'être assez grand.'

Thus nature has, in one of her not uncommon freaks, inclosed in a rough and unsightly casket, treasures which no adventitious circumstances have proved able to conceal. But we will not lavish any more commendatory epithets upon Béranger or his work; for on looking over our article, we are apprehensive lest we should be misunderstood, and lest the unquestioned beauty of some of his songs should have led us into somewhat too unqualified an expression of admiration of the *tout ensemble*. To our extracts, we trust no reader of good taste will refuse to award the same amount of praise that we have bestowed upon them; but, nevertheless, for the sake of our national character, and our claims to a superior degree of moral sense, we should be extremely sorry to see these two volumes in general circulation among us.

However then, for the time, we ourselves may have been misled, we would not that the injury should extend any farther. Our opinion is, in a word, that to the young and inexperienced, a *selection* from the songs of Béranger would be, both as very difficult poetry, and as models of beautiful writing, a most agreeable and useful acquisition; but it is only to the more mature and stable, those whose heads are not turned by the mere sound of a French rhyme, it is to those only that we should be willing to commit this collection, unexpurgated. To them no injury can be apprehended from the grossness, the licentiousness, and the frivolity, that pervade his

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earlier works; and from this dross they will be able to extract much of precious metal, the smelting of which could with no propriety be confided to younger hands.

ART. V.—*An Historical Sketch of the Greek Revolution.* By SAMUEL G. HOWE, M. D., late Surgeon in Chief to the Greek Fleet. 8vo. New York. 1828. pp. 452.

WE believe that, after all that has been said and written in this country about the affairs of Greece, their importance is not yet justly appreciated. We believe that the contest, which was commenced about eight years and a half ago in that country, and is still going on in the East, is, both directly and in its consequences, much more momentous than is generally supposed, by those who have not carefully contemplated it. We have seen the name of a revolution sneeringly denied to the Grecian struggle; and attempts made, not only to stigmatize it as a mere insurrection, but to give it the character of a predatory and piratical movement, such as occasionally breaks out in strong governments, and, after some acts of violence and bloodshed, is happily crushed. Such is not the view we take of the subject. The revolution now in progress in Greece, differing certainly in some important respects from our own, is in others of equal importance. The numbers actively engaged in carrying it on, or whose political condition is to be decided by its result, are little if any beneath those of the British North American colonies in 1775. And although our population of that day was destined to an immediate increase, far greater and more rapid than any increase of numbers which, in any event, can be expected in revolutionary Greece; still the happy soil of that country, under institutions favorable to the progress of society, would easily support a population about ten times as large as the present, and would not then be more densely inhabited than Italy. The Grecian revolution has now been in progress more than eight years; a longer period than elapsed from the commencement to the termination of our war of Independence. It appears to us, that this duration of the struggle gives it a claim to be distinguished from a mere disorderly and

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insurrectionary movement. In the number, variety, and extent of military and naval movements, and in the scale of warlike operations, we will not say that the war in Greece can be put on a level with the war of our revolution; but we certainly may say with truth, that it has been marked with incidents of a more decisive character, than most of those which occurred in the conflict between the British and American arms. The sieges and capture of Tripolizza and Napoli di Romania, by the unaided arms of the Greeks, are events to which our war affords no precise parallel. The annihilation of the army of Drama Ali, a well appointed force of thirty thousand men, which burst, full of presumption and hope, upon the Morea, in the campaign of 1822, and was wholly destroyed, may be fairly compared with the capture of Burgoyne. The defence of Missolonghi is not surpassed, in the display of active or passive courage, by any event in any war. The exploits of the Greeks, on their favorite element, the sea, rise into the regions of romance. Many times have the Turkish fleets, composed of ships of the line and frigates, fled in confusion, at the approach of their audacious little squadrons; and omitting the numberless gallant exploits less brilliantly successful, what glory would not have crowned the gallant and fortunate man, in our last war, who should twice have fitted out and commanded a fire-ship, hovered for days and weeks around a formidable hostile fleet, singled out her admiral, a three-decker, run in, grappled with and totally destroyed him, and made his own escape in a boat. If the sacrifices made, and the suffering endured, give a dignity to a contest,—as they certainly afford an index of the spirit and temper with which it is waged,—where can we turn for scenes like those of Scio, of Candia, of Ipsara, of Missolonghi. The war in Greece has been filled up with events, of which any one would have signalized a contest in any region of western Europe or America. We copy, as an illustration, the following single incident in the siege of Missolonghi, and would inquire, what single incident in the last war, with the exception of the battle of New Orleans, is of greater magnitude?

'The rainy season had also set in, and the Turkish army began to suffer from sickness, while their leaders now saw clearly that all the negotiations which they had been carrying on, tended only to give time to the Greeks to secure supplies. They resolved, then, upon a general attack, and selected for the moment of it,

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Christmas eve, a time of great church ceremonies with the Greeks, and in which they expected the garrison would be engaged. A select body with scaling-ladders were to approach the walls silently on one side, while the attention of the garrison was to be drawn off by a feigned attack in the centre, and a real one upon the other wing.

'But the Greeks got notice of the plan, and made every preparation for a vigorous resistance; the men were kept at their posts all night, and Mavrocordato, Botzaris, and the other leaders, went about cheering them, and keeping a diligent watch. Nevertheless the scaling party approached unseen, to the very ditch, and awaited the signal. This was given at 5 A. M., and immediately the roar of cannon, and rattle of musketry, along the whole Turkish line, with the shouts of the soldiers, announced to the Greeks how many and how near their enemies were. But every man was sheltered behind his breastwork, and they escaped the Turkish shot; while their own, directed upon the flash, proved very destructive. The scaling party crossed the ditch, and began resolutely to climb the wall; but they were as bravely met by the Greeks, cut down, and thrust back; only two entered the town.* The Turks pressed on at the other parts, but were driven back by the musketry from the walls, and the grape from the guns.

'Daylight presented a striking scene; the plain was covered by the Turks, who in the greatest confusion were retiring, while next the walls "in a semicircle lay" the ridge of dead who had fallen in the onset, and the battlements were covered with the exulting Greeks, who pursued with shouts of derision their retiring enemy. The Turks lost one thousand men, while the Greeks had not fifty killed, wounded, and missing.' pp. 137, 138.

If we regard the character of the parties in this contest, we shall find them of singular interest. Without drawing at all on topics of classical enthusiasm,—from which we intend studiously to abstain,—and taking up the character of the Greeks, where modern history takes them up, we must allow that there is no other people standing in so interesting a position. In the great political history of mankind, the balance of the East and the West is one of the matters of chief interest. The rise, aggrandizement, and power of the Turkish empire are, in modern times, the principal things that have affected this balance; and

* '"They were two standard-bearers. One was instantly cut to pieces; the other was preserved, by order of the president. It is remarkable that the besieged lost but six men killed, and that one half of that number was by this brave Albanian, who killed three with the lance of his standard." Mémoires sur la Grèce, p. 457.'

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the Greeks are the subjects on which this power has been and is (at least as far as Western Europe is a witness) most visibly exerted. It happened that the wave of Turkish invasion, which passed over Transylvania and Hungary, and beat against the walls of Vienna, was thrown back as far as Greece. To causes, as far as we can now read them, exceedingly slight and fortuitous, it was owing, that Buda and Trieste are not now governed by Pashaws, as well as Yanina or Sophia. But whether these causes were slight or grave, the event has been, that we behold in the Greeks a people, degenerate, indeed, but essentially civilized; superstitious, but belonging to the Christian church; ignorant, but acknowledging our standard of improvement; sprung from the European stock, notwithstanding a partial adoption of Oriental manners; and, with all this, held in abject political subjection, not to say personal servitude, to a barbarous, oriental, Mahometan tribe, which, after four hundred years' encampment in Europe, remains as alien as ever to our religion and our civilization. At present we say only, that a people so situated must be allowed to stand in a very interesting political situation. We have already touched on the points of interest and curiosity in the other party to this contest,—the Turkish government and people; an Oriental people, who, although the most exposed to European influences, seem most jealously to have clung to the peculiarities of the East; on whom the new principles of the modern social system have made as little impression, as the new arts of modern invention; who know as little of public opinion, as of the art of printing; but who possess (and not, as was till lately thought, in their ruins) the elements of that politico-religious organization, which formerly carried them and other tribes of the Mahometan stock, from the great wall of China to the western shores of Africa. Whether we contemplate this party to the contest in its own direct efforts, or as aided by its tributary powers, the Regencies of the Barbary coast, and by its formidable vassal, the Bey of Egypt, who comes to lay waste poor Greece, with forty thousand black savages, from the upper falls of the Nile, trained in the war with the fanatics of Arabia Felix, drilled by English and French colonels, and convoyed by frigates built at Marseilles, and steamboats built in London,—we must needs admit that there is an adventure and a romance of real life and modern times, beyond all the fictions of the poets.

Nor is it merely as matter of high-wrought interest, that the

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revolution in Greece demands our attentive consideration. The question at issue in its result, the political condition of the Greeks, is one of incalculable importance to themselves, and the whole family of civilized man. Merely in its probable connexion with the general politics of Europe, and in the effect it may have upon the relations of the great powers with each other, it bids fair to become a subject scarcely less important than the revolution in France. The three great powers have been obliged *to act* upon the subject; the thing, unquestionably, which they dreaded quite as much as the responsibility of any particular measure; and if such was their reluctance to act at all, the event has justified it; for the first consequence of their united action is the battle of Navarino, and the destruction, by the allies of Turkey, in time of peace, of the Turkish marine,—a movement not fairly avowed by either party, and expressly disclaimed by the British. What must be the deliberate consequences of a policy, whose accidents are of such tremendous magnitude?

Our object, in these preliminary remarks, is to convince our readers, if they needed to be so convinced, that the subject of the work before us is of great importance and interest. Dr Howe relates the history of the Greek revolution for the first seven years of its duration. He takes it up at its commencement, and brings it down to the period of the battle of Navarino, an event which marks an entirely new era in its progress; and, whatever may be the future fate of Greece, closes up the narrative of her revolutionary struggle. We regard Dr Howe's work as one of great value. He has modestly denominated it a *Historical Sketch*, and has assigned the reasons, in his preface, which prevented him from rendering it more systematically perfect in all its parts. It possesses, however, all the essential merits of a work of the nature of a contemporary history. It is sufficiently comprehensive, without dealing too much in generals; and there is detail and incident enough, to bring the subject home to the imagination of the reader. The preparation of the work, as is frankly avowed in the preface, was effected in haste.* The execution is somewhat careless, and

* We have heard it said, but we do not vouch for the truth of the statement, that the appearance of Dr Howe's work was hastened, to prevent its being forestalled by a bookseller's job, got up under the name of a 'History of the Greek Revolution,' and which, before Dr Howe's was well through the press, was peddled through some portions of the United States as *Howe's History of the Greek Revolution.*

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occasional inaccuracies may perhaps be detected; but, taking it together, we believe it presents a more perfect and complete sketch of the revolution in Greece, than can be found in any other of the numerous productions having the same object in view.

We think it a great recommendation of Dr Howe's work, that it evinces an unusual independence of judgment. Most of those, who have written on the struggle of the Greeks, have either vilified or panegyrized them. They have alternately been painted in the darkest and brightest colors. Dr Howe has done what became an honest man, who possessed ample opportunities of personal observation, who had seen both the bright and the dark side of the Grecian character. He has not scrupled to expose the intrigues and factions of the politicians, the selfishness of the military chieftains, and the ignorance and barbarism of the lowest class of the community. He, at the same time, has done justice to the patriotic efforts and sacrifices, both of the mass of the people on the one hand, and of many disinterested and heroic individuals on the other, and to the high character of many distinguished men. Dr Howe is plainly the slave neither of enthusiasm nor of spleen. Especially he does not find it necessary, like some of his predecessors, to give vent to a systematic aversion to free institutions, and a secret despair or scorn of all attempts to improve the political condition of men, by railing at the Greek cause. He is not one of those, who never see anything amiss in antiquated systems of government, nor anything hopeful in efforts to reform them. No one of those, who have written on Greece, whose works have fallen under our notice, has had better opportunities than were enjoyed by Dr Howe, in his three years' residence in Greece, and in his participation, by land and by sea, of the perils and labors of the war. No one has spoken with more manly feedom of the excesses, which have at times stained the Grecian arms, and of the selfish and narrow policy both of political and military leaders; and yet from no book on Greece that we have read, do we rise with better hopes of the Grecian cause. We feel that we can trust Dr Howe, in his favorable anticipations, because we see they are those of a fair and impartial man.

There is no defect in the style of this work, but that which arises from the haste of preparation, and which detracts little or nothing from its substantial value. There is an occasional harshness of judgment in estimating character and conduct,

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which, in cases where the author does not speak from personal observation, may be thought unduly severe. We are inclined to quote, as the most conspicuous instance of this, the opinions expressed of Alexander Ypsilanti. Our own views of his character are considerably more favorable, than those expressed by Dr Howe. We are disposed to make great allowances for the difficulties of his position, and have strong doubts, whether any man could have effected more than he did, under the inauspicious and unforeseen circumstances in which he was placed. We might also extend our charity to some of the prominent political leaders, of whose characters Dr Howe speaks with great freedom.

We have very sincerely professed our reliance on his means of observation, and his disposition to use them fairly. But Greece, like every other free country, is rent by parties. Every man belongs to some one or other of the factions, and regards the members of every party but his own with an unfriendly eye. The foreigner cannot well avoid imbibing some of these prejudices. If his associates are exclusively of one side, he is apt to make common cause in their antipathies. If he mingles with all parties, he alternately hears them all vilified. We have only to reflect, what sort of an account a foreigner, who had passed the last four years in the United States, would be apt to write home of our most prominent public men, forming his opinion from the common sources of information, and we can better understand the danger there is of error, in forming an estimate of the characters of the political leaders in Greece.

But it is time to attempt a very hasty sketch of the leading incidents in the Grecian revolution, following the guidance of Dr Howe's work. In doing this, we shall occasionally describe occurrences in a manner differing from that, in which other writers have presented them, sometimes to the advantage, and sometimes to the disadvantage of the Greeks.

We have in a former number of this journal * related the history of the rebellion, and downfall of Ali Pacha,—circumstances which precipitated the movements of the Greek patriots. Our number for October last contained an account of these movements in Moldavia and Wallachia, with a more favorable estimate of the ability and conduct of Alexander Ypsilanti, than appears to have been formed by Dr Howe. The breaking out

* No. 22, for January, 1824.

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of the revolution, if it found the Greeks at large unapprized of the contemplated design, took the Turks not less by surprise. Notwithstanding the large number of persons, who, as members of the *Hetaireia*, must have been in the secret of its plans, it does not appear, that an individual proved treacherous. The first certain intelligence, which the Turkish governors, in any quarter, received of the project of the revolution, was in the overt acts of the patriots, who rose to carry it into effect.

This was done in the Morea, by Germanos, the bishop of Patras, on the fourth of April, 1821. On this day he displayed the cross, and called on the people to rise, as one man, against their oppressors. This call was obeyed in every part of the Morea, which has remained, to the present day, the chief seat of the revolution. Confidence was given to the early movements in this quarter, by the adhesion of Petro Mavromichalis, the bey of Maina, the most independent district of continental Greece, who promptly repaired, with his hardy mountaineers, to the sacred standard. Colocotroni, who has since, with various reputation as commander in chief of the Greek army, figured in the revolution, crossed over from the Ionian Islands, with his gallant nephew Niketas, and assisted in organizing the revolt. By the seventeenth of April, Germanos had invested Patras with a tumultuary army, and driven the Turks, to the number of five thousand, from the lower town to the citadel. The flame, meantime, spread to the islands, and a small fleet of vessels from Hydra, Spezzia, and Ipsara was soon ready to annoy the Turkish power, on the favorite element of the Greeks.

On receiving the tidings of these events, Kurshid Pashaw, the governor of the Morea, who was then employed in Albania, in the reduction of Ali Pashaw, despatched a lieutenant, with five or six thousand men, across the gulf of Corinth, to suppress the revolt. Mohammed (this was the name of the officer detached by Kurshid) found no difficulty in traversing the Morea in all directions, and driving the ill-organized bands of the Greeks to the mountains. His rapid march, at this commencement of the revolution, was marked with blood. But it was not long before he received a check at Lalla, from a party of patriots, raised in the Ionian Islands, and debarked on the western coast of the Morea; which taught the Turks that their enemy was not to be despised, and served to the Greeks as an

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omen of success. Their Guerilla parties began to concentrate in the highlands that encircle Tripolizza.

When the news of the revolutionary movements in the Morea reached Constantinople, the most horrid outrages ensued. Christians were everywhere insulted; the Greeks were hunted down, like wild beasts, in the streets, and the venerable and unoffending patriarch hung at the door of his church. These atrocities were but too faithfully imitated in Asia Minor, and the other parts of the Turkish Empire, where the Greeks formed but a small portion of the population. The tidings of these cruelties, however, as they were circulated throughout Greece, served but to arouse those who had hitherto remained undecided, and to convince all who bore the name and professed the religion of Greeks, that the hour was come, when they must shake off the yoke or be exterminated.

The leaders in the Morea were not slow in feeling the necessity of such a political organization, as should give stability to the revolution at home, and render it respectable in the eyes of the world. They accordingly convened the principal citizens at Calamata, and assuming the name of the Messenian Senate (from the province in ancient Greece, in which this region was included), they elected Petro Mavromichalis as their president. Decrees of this body were issued, tending to the organization and direction of the military force, and the general government of affairs. Navarino and Monembasia were already invested by large bodies of armed peasantry. The senate directed the siege of other Turkish fortresses; and the blockade of Tripolizza was entrusted to Colocotroni, at the head of the principal embodied force, amounting to six or seven thousand men. The attention of the assembly at Calamata was next turned to foreign countries. They issued a manifesto to the nations of Europe, and another addressed to the citizens of America, invoking the sympathy and aid of the friends of liberty throughout the world. The latter address was transmitted to America by the deputies sent to Paris, by the Senate of Calamata, and was published in the original, in this journal for October, 1823. It was read with strong interest throughout the United States, and had considerable effect, in awakening the feelings of our citizens to the condition of their brethren in Greece. Before closing its session, the Senate of Calamata vested the powers of government, which they had assumed, in a commission of seven persons, and then adjourned

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to meet again at Tripolizza, the fall of which was confidently expected.

About this time, Demetrius Ypsilanti, a younger brother of Alexander, arrived at Hydra. He had left Russia at the beginning of the revolution, and traversed the Austrian dominions in the disguise of a servant. He presented himself as an authorized representative of his brother, empowered to lead the revolt in Lower Greece. Notwithstanding the indiscreet latitude of these pretensions, Ypsilanti was received with exultation by the people and *primates* of Hydra. By some apparent coldness in his manner toward the latter, and the cordiality of his deportment toward the military chiefs, Ypsilanti fell under the suspicion of having determined to attach himself to the party of the military leaders, rather than that of the primates, or wealthy citizens, who, in consequence of their property and union by family connexions with each other, constituted a kind of subaltern aristocracy, in the more prosperous parts of Greece. Dr Howe, though entertaining no high opinion of the talent or skill for managing affairs, possessed by Ypsilanti, gives him full credit for disinterestedness, patriotism, and courage. If to these qualities he had united the practical skill which the crisis required, he certainly stood in a position to perform a part, assigned to but few men in the lapse of ages. Justly regarding the reduction of Tripolizza as the most important object to be effected, Ypsilanti attached himself to the force which was stationed near that city. Cantacuzene, one of his suite, and of an ancient Byzantine family, was despatched by Ypsilanti, to superintend the siege of Monembasia or Napoli di Malvasia, a strong fortress on the eastern coast of the Morea. Navarino, at the same time, continued to be closely invested by a considerable force.

The first naval expedition had returned to port, after gaining some small advantages, which served to inspirit the adventurers. A second and larger squadron was fitted out in May, and boldly sailed towards the Dardanelles, in search of a division of the Turkish navy, consisting of a seventy-four, a fifty-gun ship, three frigates, three corvettes, and two brigs. The fifty-gun ship was, by dexterous manœuvring, cut out of the squadron, and driven on shore, upon the coast of Eubœa, and after one ineffectual attempt, was totally destroyed, with the exception of about twenty of her crew, by a fire-ship, under the direction of a Hydriote captain. This was the first experi-

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ment made of the formidable efficacy of the *fire-ships* (or *brûlots*, as they are called by the Greeks and Turks, adopting the French name), which have since become so powerful an instrument of annoyance to the Turkish squadrons. The following description of the mode, in which these fire-ships are prepared, may be acceptable to our readers.

'An old vessel, but one which will sail well, is selected; every thing valuable is taken out of her; her inside is daubed with a composition of pitch and sulphur, and filled with furze, or light combustibles; several new hatches are cut along the deck on each side, under each of which is placed a small cask of powder; the rigging is well daubed with tar, and the ends of the yards armed with hooks, that they may catch and entangle in the enemy's rigging. When everything is ready, a train of powder is laid from the combustibles, communicating with each cask of powder, and leading to the stern of the brulot; then with all sail set, she is run directly for an enemy ship; the sailors (generally twenty in number) crouch behind the bulwarks, to hide themselves from the shot; and at the moment she strikes against the ship meant to be burned, every man leaps into the boat, which is kept ready, dragging astern; the captain fires the train, and follows them; and leaving the brulot, of which every spar, rope, and sail, is in an instant in one broad blaze, to grasp in its fiery embrace the enemy's vessel, they pull rapidly away, with from twenty to thirty oars, and try to gain the vessel appointed to pick them up.

'Nothing can be conceived more terrible than the situation of a large vessel thus attacked; for though, while at a little distance, it is easy to escape a brulot, yet once united, once that the train is fired, there is no hope for a soul on board;—the only refuge from a fiery grave is to plunge into a watery one.' p. 36.

This success at sea was received with great rejoicing, by the Greeks; and with rage and purposes of savage revenge by the Turks. Massacres of Christians were everywhere renewed; and not content with the sacrifice of individual victims, whole settlements were devoted by the Turks, to all the horrors of a vindictive and unrelenting warfare. The following account of the destruction of the most flourishing Grecian city in Asia Minor, will show the character of the foe, with whom the Greeks had henceforward to contend.

'But no place suffered like Aivali, or Cydonia. This flourishing and most interesting spot was inhabited solely by Greeks; who enjoyed the rare privilege of living under their own town rulers. There were thirty thousand inhabitants in the town, previous to the

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revolution, many of whom however had fled. It had a college, and its population was one of the most enlightened of any Greek town. Situated as they were, in the heart of the Turkish empire, the thought of revolt could never have entered their minds; but the Pashaw of the province was determined that it should; he therefore, upon pretence of the discovery of a conspiracy, sent a thousand soldiers to be quartered among them. The next day a larger number arriving, began to commit every outrage upon the inhabitants, and wanted only an excuse to fall upon, and massacre them. The third day, the Greek fleet appeared off the harbor, but merely by accident, not having had any communication with it. This, however, was the signal for the Turks, who began to massacre all that fell in their way, and set fire to the houses. The inhabitants, in despair, rushed to arms; boats were sent off from the fleet; the sailors united with the inhabitants, and after a severe fight, the Turks were driven out of the town. But the inhabitants knew it was only a momentary respite; in the morning the Turks would return with immense forces, and the only refuge from death or slavery, was on board the vessels. That night was to them one of horror and confusion, more easily imagined than described; every one was anxious to get on board, with as many of his effects as he could save. About five thousand were received on board the fleet, and the next day as many more were butchered by the Turks. All the men, the young and aged, were murdered in cold blood; the women and boys, whose beauty made them valuable prizes, were carried off, to sell in the markets of Constantinople, and serve the brutal lusts of the rich. The buildings were all burnt, and of the flourishing Aivali, there remained but the ashes of its houses, and the bones of its inhabitants.' pp. 37, 38.

Meantime the siege of Tripolizza was pressed by Demetrius Ypsilanti. Mohammed, the Turkish commander, was repulsed in a vigorous sortie. News of the reduction of Monembasia reached the blockading army, and served to raise their spirits, and to depress those of the Turks. The Turkish garrison, who were made prisoners at Monembasia, were, in fulfilment of the terms of the capitulation, safely transported to Asia Minor, where they were received with contempt by their countrymen, for having consented to accept their lives of Christian dogs. The artillery, which fell into the hands of the Greeks, by the capture of this fortress, was dragged with difficulty over the mountains, and planted in battery against the walls of Tripolizza.

About this time, arrived in Greece Prince Alexander Mavrocordato, who, till the appearance of the present president,

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Count Capo d'Istria, on the stage, exhibited more talent for a leader of the revolution, than any other individual. He appeared at a moment when Demetrius Ypsilanti, already an object of jealousy, not only to the primates, but also to the military leaders, was losing his hold upon the people generally, by the intelligence of the prostration of his brother Alexander in Wallachia, as whose representative Demetrius claimed to act. Some account of the family of Mavrocordato was given in our number for October last. Alexander had been employed in the service of the Hospodar of Wallachia, and fled with him from Bucharest in 1818. On the breaking out of the revolution, he immediately sailed from Leghorn to Greece, bringing with him arms, ammunitions, and supplies, which he procured by exhausting all his own means, and drawing on those of his countrymen in exile. The distinguished part, which this gentleman has taken in the conduct of the revolution, induces us to make the following extract.

'Alexander Mavrocordato is about thirty-eight years of age, rather below the middle height, but perfectly well made; his fine olive complexion looks darker than it really is, from the jetty blackness of his hair, which hangs in ringlets about his face, and from his large mustachios and sparkling black eyes. His manners are perfectly easy and gentlemanlike; and though the first impression would be from his extreme politeness, and continual smiles, that he was a good-natured, silly fop; yet one soon sees from the keen, inquisitive glances which involuntarily escape him, that he is concealing under an almost childish lightness of manner, a close and accurate study of his visiter. He speaks fluently seven languages; and having been an accurate observer of men and manners, *can* make his conversations extremely instructive; his political talents are of the very first order, and his mental resources great. He has a just confidence in his own powers; but unfortunately he has not that personal firmness and hardihood, necessary in the leader of a revolution. He cannot be called cowardly, for he will resolutely put himself in situations which he knows to be dangerous; yet, when the danger actually arrives, he, in spite of himself, loses his coolness and presence of mind. There is but one opinion in Greece about the talents of Mavrocordato, all allow them to be very great; but this is not the case in respect to his virtues. His friends ascribe every action to the most disinterested patriotism; but his enemies hesitate not to pronounce them all to have for their end, his party or private interest; and say, that he would sooner subject his country to the Turks, than have his political opponents get the credit of saving her. But here, as is often the

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case, truth lies between the two extremes; let his enemies avow that he loves his country, and has labored hard to benefit her; and his friends confess that he is ambitious, and has always had a considerable regard to his own political interest; and a nearer approach to his true character will be had. As to his intriguing and crooked policy, it may be said that his excellence in it alone kept up his influence; he could not oppose the schemes of his enemies but by using the same arms he was attacked with; the only way to escape a mine, is by countermining.

'Without family influence, without a military reputation, and without money, he gained, and long kept the supremacy; and the true cause of his having a party against him, was that he endeavored to reform abuses, and to introduce order and discipline into the army. He has had large sums of public money at his disposal, almost without being under the necessity of rendering the least account; yet he is, and always has been, poor.' pp. 50, 51.

After an interview with Ypsilanti at Tripolizza, Mavrocordato, perceiving the importance of strengthening the revolution without the limits of the Morea, and of drawing some advantage from the position of Ali Pashaw, repaired to Western Greece, and entered into negotiation with the Suliotes.

In the month of August, Navarino capitulated to the Greek force besieging it. The transportation of the prisoners to Asia Minor was stipulated. In the pillage of the town, which followed, an affray arose, of which the provocation is differently related, and in violation of the capitulation, a large number of the Turks were massacred by the Greeks. At the same time an attempt was made, by the Turkish garrison of the neighboring fortress Modon, to relieve their brethren. They were, however, met by the besiegers of Navarino, under their brave chief Constantine, the son of Petro Mavromichalis, who routed the Turks, and drove them back to Modon, but fell himself in the moment of victory. A general attempt was made by the Turks in the more northern provinces of Greece,—the ancient Thessaly, Phocis, and Bœotia,—to come to the relief of their brethren in the Morea. Their army passed Thermopylæ with ease, this renowned defile having ceased to afford any obstacles to an advancing multitude, in consequence of the accretions produced by the overflow of the saline springs, and the gradual accumulations at the mouth of the Spercheius.* In attempt-

*Instead of the narrow path, which once constituted the pass of Thermopylæ, a level meadow of perhaps half a quarter of a mile in

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ing to pass the mountains into Bœotia, the Turkish force was checked, and thrown back by Ulysses, a partisan leader, who had passed from the service of Ali Pashaw into that of the patriots, and who had raised the peasantry and mountaineers of this region.

The main body of the Turkish fleet issued from the Dardanelles in August, under the Capudan Pashaw. Samos was threatened by him; but so vigorous was the show of resistance, that no attack was made. The fleet then steered toward the besieged fortresses of the Morea, to afford them relief, which was successfully done at Coron and Modon, but ineffectually attempted at Calamata. Fearing a debarkation of troops from the fleet, with a view to the relief of Tripolizza, Ypsilanti was persuaded to quit his post before that city, and marched with a considerable force, to occupy the passes, through which alone Tripolizza could be approached. Dr Howe supposes that Ypsilanti was wrought upon to depart, by the intrigues of the military chiefs under him, who hoped to effect the reduction of the city in his absence, to impose their own terms on the garrison, and to monopolize the plunder. It may be observed, that Dr Howe's whole account of the siege of Tripolizza is less favorable to the Greeks, than the accounts given by many other writers of the same event.

After the departure of Ypsilanti from the Grecian camp, the Albanians, who formed a part of the Turkish garrison, made known to the Grecian commander their purpose of abandoning the defence of the city, and making a separate peace for themselves, to which the Greeks readily assented. Thus deserted by the larger portion of their armed forces, the remainder, and the Turkish population generally, saw the necessity of capitulating. They entered into negotiations for that purpose with Colocotroni, the mercenary chieftain, in command of the Grecian troops. At the breaking out of the revolution, the richest Turks had retreated to Tripolizza, as the place of the greatest safety. As the residence of the vizier, it was also that of a large portion of the wealthiest Turks, and nearly all the movable valuables of the Morea were collected at Tripolizza at this moment. The negotiations for surrender were accordingly protracted by Colocotroni, and the chieftains about him,

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width, runs for a considerable distance along the foot of the mountain. The warm springs only remain to identify the spot.

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with a view of extorting for their personal emolument, rich presents from the wealthy Turks, who sought, in this way, to make terms, and purchase protection for themselves, and their friends. In the progress of this disgraceful affair, the Greek soldiery saw that they were to be defrauded of their share of the richest plunder. The capitulation meantime was not granted, and the negotiation was brought to an abrupt and cruel close in the following manner.

'These shameful transactions could not be concealed from the soldiery, who, mad with rage and disappointment, sought an opportunity of entering the town before all the plunder should be gone; on the third day, a party of them venturing near the wall, observed a part of it unguarded; they mounted, and displaying their flag, it was seen from every part of the camp. The effect was instantaneous; a wild rush was made from all sides, the walls were scaled almost without opposition; the gates were opened, and a confused mass of soldiers pouring in, shot, or hacked down all the Turks they met. Some streets, indeed, were fiercely disputed with the pistol and yataghan; musketry rattled from the windows, and grape was showered down from the cannon of the citadel. But the Albanians, upon the strength of the separate treaty they had made, shut themselves in the court of the Pashaw's palace, and made no resistance. The commander, Mohammed Bey, shut himself up with several followers in the little citadel; another body fled from the town, and attempted to escape, but forty of them only passed the defiles. Those who remained, resisted indeed most furiously, but without plan or union, and they were soon put down; resistance was over, but havoc ceased not. It is useless here to follow the sickening task of detailing the horrors of the scene; suffice it to say, that Tripolitza suffered all the miseries of a town taken by storm. The bodies of five thousand Turks choked up the streets, and those of several hundred Greeks showed that resistance had been desperate. The next day the Albanians marched off, their arms procuring them respect; and they regained their country unmolested. Mahommed Bey, and the Turks, who had taken refuge in the citadel, were without water, and surrendered unconditionally. Colocotroni and some chosen followers entered it, and kept themselves shut up for three days, making arrangements for the transportation of the treasure which they found there.

'During all this time the work of slaughter had not ceased; many Turks, shut up in their houses, defended themselves singly, and it was often necessary to burn them out; a few women, whose beauty made them valuable, some children, and the men of dis-

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tinction, among whom was Kiamil Bey of Corinth, were all that were spared. Thus between famine and the sword, fifteen thousand Turks perished in Tripolitza.' pp. 62, 63.

These events served as a new lesson of the necessity of a more efficient civil organization; and a proclamation was issued by Ypsilanti, convoking a national assembly at Tripolizza. This proclamation is conceived in the worst taste, or rather shows the incapacity of Ypsilanti, for the place of a popular leader. It is in the milder manner of Napoleon addressing his subjects. Provincial governments had been organized, in the western part of continental Greece, by Mavrocordato, and in the eastern, by Theodore Negris; but all eyes were turned to the general assembly, which was to deliberate on the affairs of entire Greece. On his way to this assembly, Mavrocordato made an attempt to obtain possession of the fortress of Patras. Owing to the negligence of the Greeks, who were in possession of the lower town, a successful sally was made by the Turkish garrison, from the citadel at midnight, and Mavrocordato himself narrowly escaped being made prisoner. Among his papers, which were lost on this occasion, was a manuscript history of the origin and progress of the establishment of the Turks in Europe. The national assembly, consisting of sixty members, was convened at Argos, but removed to Epidaurus, to prevent its being overawed by the military force besieging Napoli di Romania. Its sessions were opened on the fifteenth of December, 1821, and Mavrocordato was chosen president. Regarding this event as a virtual deposition from his office of generalissimo, Ypsilanti did not appear at Epidaurus.

Such were the leading transactions of the *first* year of the revolution. On the first of January, 1822, a constitution of civil government, which had been prepared by a committee of five, was adopted by the convention. This committee consisted of Mavrocordato, the president of the assembly, Theodore Negris, Germanos, the first mover of the revolution in the Morea, Karadja, and Colletti. The chief agency in preparing the constitution was probably shared by Mavrocordato and Negris; and an edition of it published by authority in Greece, containing a lithographic likeness of the latter, with the title ὁ νομοθέτης τῶν Ἑλλήνων, seems to ascribe the honor of drafting it to him. A translation of this constitution, made from a French version, may be found in this journal for October, 1823. By this constitution, the government was vested in a senate,

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and an executive body of five members, assisted by eight heads of department. Mavrocordato was elected president of the executive body, and the presidency of the senate was offer- to Ypsilanti, but declined by him. Theodore Negris was named secretary of state.

Ali Pashaw had now fallen, and the Turkish army, which had been kept in check by his obstinate resistance, was set at liberty. The plan of the Turkish campaign was devised with skill. The army just mentioned was to descend through Western Greece to Missolonghi, and thence cross to Patras; an army was to move through Eastern Greece on Corinth; and both were to be supplied by the fleet at these points, and march against Tripolizza.

Success, however, crowned the first movements of the Greeks. By the defection of the Albanians, Corinth and its naturally impregnable citadel fell into the hands of the patriots, and was made the seat of government. A squadron of the Turkish navy, consisting principally of Barbary vessels, was met off the western shores of the Morea, by the Greek fleet, and dispersed. Great loss would have accrued to the Turks, but for the interference of Sir Thomas Maitland, Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands, who announced that he considered the whole channel of Corfu, from one extremity to the other of the island, to be the port of Corfu, into which he would allow no vessel sailing under the Greek flag to enter. This wise decision of Sir Thomas Maitland would include several of the ports of Albania, within that of Corfu,—and is very much as if it should be pretended, that the whole of Long Island sound, from Hurl Gate to Point Judith, is included within the port of Huntington. This is but one instance of the fantastic tyranny exercised by Sir Thomas Maitland, which caused the accession of Sir Frederic Adam to the power abused by his predecessor, to be hailed as a blessing, both by the Ionian and the Independent Greeks.

To meet, and if possible avert, the danger which impended from Albania, the president Mavrocordato, in conjunction with the gallant Marco Botzaris, organized an expedition to act in that quarter, and prevent the descent of the Turks. This movement was, however, unsuccessful, and the patriotic army was obliged to retreat to Missolonghi. In this unfortunate expedition, a considerable portion of the European volunteers, under General Normann of Wurtemberg, nobly fell, in the front

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ranks, before the overwhelming multitude of their foes. General Normann himself was wounded, but escaped. By this forced retreat of the Grecian army, the brave Suliotes were left to struggle alone in their mountain fastnesses. Here they sustained themselves during the residue of the season, till, compelled by the absolute failure of provisions, they capitulated to Omer Briones, the Turkish commander, on condition of being permitted to retire to the Ionian Islands. This capitulation was guarantied by Sir Frederic Adam, and faithfully kept.

At the commencement of the second year of the revolution, the bloodiest tragedy of this horrid war was enacted at Scio. That beautiful and fertile island had hitherto forborne to join the revolt. An appanage of the Sultana Validè, and as such, exempted from the severity of the ordinary government of the Turks, its inhabitants knew not the extent of the tyranny under which their countrymen in other parts of Greece were groaning. Near the Asiatic coast, they felt that a movement toward insurrection would involve them in instant ruin. But on the seventeenth of March, a body of Samiotes, about six hundred in number, under the command of two worthless adventurers, landed on the island, and called on the peasantry to revolt. Although they were listened to but by few, and those of the lowest class, the Pashaw of the island made it a pretence for seizing fifty of the principal inhabitants as hostages; and a detachment of cavalry was sent against the insurgents. The peasantry rose and joined the Samians, to resist their approach, the alarm spread, the Turks fled to the city for safety, and the citizens in general found themselves driven to measures of self-defence. Deputies were sent to the Morea, to acquaint the government with their situation, and the citadel was invested by the Greeks. On the eleventh of April, the Capudan Pashaw with seven ships of the line, and twenty-five frigates and corvettes, entered the harbor, and commenced the bombardment of the city. The Turks in the garrison made a sortie, at the same time, and the greater part of the Greeks immediately fled from Scio to the country. About five thousand, unable to escape, awaited the mercy of the Turk. The catastrophe must be told in the words of Dr Howe.

'Thus master of the town, and of several thousands of the inhabitants, the Capitan Pashaw commenced his measures, to put in execution the bloody scheme planned in the Divan at Constantinople; he landed about six thousand men from the fleet, and

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employed three days in bringing over a swarm of Turks from the coast of Asia Minor. While he was thus collecting his myrmidons, and setting them in array, the Capitan Pashaw neglected no means to lull the inhabitants into a fatal security, by solemn promises of forgiveness of their faults, and mercy and protection, if they would return each one to his home and resume his occupation. Many did so, relying on the faith of the consuls of England and France, who came clad in their respective uniforms, and urged the Sciotes to throw themselves on the clemency of the Capitan Pashaw. Convinced by this, many returned to the town; and about a thousand of the peasantry, openly separating from the insurgents, retired to the monastery of St Minas.

'The fourth day the preparations of the Capitan Pashaw being completed, he ordered the Greeks who were in the monastery to be brought out, and butchered one by one. This was the signal for the commencement of that tragedy to which modern history affords no parallel; the Turkish troops gathered round the town, rushed in among the defenceless inhabitants, and began to butcher all they found. For hours every street resounded with the yells of the assailants, the shrieks of the women and children, and the groans of the wounded and dying; the shops were pillaged, the houses burst open and ransacked, the churches profaned and demolished. And a few hours were sufficient for all this; a few hours of rapine and murder had changed the beautiful town to a scene of utter devastation; to a slaughter-house still steaming with the blood of thousands of all ages, and of both sexes, whose mutilated and headless bodies, lay in every direction about the streets; but there was no human voice heard there; the whirlwind of destruction had swept over it, and left it desolate; the Turkish hordes had gone out from it, and scattered themselves over the island, to renew, in every village and in every hamlet, the work of murder and devastation.

'For three days this went on in the neighborhood of the town, and the Turks had only unarmed and unresisting victims to immolate. But at the foot of Mount Opus, and near the sea-shore, a resistance was made by about two thousand Greeks; they were driven from their position, but not till many families had embarked in boats and fled. At Thymiana also on the sea-shore, another body defended themselves with fury for some time; some ships were brought round to cannonade them from the sea-side. But one frigate getting on the rocks, the Greeks attacked her furiously, contrived to get on board of her before all her crew had left her, and put them to death, notwithstanding their cry for quarter. The resistance, however, was short here. The Greeks soon scattered; the Samiotes had all fled; and several thousand Sciotes also put off in boats and small vessels, and saved themselves at Ipsara.

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There were now no armed men to offer resistance; the interior of the island was filled with the fugitive families from the sea-coast; and there was full scope for the exercise of the fury of the Turks, who thought the blood of a Christian an acceptable offering to God. They divided themselves, therefore, into small bands, and swept over every part of the island, plundering, burning, and murdering. The Greeks who ran away, were shot down, or pursued and stabbed; those who gave themselves up, were violated and murdered; the desperate man who resisted, shared the same fate as the timid wretch who clung to the knees of the barbarians, and screamed in vain for mercy. None were spared but the handsomest of the women and children, who were sent to town, and reserved for sale.

'Such was the state of the beautiful Scio for seven days. "My God!" says an eye-witness who escaped, "what a scene was then presented! On what side soever I cast my eyes, nothing but pillage, and conflagration, and murder appeared. While some were occupied in plundering the country-houses of the rich merchants, and others setting fire to the villages, the air was rent with the mingled groans of men, women, and children, who were falling under the yataghans and daggers of the infidels. The only exception made during the massacre, was in the favor of the women and boys, who were preserved to be sold as slaves. Many of the former were running to and fro half frantic, with torn garments, and dishevelled hair; pressing their trembling infants to their breasts, and seeking death as a preservation from the greater calamities that awaited them." The carnage then ceased for a time; and those wretches who had been reserved for sale, were driven to the town, where more than ten thousand women and children were collected. The boys were circumcised, in order to fit them to become Mussulmans, and the whole embarked on board the fleet, to be conveyed to Constantinople. The Capitan Pashaw, in order to renew the fury of his soldiery, then took the eighty hostages, the oldest and most respectable men of the island, and hung them up at the yard-arms of his vessel; and the signal was instantly answered from the shore, by the butchery of seven hundred peasants, who had been confined in the citadel.

An attempt was then made to induce those of the Greeks, who in great numbers had fled to the mountains, and the almost inaccessible parts of the island, to come down and give themselves into the hands of their masters, who promised them mercy; and, strange to say, many of them did do so, and were all butchered, except those whose beauty made them valuable.

'The Capitan Pashaw then sailed, his vessels laden with the beauty and booty of the once lovely Scio, but which was now a solitary waste, covered with the smouldering ruins of its villages,

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and the putrifying carcases of its inhabitants.* And where were now the eighty thousand people whom he found there? Twenty thousand had been butchered; twenty thousand he was carrying into captivity; fifteen thousand had escaped to the neighboring islands; the rest were now hiding among the rocks and mountains, like the beasts who are hunted from the plain. Many of them were taken off by the vessels sent to them from the neighboring islands. But several thousand took refuge in the houses of the different European Consuls, whose flag they knew would protect them from the Turks.

'And how did these worthy representatives of the illustrious monarchs, who unite in "Alliance," yclept "Holy," for the peace and happiness of the world; how did these consuls treat the miserable fugitives, who had cast themselves upon their mercy, and the faith of their flags? Are the stories of their courageous defence of these wretches, their generosity and philanthropy in sending them off free, to be credited? No! just the contrary; they coldly speculated upon their miseries; they gave them their liberty, it is true, but it was only at the price of the last valuable they might have preserved from the destruction of their houses. The men were obliged to pay, or obligate themselves to pay, large sums to the consuls for their protection; and the women were obliged to strip off their jewels, or their rich garments, to satisfy these rapacious representatives of Christian tyrants.' pp. 99–102.

As far as the individual was concerned, who personally perpetrated these horrors, the Turkish Capudan Pashaw, a speedy and memorable retribution awaited him. The Greek fleet soon appeared off Scio, and after taking off thousands of wretched fugitives from the mountains, some of whom have since found a refuge in our own country, it went round to attack the Turkish navy, lying in the straits between Scio and the main. Unable, however, to effect anything in a general action, the heroic Canaris assumed to himself the office of the avenger. In company with a Hydriote vessel, he sailed in his

* 'There is no want of testimony, or good evidence of the catastrophe of Scio. The only difficulty is in ascertaining the numbers of the sufferers. Besides the numerous respectable Greeks who escaped from the horrible scene, it was visited a few days afterwards by several Europeans of respectability; by an English naval officer particularly, whose description is most touching. Colonel Voutier, among other striking passages, has the following words;—"He told me, that no sight gave him such sensations as that of the body of a woman just dead, and whose breasts were eagerly pressed by her moaning infant child."'

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fire-ship to the straits of Scio. Deceiving the vessels stationed on the look-out, he sailed at nightfall directly into the straits, within which the Turkish fleet lay. When about to enter the gulf, the Hydriote captain hailed him, and begged him to desist, since, if the wind held in the same quarter, and he failed, they were certainly lost. Kanaris persuaded the prudent seaman, that the wind would change. His crew now began to hesitate; they were getting more and more embayed; the wind was aft, and a long row of Turkish line of battle ships and frigates was discerned by their lanterns stretched across the gulf. The sailors became refractory, and refused to proceed. Kanaris said to them, 'You came voluntarily, the ship shall go on, and you may go with her, or jump overboard.' The residue must be told still more exactly in the words of Dr Howe.

'The first they could distinguish were several Turkish frigates; but these were too ignoble prey. Kanaris had come to revenge the blood of Scio, and nothing but the blood of the leader of the barbarians could atone for it. The moon shone clear; he was in the middle of the Turkish fleet, which, securely anchored, dreamed not of danger; and he could see on the other side of the straits, the huge ship of the Capitan Pashaw. Altering then his course, Kanaris bore down for him, and was soon within hail. "Keep away! keep away!" cried the Turkish guard. Still the fireship came on;—when the wild cry of "Brulotta, brulotta," apprized Kanaris that he was known. That dreadful cry had aroused the sleeping Turks, and hundreds rushed to the deck in confusion. They began to fire; but still the strange sail rapidly approached them. All Kanaris's men were crouched behind the bulwarks and sheltered. He alone stood up, and, strong in his terrible resolution, steered his vessel full on the Pashaw's ship, regardless of the shot, which began to whistle around him. In a few minutes his bow struck her side with a terrible crash, and became entangled. Instantly the boat was lowered, every Greek sailor jumped into it, and Kanaris himself, after crying out "*Καναρίς εἶναι*," * touched the train, and following his men, they pulled rapidly away. The train communicating with the combustibles, they burst forth in one broad blaze, which instantly began to envelope the Turkish ship; where a scene of horror and confusion ensued among the twelve hundred persons on board, more easily imagined than described. Nothing could be done on the crowded and choked up decks, to separate the vessels. Orders could not be heard, nor, if heard, obeyed; and the Greeks could only dis-

* It is Kanaris.

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tinguish amidst the wild uproar of voices, the agonizing shrieks of those, who leaped overboard in despair. The sails and cordage were all in a blaze, and the fire dropping down, kindled everything on deck. The boats were lowered, but instantly staved or sunk, by the numbers who rushed into them. The Capitan Pashaw and his officers succeeded in getting into a pinnace; and by cutting away, with their scimetars, the hands of the swimmers who clung to her, he got a little way from the ship, when the mainmast falling, struck his boat, and crushed him to death with every one in her.

'The Hydriote fire-ship had struck a Turkish seventy-four, and was fired; but unfortunately she bounded off, and did no harm. The two boats, pulling each twenty oars, rowed rapidly down the straits, which were illuminated by the bright glare from the burning ships; at daylight they were off Cape Blanco, and at ten A. M. fell in with two Greek vessels which were cruising for them, and got safely on board without having lost a man.

'The successful accomplishment of this daring act completely established his fame; congratulations poured in upon him, and every Greek was proud of the name of Kanaris, except Kanaris himself. He is by birth an Ipsariote, and had hitherto been known only by those immediately about him, who loved him for his mildness, and goodness of heart, and respected him for his sterling integrity. No one would ever divine the character of Kanaris from his personal appearance. He is about thirty-four years of age, of low stature, slender but well made; and his mild, interesting countenance bespeaks rather feminine goodness of heart, than what he really possesses—a mind that knows no fear. He appears insensible to danger; and his resolutions, which might be easily altered by persuasion, are made stubborn by open opposition, and fresh obstacles are to him only inducements for fresh exertions. He loves his country with the sincere, unostentatious love of a patriot, and he calmly and steadily continues to make every exertion for her good, in the conviction that he is doing only his duty. He boasts not the performance of that, of which the neglect would be a crime, and seems to look for no other reward than the proud consciousness of having materially contributed to his country's emancipation.' pp. 105–107.

Such are the men who are pronounced *degenerate* even by intelligent persons in Western Europe and America!

On the twenty-first of June, the Acropolis of Athens, after a closely pressed siege, surrendered to the Greeks. The garrison, about eleven hundred in number, capitulated, on condition of being transported to Asia Minor. Under pretence of retaliation for former cruelties, committed by the Turks on the

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Athenian hostages, whom they hung from the battlements of the Acropolis, some of the prisoners were the next day put to death.

In the month of June, Napoli di Romania, the most important fortress in Greece, strong by nature, and rendered nearly impregnable by the constructions of the Venetians, was reduced by the Greeks, after a long and strict siege, to agree to terms of capitulation. A delay of forty days was granted, for the purpose of effecting the evacuation and surrender of the place, and with the humane design of preventing, by gradual removal, the plunder of the property, and the massacre of the garrison. During this period of forty days, a formidable army of thirty thousand men,* collected in Thessaly and the neighboring region, and placed under the command of Mehemet Pashaw of Drama (commonly called Drami Ali Pashaw), advanced without opposition into Phocis and Bœotia, committing on their way ravages unheard of, even in the annals of Turkish warfare. Marking his track with desolation, and, through fear or treachery, allowed to pass without opposition through the numerous defiles on his march, Drami Ali reached the plain of Argos, and raised the siege of Napoli.

The impending ruin awakened the Greeks to a sense of their danger. The members of the government embarked on board the Hydriote vessels, which lay in the gulf. Ypsilanti, Colocotroni, and Mavromichalis were constituted a military commission, with plenary powers. The peasantry were roused; the Mainotes obeyed the voice of their aged chief, and came down from their mountains, and the crops on the plain of Argos were laid waste, to prevent their furnishing sustenance to the foe. The Turkish commander soon found himself embarrassed by his own numbers. He was harassed by partisan and nocturnal assaults. He was without supplies for his own army, or the garrison he had come to relieve. The unripe grapes and melons of the neighboring fields were devoured by the Turks, and the dysentary began to prevail among them. In a few weeks their position became desperate, and they commenced a retreat. The Greeks had now not merely recovered from their panic, but had gained confidence from the disasters of the foe. Niketas occupied the passes of Barbati

* So stated in Colonel Leake's 'Outline,' on the authority of a physician of Kurshid Pashaw, who stood, with the Pashaw and his officers, for three days, by the side of a bridge over the Spercheius, by which this army defiled.

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and Dervenaki, at the outlet of the plain of Argos, while the flanks and rear of the retreating army were pressed by Colocotroni. From five to seven thousand of the Turks were destroyed in forcing the passage. At each defile the same destruction awaited them, and Drami Ali was able to collect a remnant of only eight thousand men, from the ruins of this disastrous expedition. With these he received renewed orders from Kurshid, the Seraskier, to penetrate again to the plain of Argos, and relieve Napoli. This attempt was made by him; but the passes were still occupied by the indomitable Niketas, and Drami Ali, with a new loss of one thousand men, fell back on Corinth. Three thousand men of his force, in endeavoring to cut their way from Corinth to Patras, were surprised in a defile, by Londos, and forced to capitulate, on condition of being allowed to march back into Thessaly.

The only hope of the Turkish garrison in Napoli was that of being relieved by the fleet. It actually appeared off the gulf, with the new Capudan Pashaw, in great force, on the twentieth of September. The Greek squadron hovered around it, and made several attempts, by sending in their brulots, to destroy some of the vessels of which it was composed. Although these attempts were unsuccessful in their immediate object, the Turkish admiral fled panic-struck from the infested waters, and took refuge behind Tenedos. The terrible Kanaris, with two fire-ships, pursued him. On the twenty-first, at midnight, he passed the Turkish guard-ships, unperceived at the moment, but soon found they had tacked, and were standing after him. Nothing daunted, he still bore down on the Turkish fleet, which lay at anchor in the channel, consisting of one ship of the line, sixteen frigates, sixteen corvettes, and thirty-four smaller vessels. Steering for the three largest ships, and passing the one to windward near enough to hear talking on board, but leaving her for his companion, who was astern, Kanaris made for the next, which proved to be the Capudan Pashaw. As he approached, two guns were fired, and the shot passed through his mainsail; still he bore on, and could see the poop crowded with men, who were confusedly crying out, 'Pirates! *brulotta!* fire upon her!' In a few minutes his bowsprit crashed against her side, and the two vessels came together with a shock that threw the men from their feet. Kanaris, as usual, touched the train, and was the last to leave his ship. In an instant the Turkish admiral was wrapped in

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flames. The Capudan Pashaw, and those in the boat with him, alone escaped. No exertions were made to extinguish the flames, and the stupefied Turks perished on board the vessel, or leaped overboard and were drowned. The other fire-ship failed to do any execution, beyond that produced by the panic flight of the enemy. Kanaris and his companion escaped unhurt to the vessels left to cruise for them; and the Turkish fleet, after suffering severely from a storm, returned to Constantinople.

Deprived of the succors which they expected from the fleet, the garrison at Napoli were reduced to the near necessity of surrendering. The event was hastened by a surprise, gallantly executed by a Captain Staikos, who scaled the upper castle, called the Palamede, in the night. Thus exposed to the guns of the citadel, the garrison below found themselves obliged to capitulate, and on the sole condition of having their lives spared. This condition was faithfully observed, and they were transported, on board the Cambrian, Captain Maitland, and other vessels, to Asia Minor.

While this important event took place in the Morea, Mavrocordato and Botzaris sustained themselves, with great vigor and fortitude, at Missolonghi, and the campaign closed with the gallant exploit to which we alluded in our introductory remarks.*

Thus successful on the whole was the progress of the revolution, at the close of the second year. The *third* commenced with a change in the Greek government. Mavrocordato had suffered in the popular estimation, by the want of success in the military operations of Western Greece, and the party opposed to him (that of the military leaders) elected Petro Mavromichalis president of the executive in his place. Theodore Negris had attached himself to the successful party, and remained in the department of state.

The plan of the campaign, on the part of the Turks, was precisely that of the last year;—a descent from Eastern and Western Greece, and a concentration in the Morea. Mustapha Pashaw commanded the eastern, and Omer Briones the western division of the Ottoman army. Considerable delays ensued in the commencement of military operations, owing, among other causes, to the dissensions and open hostilities of Omer Briones, and Yusuf Pashaw of Patras, who had been

* See page 139.

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directed to coöperate with him, but with whom Omer refused to act. The campaign was opened by the celebrated battle fought by Marco Botzaris, at Karpenitza, in which the Turks were surprized and routed, but in which also, unfortunately, the heroic Botzaris, to the poignant regret of all Greece, was himself slain. A junction was afterwards effected between the remnants of the army of Mustapha and that of Omer, and their united forces laid siege to the small town of Anatolico, in the neighborhood of Missolonghi. This place was garrisoned only by about five hundred men; but after a protracted and inefficient siege, the Turkish army retired and dispersed itself, without having accomplished anything; and thus, as far as Western Greece is concerned, terminated the third campaign.

The Turkish operations in Eastern Greece were not much more successful. Their army penetrated at first, as far as Athens and Megara, wasting the country as they passed. They were, however, effectually harassed by the *guerilla* parties of Ulysses and Niketas, and finally forced to take refuge in the fortresses of Eubœa. Disappointed of being succored from Thessaly, the Turkish garrison, which had remained in possession of the citadel of Corinth since the invasion of Drami Ali the preceding year, was now forced to capitulate to the Greeks, and was transported to Asia Minor.

The Grecian fleet was sent this season to sea, under the command Andreas Miaulis. We cannot refrain from giving his character in the words of Dr Howe.

'It is delightful to contemplate such a character as that of Miaulis. As the eye, in a dry and barren landscape, delights to rest on some patch of verdure which may chance to appear, so the mind, wearied with contemplating the selfishness and vices of the leading Greeks, turns with pleasure to Miaulis, for a striking proof that all good has not departed from them. Miaulis was born at Hydra, and educated on the water. He is about sixty years of age. His frame, large and rather corpulent, is well made, and full of vigor. His countenance is one of those most difficult to describe, yet most strongly impressive; it inspires with affection and respect; and though there is no mark of greatness about it, yet you see there the kind heart, the firm mind; you know not why or wherefore, but you see in his face enough to convince you that it is the face of an *honest man*. His complexion is light, and rather florid; his features strongly marked; the nose particularly large; and his eyes of a mild hazel color. Strangers are always struck with his patriarchal appearance, and after ever

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so short an interview, go away satisfied that there is at least one honest, pure patriot in Greece.

'Miaulis inherited some property from his father, and like all his fellow islanders, he followed the sea from his youth. For a great number of years he sailed in his own ship, and by commerce gained a very considerable fortune; and always stood high in character among the Hydriotes, who were *then* remarkable for their *integrity in mercantile transactions.** He had long sighed for the liberty of his country, though enjoying everything that wealth could command. Though his native island was never sullied by the foot of a Moslem, and escaped all direct oppression, by the payment of an annual tribute, and the supply of a quota of seamen to the Turkish fleet; still, in common with many around him, he felt bitterly the degradation of Greece, and was ready to risk fortune and life in any rational scheme for her redemption. He was averse to the struggle being commenced at the precise period it was commenced, because he did not consider the people sufficiently enlightened, to conduct it to a favorable issue; but when once the blow was struck, he embarked heartily in the cause, and has ever been foremost in exposing himself, in sacrificing his fortune, in giving an example of obedience to government, and perfect disinterestedness of action.

'Such is the man who commanded the Greek fleet; and so irreproachable is his character, that even in Greece, where the people are so jealous and suspicious of their leading men, that the least foible cannot escape them, no voice is ever raised against Miaulis; all parties unite in considering him perfectly pure and disinterested in his patriotism. And a doubt expressed of it, would sound as strange to a Greek, as it would to an American to hear the patriotism of Washington questioned.' pp. 155–157.

* 'Conversing with Mavrocordatos a few days before I left Greece, I expressed to him my doubts about what I had often heard, of the honesty and good faith of the Hydriotes previous to the commencement of the revolution. He replied, "I do not wonder at it; it is hard to conceive how seven years should so completely change a body of men; yet so it is. War, and its attendants, anarchy and confusion, have altered the Hydriotes from an industrious, sober, and honest people, to what you now see them. Such a thing as a note or bond was almost unknown; a merchant would lend another money, and only request him to make a minute of it; he would ship goods on board a vessel, and take no bill of lading; vessels would come into port, and the captain and crew run to see their friends, leaving the vessel unlocked, and perhaps specie on board. Shops were left open by their owners without fear, and often the shutters only closed, and the door latched, during the night. This was the case, also, in Spetzia and Ipsara; the word of a merchant or a sea-captain was sacred."'

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No very brilliant exploit was performed by the Grecian squadron this year; but the islands, particularly Samos, were protected, the Turkish navy watched and harassed, and several predatory descents made on the coasts of Macedonia and Asia Minor, which, while they served the purpose of preventing the Turkish local governors from despatching their contingent of troops to the remote centre of the war, furnished the Greeks with an ample store of needed supplies.

But the year 1823 was signalized in Greece by the appearance of a new and formidable actor on the scene. A contingent to the Turkish navy had been, from the commencement of the revolution, furnished by Mehemet Ali Pashaw, Bey of Egypt. A very interesting biographical sketch is given by Dr Howe of this distinguished individual, for which, however, our limits compel us to refer our readers to the work itself.* His agency in opposing the Grecian revolution during the present campaign, was limited to the assistance rendered by his vessels, under Ismael Gibraltar, in carrying on the defensive operations of the Turks in Candia, where, as in so many other parts of Greece, the revolution had resulted in the confinement of the Turks to the fortresses, and the possession of the open country by the Greeks. At the close of the ensuing year, we shall witness the interference of the Bey of Egypt in a more formidable character.

At the seat of government, in the Morea, the absence of a powerful hostile force had produced the usual result, of the prevalence of factions and dissensions of an alarming character. The executive and the senate were brought into open collision. The influence of Mavrocordato was for a moment restored in the latter body, and he was called to its head. He was soon, however, compelled to seek his safety by flight to Hydra. The military party leaders were, however, at last compelled to retire from the government, and a new executive body, with George Conduriotti at its head, was elected. The detail of these movements would prove unedifying, even if made intelligible to our readers; and we pass by them, as a portion of the narrative which truth does not permit us to suppress, but which the friends of Greece and of liberty cannot contemplate without pain. The state of Greece, at the close of the third campaign, is fairly described in the following manner by Dr Howe.

* Page 161 et seq.

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'If the Greeks, during this campaign, had gained no very great advantages, their cause at least was strengthened by the mere continuance of the struggle; as every insurrection gains strength, each moment that it is left uncrushed. They had been occupied with internal dissensions, it is true; but then they had repulsed all the efforts of their enemy to regain possession of the country. They had driven him from Eastern and Western Greece.

'The insurrection had continued three years; the whole power of the vast Turkish empire had been turned upon one of its smallest provinces; it had been foiled, in three successive campaigns, in its attempts to put down this revolt. How was this? Had the Greeks suddenly become heroes? or were their means inexhaustible? Neither the one nor the other; the secret was, the weakness and imbecility of the Turkish government, which had neither money nor credit. The really vast resources of the empire were altogether beyond the control of the Porte. It could only command one of its Pashaws to invade a certain district; and the order was obeyed with fidelity or not, as the interest of the Pashaw might seem to dictate. Then his movements, perhaps, would be impeded, his resources cut off, his operations rendered useless, by the open or concealed opposition of other Pashaws, from jealousy or opposing interest.

'Then there was no system in any one department of the government; no general combination of measures; no confidence to be placed in any proposed arrangements, which depended at all upon union at any particular time and place; hence the results of all expeditions were doubtful. Then there was no discipline, no subordination among the soldiers.

'It was from all these causes, and not from the spirit and resolution of the Greeks alone, that the insurrection was gradually but surely gaining ground, and better deserving the name of a revolution.' pp. 171, 172.

With the *fourth* year of the revolution, a new and interesting adventurer repaired to the sacred soil of Greece. We mean Lord Byron. Missolonghi was chosen by him as his residence, and the centre of his operations; and he attached himself to the policy of Mavrocordato, the ablest, no doubt, of the leaders of the revolution. Lord Byron's name, fortune, disinterestedness, zeal, would unquestionably have enabled him to do more for the cause of Greece, than any of the foreigners who had flocked, mostly as needy adventurers, to her shores; possibly more than any of her own sons, entangled as they have been with their local factions. It is consoling, also, to reflect, that he did much, and might have done

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much more, to retrieve his reputation from the shadows he had allowed to gather over it. But his premature fate removed him from the scene, before he was able, either by a long continued series of services, or any brilliant exploit, to produce a lasting impression on the condition of the country. His death was mourned throughout Greece, as a public calamity.

So stable was the cause of the revolution regarded abroad, that a loan of eight hundred thousand pounds was effected in London, on behalf of the Greek government. The history of this and a subsequent loan, both made at a most flagitious discount,—of the intrigues and frauds of agents, contractors, and stock-holders in London,—and of the struggle of rival factions to obtain possession of the loan, in Greece, has already formed the staple of several volumes. They contribute to give a character to this and the two succeeding years of the revolution, but it would not be possible to make them interesting in a summary sketch of its events.

This year was also signalized by the crisis to which the factions in the government were pushed. After a protracted warfare of intrigue between the military chieftains and the party of Mavrocordato, recourse was had to force, and some lives were lost. The struggle, however, ended in the confirmation of the authority of the rulers rightfully elected, and Colocotroni, with the chieftains combining with him, were banished to Hydra, and there kept in duress.

Great naval preparations were made by the Turks for the campaign of 1824. In the words of Dr Howe,

'Housref, the Capitan Pashaw, made the most active exertions at Constantinople, to get the fleet ready. Great rewards were promised to the motley race of men, who styled themselves sailors; while the troops to be taken on board were reminded of Scio;—"We will give you the spoil of a dozen Scios." Flat-bottomed gun-boats were prepared for the purpose of making debarkments; and at last, all being ready, the proud fleet left the Sultan's lair, and gliding down the Dardanelles, spread itself out upon the beautiful Ægean. Here they were met by two light Greek cruisers, appointed to watch them, and ascertain their numbers; these, after sailing up and down, before, around, and among the huge frigates, and with their sails half furled up, as if in mockery of their sluggishness, spread their white wings, and darted away like sea-gulls to their rocky homes, to give the alarm.' p. 199.

After some movements of minor importance, and having

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received on board at Salonica a reinforcement of Albanian troops, the Turkish admiral ran down to Ipsara. This flourishing little settlement of twenty-five thousand inhabitants, one of the most enterprising and prosperous of the commercial islets of the Grecian seas, appears to have been taken by surprise. The defences constructed in the three former campaigns were out of repair; the inhabitants were not at their posts. The Albanians were debarked from the Turkish squadron in the night, and gained the summit of the hill that overhangs the town of Ipsara. A single glance convinced its citizens, that their only hope of escape was in their vessels. These were instantly and tumultuously crowded. All who could not reach them were doomed to the scimetar, or the horrors of Turkish slavery, and in a few hours Ipsara was a heap of bloody ashes. It remains to the present day, says Dr Howe, with no other inhabitant than a single monk. On sailing from the island, the Capudan Pashaw left upon it a considerable force, with a number of corvettes to bring them off. Before they had departed, a Hydriote squadron of forty ships, under the command of Miaulis, sailed against them. He gallantly landed a force of fifteen hundred men, and drove the Turks into the sea. Such as escaped to the corvettes were instantly pursued by the squadron of Miaulis; a Turkish brig of war was blown up, a *giolette* and a shallop taken, several gun-boats sunk, and the residue of the fleet driven ashore and lost upon the island of Scio.

The main portion of the Turkish fleet, after the destruction of Ipsara, and after a short cruise, in which they were pursued by Miaulis, was concentrated between Samos and the main. Their object was to transport an army, which was already collected on the continent, and effect the destruction of Samos. Miaulis, whose squadron had been fitted out on the spur of the moment, when Ipsara was invaded, was now compelled to return to Hydra. But the Greek vice-admiral, Sakturis, accompanied by Kanaris, was cruising with his squadron in front of Samos. Without venturing to close quarters with the Turkish three-deckers, they cut off their small vessels, and threw them in confusion upon each other, through their unmanly fear of fire-ships. Kanaris, watching his opportunity, bore down in his *brulot* upon a frigate under full sail, and succeeded in grappling to her. She was almost instantly blown up. Another Grecian fire-ship fastened successfully to a brig

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of war, and a third to a corvette. Struck with terror, the Turkish fleet was dispersed in all directions, and Samos was saved.

It is not precisely known under what views of policy the Bey of Egypt engaged in the active prosecution of the war. The degree of independence which he enjoyed, negatives the supposition, that it was simply in obedience to the mandate of the Sultan. Such a mandate the Porte had no means of enforcing, against a vassal so powerful as the Bey of Egypt. A destructive fire at Cairo, and an insurrection in Upper Egypt, prevented for two years the fitting out of an expedition in Egypt against Greece; and when at length, in this year, a formidable armament sailed from Alexandria, it appeared, as its main object, to be directed against the island of Candia. Of this island, Ibrahim Pashaw, the son of the Bey of Egypt, was appointed governor, and it does not appear that, up to this period, the Porte had decided upon the dangerous measure of calling the troops of the Bey of Egypt into continental Greece.

Early in the season a most formidable expedition was fitted out from Alexandria. One hundred and fifty European vessels, principally under the Austrian flag, were employed as transports. Twenty thousand infantry, disciplined on the plan of European tactics, and two thousand cavalry, were put on board them. Vast supplies of provisions, ammunition, and artillery were collected, and every other preparation duly made. Large numbers of European officers, some of considerable rank, were engaged in the service; and the medical staff was filled up with young surgeons, principally from Italy. Thirty frigates, and many corvettes and small vessels of war, were prepared to convoy the transports. There were also three frigates, with a Turkish admiral, despatched from Constantinople (probably to act as spies), and two Tunisian frigates.

After many disasters, arising from want of skill in navigation, the expedition, creeping along the shore of Syria, and making stages of every island on the route, came to anchor at Stanchio, in the island of Cos, where the main body of the navy from Constantinople, under the Capudan Pashaw, joined them. Here they were alarmed at the appearance of the united Greek squadron of Miaulis and Sakturis, amounting to seventy vessels. Some skirmishing ensued for several days, but nothing of a decisive character. At length the Tunisian admiral's frigate and a brig of war were totally destroyed by fire-ships,

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and the Turkish fleet dispersed in confusion. After an ineffectual attempt to concentrate at Samos, and destroy the settlements on that island, the united Egyptian and Ottoman navies rendezvoused in the straits of Scio. Here they were pursued by the Greeks; a frigate and two corvettes were destroyed by fire-ships, and the squadron again routed. In making their escape, another corvette and four brigs ran upon the coast of Asia Minor, and were lost.

Disheartened at these reverses, and at variance with the Egyptian commander, the Capudan Pashaw withdrew with his vessels, and returned to Constantinople. Ibrahim returned to Bodrom (the ancient Halicarnassus), on the coast of Asia, where he had debarked a portion of his troops, before sailing against Samos. Taking them again on board, he sailed for Candia; but on his arrival off the island, he was again met by the Greek squadron. Two fire-ships were sent in, but exploded without destroying any of the enemy's squadron. The panic, however, did what the *brulots*, which produced it, failed to do. The Turkish ships of war fled for their own safety, the transports were scattered in every direction, and several prizes fell into the hands of the Greeks. Eight transports escaped to Alexandria, where the captains of four of them were hung up by their ears. Ibrahim himself took refuge at Rhodes, and at this station collected the scattered fragments of his expedition. The Greek squadron, poorly provisioned, and not paid at all, was unable to keep the sea, and was disbanded; and at the close of the year there was nothing to prevent Ibrahim, with the reinforcements which he had received from Alexandria, from transporting his forces to the continent of Greece.

Ineffectual attempts were made by the Turks, in Eastern and Western Greece, without the Morea, to renew the military operations of the campaign. No achievement, however, presents itself, of importance enough to be introduced into this summary sketch; and the general condition of Greece at the close of the year, was highly flattering.

The year 1825, the *fifth* of the campaign, accordingly found the country in a hopeful condition. The enemy had been foiled at every point. The government was organized and in efficient action, from the centre to the extremities of Greece. Justice was faithfully administered; progress was made in disciplining the army, schools were established, industry began to revive, and the respectability of the government abroad was

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evinced by the negotiation of a second loan, nominally of two millions of pounds sterling, in London.

The leading members of the administration, at this period, were George Conduriotti, president of the executive body, Botazi of Spezzia, vice-president, Mavrocordato, secretary of state, and Notaros, president of the senate. In this administration, Mavrocordato and Colletti (one of the members of the executive) were the most efficient counsellors. The rivalry between the two latter was the source of considerable embarrassment to the government, during the year on which we have entered. But far more serious calamities, than any arising merely from party collision, were impending over Greece.

Regarding Patras as the most important foot-hold of the Turks in the Morea, the principal attention of the government, in the spring of 1825, was turned to the reduction of this fortress. An expedition against it was planned, under the command of Conduriotti, as president, attended by Mavrocordato, as military adviser. As a part of this project, a Greek blockading squadron of twenty vessels was ordered to cruise off the gulf of Corinth. But this and all other offensive movements were brought to an effectual stop, by the intelligence that one division of the Egyptian army had actually been transported from Candia to Modon, and that the fleet of Ibrahim Pashaw had returned to Candia for the residue of his troops.

As soon as these reinforcements had arrived at Modon, Ibrahim marched, with his whole army, against Navarino, a distance of only ten miles. This place was strongly garrisoned by a Greek force, and the first assault of Ibrahim was vigorously repulsed. He immediately invested the place, in all the forms of European warfare. A considerable army of Greeks was soon collected on the heights overlooking the positions of the Egyptian army; but in consequence of the superior discipline of the latter, and their possession of artillery and cavalry, served and led by European officers, the Greeks were defeated in a severe action before the town. The island of Sphacteria, opposite the harbor of Navarino, and the castle of Palio Castro, successively fell, and at length the city of Navarino surrendered by capitulation to Ibrahim. As some small compensation for this disaster, a detachment from the Egyptian squadron of two frigates, eight corvettes, and twenty-five transports, was intercepted by Miaulis, on the way from Navarino to Modon, and both the frigates, with four of the corvettes, and nearly half the

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transports, destroyed by his fire-ships. Among the defenders of the island of Sphacteria, Count Santa Rosa, who had been concerned in the revolution in Piedmont, gallantly fell. Our countryman Jarvis, with a corps of eighty men under his command, was among those who were embraced in the capitulation of the castle of Palio Castro. The command in chief of the military operations in this quarter, was exercised by Mavrocordato, who was repeatedly in imminent danger, and narrowly escaped from the island of Sphacteria, when it was carried by assault.

These reverses accordingly shook the credit of Mavrocordato, and strengthened the party of the military chieftains. It became necessary to recall them from their confinement in Hydra. Colocotroni was replaced in the chief command of the army; and this event was celebrated as an union auspicious to the country. Great efforts were made, and with some success, to embody a force to operate against Ibrahim. No effectual check was, however, offered to his progress. After marching without resistance in every direction, through the southwestern district of the Morea, and destroying the towns and villages on his route, particularly Calamata, perhaps the most beautiful in the Morea, he moved on Tripolizza. Encountering no resistance at the passes of Leondari, where he might, by a resolute force, have been held in check, he pushed for the capital. A few hours' notice gave the inhabitants time to escape, with a part of their effects, and the last of them left it at one gate, as the advanced guard of the Egyptians entered it on the opposite quarter. Before it was deserted by the Greeks, it was set on fire. Halting but a short time at Tripolizza, Ibrahim resolved to press onward to Napoli, and carry that place by assault.

The extremity to which affairs were now reduced, aroused Demetrius Ypsilanti from the retirement to which he had withdrawn. Opposite Napoli, and about twelve miles distant, is the important position of the Mills. On these mills, erected upon a fine stream issuing from the marsh of Lerna, Napoli depends for flour, and (should the aqueduct, by which the city is supplied, be cut off) for water. Into this place, commanding the route from Tripolizza to Napoli, Ypsilanti threw himself with two hundred men. He immediately despatched a boat to Napoli for reinforcements of men and a supply of ammunition. The Mills being upon the sea-shore, enclosed by walls and surrounded by a garden, which was also protected by a wall,

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formed a position of considerable strength. Twenty men, however, alone were found willing to volunteer from Napoli, to reinforce Ypsilanti, among whom were three Swiss and two North Americans. The main body of the Turkish army had passed the Mills without perceiving the importance of the position. The Greeks stationed there having discharged their muskets at the Turkish column, two thousand men were detached to occupy the place. They were, however, vigorously repulsed, and fell back. A party of Turks, on the extreme right of the position, succeeded in breaking over the garden wall. The Greeks behind the inner enclosure finding their fire too weak to check this impetuous assault, eleven of them threw away their muskets, and leaping the wall sword in hand, drove the Turks from the enclosure. Disconcerted at their reception, the main party made no further attempt to gain the position. Our countryman, Mr J. P. Miller of Vermont (to whom Dr Howe pays a handsome and deserved compliment) was one of those who volunteered from Napoli to reinforce the body at the Mills, and was of the party of eleven engaged in driving a much superior force of Turks from the garden.

The army of Ibrahim entered Argos, a large town about eight miles from Napoli, but found it wholly deserted by the inhabitants. His advance was pushed up within cannon-shot of Napoli. This city was now crowded, not merely with fugitives from various parts of Greece, but with the whole population of Tripolizza and Argos, as well as of the intervening villages, which had fled before the approach of the Egyptian army. Such, however, was the strength of its position, so long as the Greeks commanded the gulf of Napoli, that Ibrahim, fearing, no doubt, the fate of the army of Drami Ali, fell back the next day to Tripolizza. The flames of Argos announced that he had passed through that city on his retreat.

While these events were taking place in the Morea, the command of the Turkish armies in Northern Greece had been assumed by Kiutachi Pashaw, a leader of more force, sagacity, and skill, than any other who has appeared in the Turkish service during the revolution. He succeeded in collecting a formidable army, and having forced his way to the walls of Missolonghi, closely invested that important fortress. At the commencement of the war, Missolonghi was but a fishing town of three thousand inhabitants. It was soon perceived to be the place of the greatest importance in Western Greece, as afford-

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ing a refuge to those who might at the North be driven from their homes by the events of the war, and as forming the point of communication between the entire northwestern division of Greece and the Morea. Its fortifications were a wall of unbaked bricks ten feet high, and a ditch four deep; and its only armament, four pieces of cannon badly mounted. With these miserable defences, it had, both in 1822 and 1823, sustained a siege; and during the residence there of Lord Byron in 1824, its fortifications were put on a much more respectable footing. At the period now under consideration, it contained a population of twelve thousand souls, and had four thousand men capable of bearing arms. It was the metropolis of Western Greece; schools were established there, and a Greek newspaper was published.

The Turkish besieging army of fourteen thousand men, under Kiutachi Pashaw, invested the place, according to the rules of European warfare, and under the direction of European officers. The events of this siege form the most interesting portion of the narrative of the Greek revolution, but we are admonished by our limits, of our inability to enlarge upon the subject. The advances of the Turks were as gallantly resisted, as they were perseveringly made. Repeatedly was the place relieved by the heroic Miaulis, bravely venturing with his frail vessels, in face of the Turkish and Egyptian squadrons, to throw supplies into the town. Repeatedly were terms of capitulation rejected. The season wore away, and Kiutachi found it impossible to reduce the place; and it became necessary to receive a strong reinforcement from the Egyptian army, commanded by Ibrahim in person. Notwithstanding this alarming array against them, of two powerful armies, under the two most renowned commanders in the service of the enemy, beneath their feeble walls, the heroic garrison of Missolonghi held out with unwavering resolution.

Early in the season, this year, the relief afforded by the loan to the finances of the government, enabled them to fit out a respectable squadron of fifty brigs and ten fire-ships. One half of this force was placed under the command of the chief admiral Miaulis, of whose success at the commencement of the cruise, in the destruction of a detachment of the Turkish navy, we have already made mention. His ulterior object was, to watch the motions of the Egyptian fleet at Candia (the main *dépôt* of Ibrahim), and to obstruct the communications between

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that place and the Morea. The other portion of the fleet, under the vice-admiral Sakturis, was employed in observing the squadron from Constantinople, under the Capudan Pashaw. Scarcely had this squadron issued from the Dardanelles, when it was overtaken and pursued by Sakturis to the southern point of Negropont. Here an indecisive engagement ensued, which ended in the destruction, by fire-ships, of a large Turkish frigate and a corvette. Terrified by this, the whole Turkish fleet fled before the wind, and a sloop of war and five Austrian transports, laden with ammunition, shells, and cannon, for the army besieging Missolonghi, were driven on shore at Syra, and immediately taken possession of by the Greeks of that island.

The two divisions of the Greek fleet then united, and sailed with the intention of acting against that of the Egyptians in the harbor of Suda in Candia. Intelligence, however, had reached the Egyptians of the design of the Greek admirals; and the latter found the hostile fleet moored in the inner harbor of Suda, in four divisions, and in such a manner as to make it impossible to arrange any plan of attack by which more than one division at a time could be endangered. A skirmish ensued, in which one Turkish vessel was destroyed by a fire-ship. The next day Miaulis was joined by Kanaris. Nothing further of moment appears to have been effected in this quarter, and the Grecian squadrons, retiring from Candia, were subsequently employed in attempting to throw supplies into Missolonghi, which was done with great effect, in the month of July. A plan was formed in the month of August, for destroying the Egyptian squadron in the harbor of Alexandria, about to sail with reinforcements to Greece. Two brigs and two fire-ships sailed on this adventurous service, and reached the harbor of Alexandria. Owing, it is said, to some want of concert between the commanders of the fire-ships, their movements became suspicious; they were fired upon, not merely by the Turks, but by a French man-of-war, and although they succeeded in setting fire to one Turkish frigate, they were obliged to retire, without having accomplished the object of their expedition.

After his retreat from Napoli, nothing of moment was effected by Ibrahim in the Morea. Wherever he chose to march in force he was able to penetrate. But his movements were watched by strong partisan bodies, under Ypsilanti, Colocotroni, and other Grecian chiefs; and some of the skirmishes which

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arose between the parties, terminated to the decided advantage of the Greeks. Enraged at being thus assailed, at the gradual loss of his men, not merely in these harassing encounters, but by sickness and casualty, and at the continuance of the burdens of the war without any decisive result, Ibrahim wholly changed the policy which he had at first adopted,—that of protecting persons and sparing the country as far as the nature of military operations allowed; and began a war of extermination against everything animate and inanimate. Quarter was refused, women and children were subjected to the worst of brutality, villages burned, and the vineyards and olive-gardens wantonly destroyed.

In the month of September, a very large reinforcement from Alexandria was landed at Navarino. Ibrahim embarked his army of the Morea, now reduced to about ten thousand men, on board the transports, and sent them to reinforce Kiutachi, before Missolonghi. With a detachment of two thousand cavalry he marched on the same destination himself, along the level, open country, on the western side of the Morea. The troops were successfully landed, notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of Miaulis to intercept them. Ibrahim, on his land march, destroyed every village on his way, and although at Gastouni and Purgos he met with resistance, and some loss, he effected his passage to Lepanto in safety, and joined the besieging army, as we have already seen. No great cordiality appears to have existed between the two Ottoman commanders, each possessing a standing and reputation too distinguished to admit of a cheerful concert, without a common head, to which both should be subordinate. The situation of Missolonghi was, however, exceedingly critical, and gave room for the worst apprehensions.

In Eastern Greece, affairs had been more prosperous during the year 1825. We have not felt able to sketch the romantic adventures of Ulysses, and of the foreigners attached to him, who, from his cave in Parnassus bid defiance for a long time to his government, of which he had thrown off the allegiance. He was at last seized by his former lieutenant, Gourah, a brave and able soldier, and imprisoned in the Acropolis of Athens, where Gourah held his head-quarters. In attempting his escape, Ulysses was precipitated from a great height, and was killed.

The government of Greece, during the present year, was

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seriously embarrassed by the discussions and intrigues of the foreigners, who had flocked, too often with selfish views, to this interesting country. Napoli was the great theatre of these adventurers; and as this was the seat of the government, and the principal point of communication with western Europe, a magnitude was ascribed to operations, at a distance, which on the spot were of inconsiderable importance. Such were the alleged projects of submission to the English government, on the one hand, and inviting the Duke of Orleans, on the other, to assume the sovereignty in the Greece; projects to which some notoriety was given in this country, by a ridiculous protest signed by General Roche, a Frenchman, and an unfortunate American adventurer, named Washington. It is not unlikely, indeed, that in the gloomy and desperate aspect of their affairs, the Greeks may have contemplated the acceptance, on any terms, of the protection of foreign civilized governments; but it is not known that proposals for such protection were ever officially made, by any competent authority.

The public mind in Greece was intensely agitated during this season, by the anxious expectation of the arrival of Lord Cochrane with a powerful flotilla of steam-boats from England, and of the reinforcement of their gallant little navy by two powerful frigates, constructed in America. These steam-boats and frigates had been provided for, out of the loans which had been negotiated in England, at a ruinous discount. But the season passed over, without the appearance of the frigates, the steam-boats, or Lord Cochrane. The painful affair of the frigates is too well known to our readers to be recapitulated here. Of Lord Cochrane's final intervention, we shall hereafter have occasion to speak.

The prospects of the Greeks, at the commencement of the *sixth* year of the revolution, were far less flattering than they appeared at the beginning of the fifth. The extremity of their position called for extreme efforts, and these were not withheld. The loan had been all expended; but voluntary contributions were made, to a sufficient extent to enable a squadron of twenty-four brigs to be fitted out, under Miaulis. He immediately sailed for the relief of Missolonghi, and notwithstanding the attempts to intercept him, on the part of the Turks, he effectually relieved the place. While employed in doing it, a corvette of twenty-four guns, and one of the best in the Turkish fleet, was burnt by one of the fire-ships of Miaulis. Exas-

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perated at this relief of Missolonghi, the Turks assaulted it, with all their force, on the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth of February, but without success. Their commander then turned his attention to the environs and approaches. Vasiladi and Noultama, small islets or rocks at the entrance of the harbor, were successively carried. Anatolico, a more important island, next fell. By these means the command of the western portion of the basin was secured to the Turks, and the Greeks were cut off from the resource of fishing, on which they had hitherto placed great dependance. Another attempt, thrice renewed, was made by Miaulis, to throw supplies into the place, but it was ineffectual; and the garrison came to the desperate resolution of cutting their way through the besieging army. The means were found of conveying a letter to the Grecian chiefs, without the Turkish lines, imploring them, by some feint at least, to effect a diversion in aid of the sortie, and nothing remained but to prepare for this last desperate attempt.

The number of soldiers was reduced to three thousand. There were a thousand men without arms, and five thousand women, children, and aged persons. The wounded, the sick, the old, and the feeble, with the women who would not attempt to escape by flight, repaired to a mill, where a quantity of powder was deposited. They were to make resistance enough to draw the enemy about them, and it was then to be blown up. In addition to this, an old, wounded soldier agreed to take his place in a mine, under the bastion Botzaris, which was filled with thirty barrels of powder, to be exploded when the Turks had entered the town. But we must continue this scene in the words of Dr Howe.

'The men then went round, destroying everything that was valuable; the women sat with their heads bowed upon their knees; they spoke not to one another,—they looked not to one another,—all feeling seemed lost, the stillness of desperation alone was there,—and they waited with dread, yet impatience, for the signal of sortie, which was to determine their fate.

'On the twenty-second, at sunset, a volley was heard from the mountains. The chiefs knew that their countrymen were at hand to help them; and they sent round to warn all who were determined to sally, to meet at the Orange battery, and start at eight o'clock. Then the long suppressed feelings of human nature burst forth, then the wailings of those who were to be left,—the

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agonizing sobs of wives, mothers, and sisters, who were to part from husbands, children, and brothers, half changed the stern resolution; and many determined, that come what would come, they would stay and share the fate of their sick or feeble relatives; and others resolved to try to drag them with them, and lessen their own chance of escape, by sharing it with another. Many of the women assembled at the appointed place, clad in male attire, and armed, determined at least to die, if they could not escape. The last sacrament was administered, by the bishop and the priests, to the whole population, and each one prepared himself for death.

'By eight o'clock they had almost all assembled, and four light bridges, which had been prepared for the occasion, were thrown over the ditch. It had been agreed that they should go in two bodies; one composed of about three thousand five hundred persons, principally Greeks from other parts, with but few women; the other body, composed of about as many more, but principally Missolonghiotes, with their families, were to follow the first body. The enemy had become by some means advised of the sortie, and made preparations to destroy the garrison before they should reach the mountain. The Arab corps was posted on the left in intrenchments; the army of Kiutachi on the right; the cavalry was posted in the centre of the plain, ready to act wherever it might be necessary; and a body of Arabs was stationed at the foot of the mountain.

'Almost all the Greeks had now sallied out, and were waiting in darkness and silence, to hear the musketry of their countrymen, whom they expected to attack the enemy in the rear. An hour was passed in the most impatient expectation; not a sound was heard but the voices of the enemy's sentinels, and the low wailing of women and children behind. All were uneasy and restless, when a voice was heard among them, crying "*Forward—fall upon the Turks.*" It was repeated by every voice; and the whole of the front body, rising from the ground, where they had been crouched in order to be more screened, rushed eagerly forward, and forced their way past the first of the enemy's intrenchments with small loss; pushed across the plain, and rapidly approached the mountain. A body of cavalry here met them; but they dashed on with desperate speed, the pistol in one hand, and the yataghan in the other, and the cavalry gave way before them. Uniting, however, again, the Turks hung upon their rear, and killed a great many of those who lagged. The sick and feeble, and many women, sunk down and were left; and some husbands stabbed their wives and children, who could no longer drag after them, and who were thus saved from torture. Arrived at the foot of the mountains, they were met by the corps of Arabs who were stationed there, and who tried to oppose them. But it were as

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easy to stop the mad bull, and they broke through every obstacle, heedless of the danger, and gained the mountains with the loss of only four hundred of their band.

'The fate of the other body was far different. This had a great proportion of women and children in it; they were not prepared to start, when the signal "Forward" was given by the first body; many of the men were still within the place, collecting their families; they started, however, almost immediately after. But the Turks were now aroused; the cannon began to roar, and the musketry to rattle, all along their line; and loud yells of the Albanian army on the right, were heard, as they rushed to assault the town on that side. At this moment of confusion, a cry was raised among the Greeks, "*Backward, backward; to the ramparts, to the ramparts*"; and the whole crowd, without knowing why, eagerly turned, and ran towards the town. At the same moment that they entered, the Turks entered upon the other side, and they were all instantly mingled. The Greeks fought with the fury of desperate men; and the women ran shrieking towards the sea, where many plunged in, with their children. The old soldier seated in the mine now touched the train; and the tremendous explosion, which threw down the whole bastion, and destroyed many of the Turks, added to the horror of the scene. For a few moments all was still; the Greeks began each to seek some place where he could longest defend himself, or where his friends were shut up; and the Turks were uniting to make a general attack. The mill, where so many women, and all the sick and wounded, were shut up, was, from the size of the building, supposed to contain something valuable; and the Turks, eager for plunder, collected around it, and attempted to burst in; when fire was put to the powder, and besiegers and defenders were blown together into the air.

At daylight the whole Turkish army came trooping in from every part, eager to take possession of a place which had cost them so much blood and toil. And what did they find? A wide extent of smouldering ruins. The walls were thrown down, or crumbling; the streets were choked up with the rubbish of fallen houses, and strewed with dead bodies; a few buildings only were left standing, and over three of those the flag of the cross was still flying, to tell that yet a desperate few were alive, to fight under it. These were immediately attacked, and, after an obstinate resistance, destroyed, with all their defenders. One of them, however, held out three days, and was then blown up;—and thus ended Missolonghi.' pp. 307—310.

About three thousand were slain in the place; as many more, principally women and children, were sold into slavery.

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Of the first corps, about twenty-five hundred, in a state of the extremest exhaustion and misery, succeeded in reaching Corinth by land. We cannot but refer the reader to Dr Howe's work,* for a very touching account of the self-devotion of a Swiss surgeon, of the name of Meyer, who had attached himself to the Greek cause, and in the calm contemplation of certain death, refused to make the attempt to escape.

The fall of Missolonghi produced a general shock throughout Greece. The national assembly then in sesssion at Epidaurus was dissolved, and its powers conferred on a commission of thirteen, which was authorized to convoke the national assembly at the end of six months. Another commission of eleven persons, was charged with the executive administration of the government. Andreas Zaimis was at the head of the latter commission.

Ibrahim returned to the Morea, after the fall of Missolonghi, with a force reduced indeed, but still an overmatch for any resistance which the Greeks could make. His operations, however, were confined to the wasting of what remained undestroyed on the line of his march, and no attempt was made by him to reduce the all-important fortress of Napoli. In a repeated and persevering effort to enter and subdue the province of Maina, he was altogether baffled.

A pretty strong force of regular Greek troops had been organized under Colonel Favier, a French officer of some celebrity. This force, in its full complement, amounted to three thousand men. It was the wish of one portion of the Grecian authorities, that it should be sent to relieve Missolonghi. Colonel Favier, however, determined on a separate expedition, and moved against Eubœa. Notwithstanding the energy and skilful military conduct of their commander, and the bravery of the troops, this expedition wholly failed; and it was owing only to the timely appearance on the coast of Eubœa of a division of the Greek squadron, that the whole party was not cut off.

After the disastrous close of the siege of Missolonghi, and the departure of Ibrahim for the Morea, Kiutachi Pashaw, the other Turkish commander, moved with his army toward Athens, by the way of Salona. He was harassed on his march by Karraiskaki, a Grecian chieftain, who had lately discovered extra-

* Page 310.

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ordinary activity in the service. But he reached the plain of Athens, without serious opposition, and about the middle of July, formed the siege of the Acropolis, which was still held by Gourah. The lower town soon fell into the hands of the Turks. The garrison of the Acropolis, a lofty and almost perpendicular rock, consisted of about eight hundred men. An army composed of the regulars under Colonel Favier, and about three thousand men under Karraiskaki, was promptly assembled in the plain of Athens. They were vigorously attacked by the Pashaw, who was obliged, after a sharp contest of five hours, to retire. He was reinforced the next day by Omer Pashaw from Eubœa, with eighteen hundred cavalry, and renewing the attack, drove the Greeks from all their positions with considerable loss. In this affair, as in his descent on Eubœa, Colonel Favier suffered severely by the failure of the field-pieces, just from London, of which the axle-trees were made of cast iron! He succeeded, however, in effecting an orderly retreat.

The Turkish navy, under Topal Pashaw, consisting of two seventy-fours, twenty-seven frigates and corvettes, and seven brigs, left the Dardanelles in the month of August, and on the twenty-eighth, was fallen in with, by the Greek squadron under Sakturis. Kanaris with his fire-ships formed a part of the Greek force. An engagement ensued between the two squadrons, in the midst of which Kanaris bore down upon the Turkish admiral. His vessel attracted universal observation; the fire of the Turkish squadron was poured upon her; and having received a couple of shot between wind and water, and finding his vessel sinking, he was obliged to desert her and take to his boat. He was pursued by the barges of the Turkish fleet, but cut his way through them, and made his escape, but not without seven wounds. The Turkish admiral contented himself with this specimen of the service, and returned with his fleet to Constantinople.

It ought not perhaps to be omitted here, that a pathetic appeal was, in the month of July of this year, made to the citizens of the United States, friendly to the cause of Greece, by direction of Colocotroni, the commander in chief of the Greek armies. A letter subscribed by him, and written by his direction at the suggestion of Mr Jarvis, setting forth in plain language, the miseries of his unfortunate countrymen, produced a strong effect on the benevolent feelings of the American peo-

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ple. Although not received till several months after it was written, its effect was great; and it may, in a considerable degree, be ascribed to its circulation, that the benevolent zeal of the friends of Greece, in the country, was made manifest in the liberal succors despatched for the relief of their starving fellow Christians.*

The war in Eastern Greece and the siege of Athens were the principal objects of attention, during the rest of the season. A vigorous division under Colletti and afterwards under Karraiskaki was made, to draw off the forces of Kiutachi, from the siege, and not without effect. Adequate relief was twice afforded to the besieged Acropolis, the second time by the skill and boldness of Colonel Favier; and the arrival of one of the long expected steam-boats from England, under Captain Hastings, was hailed with ecstacy by the Greeks. But still greater enthusiasm was excited, at the close of the year, by the appearance in the Grecian waters of the frigate Hope, from America. Dr Howe has, in one of the chapters of his work, given a detailed account of the affair of her construction, and of the controversy connected with it in New York. It is two years since we took occasion to discharge our duty on this subject. Seeing nothing to correct of what we then stated, and indisposed to prolong the unavailing regrets excited by this topic, we shall dismiss it without further comment.

The situation of Greece in January, 1827, being the commencement of the *seventh* year of her struggle was distressful in the extreme. It was precisely at this period, that the appeals, which had been made to the sympathy of fellow Christians in Europe and America, began to take effect; and it is a pleasing subject of reflection, that the cargoes of provisions sent out from America, actually saved hundreds, not to say thousands of fellow beings, from starvation. The picture drawn by Dr Howe of the distress of the Greeks, from want of the necessaries of life, of food, clothing, and shelter, is of the most affecting character, and will satisfy all, who permitted their sympathy to be awakened, that it was not appealed to without cause.

Early in the year, the whole strength of the Greeks was exerted, to raise the siege of the Acropolis of Athens. A con-

* It is but justice to say, that the lead was taken by Matthew Carey Esq., of Philadelphia, in this benevolent work.

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siderable force was organized under Colonel Gordon, a gallant Scotsman, who had devoted his services and fortune to the cause, and who was to act in concert with Karraiskaki and the other Greek chiefs. Their movements were made with skill and bravery, and present more of the regularity of scientific warfare, than almost anything we have noticed in the progress of the revolution. But the vast preponderance of means and power, on the part of the Turks, was eventually decisive, although the Greeks came off victorious from several partial engagements. So severely did Kiutachi, the Turkish commander, suffer, that he was obliged to send pressing orders to Thessaly for reinforcements. Ibrahim meantime, with his Egyptians, was tranquil in the Morea. The cessation of active hostilities, here led to the usual result of civil controversy; and violent disputes arose between the opposite political factions, where the next meeting of the national assembly should be held. While this controversy was at its height, Lord Cochrane, so long and anxiously expected, appeared in Greece, with a single armed vessel. His lordship's arrival was hailed with extravagant joy, and as he immediately announced, that unless the factions were reconciled, in a given number of days, he would renounce the service, an understanding was immediately brought about. The national assembly was convened at a place acceptable to both parties. By this assembly Lord Cochrane was created High Admiral of Greece, with plenary powers. But a step of still greater importance was the election of Count John Capo d'Istrias, as governor of Greece. The executive power was entrusted to him; he was to govern Greece, according to established laws, and for the term of seven years. In the event of his refusal to accept this proffer, the national assembly was to choose another governor. Sir Richard Church was, at the same time, appointed generalissimo of the land forces.

With this new organization of the civil government, highly auspicious in some respects, and believed to be so in all, the attention of the whole Greek nation was again turned to the relief of Athens. Volunteers flocked from all quarters to the camp. Lord Cochrane appeared in the Piræus, in the American frigate, and General Church was in command of the land forces. A partial engagement took place on the twenty-eighth of April, which terminated in favor of the Greeks.

This advantage, however, was overbalanced by the loss of

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Karraiskaki, who was killed by a chance shot, in hastening to prevent his out-posts from an action on the fourth of May. In him, was lost to Greece one of her bravest and most skilful leaders. The two following days a vigorous, but unsuccessful attempt was made by the Greeks, to relieve the Acropolis. A general action ensued, in which both parties suffered severely, but which terminated in the defeat of the Greeks, who were obliged to abandon the attempt to raise the siege. At last, on the fifth of June, in obedience to an order from General Church, and in conformity with the opinion of Colonel Favier, who, it will be recollected, formed with his regulars a part of the garrison, that place capitulated to the Turks under the mediation of the French. As an unfailing spring of water (which we know from history has been flowing twenty-five centuries) had been discovered in the Acropolis during the siege, and as there was a provision of barley for eight months, the interference of General Church to command the surrender, and the willingness of Colonel Favier to capitulate, were matter of astonishment in Greece, and must be regarded as singularly unfortunate. A perseverance in standing the siege a few weeks longer, would have left the Greeks in possession of this sacred spot, at the period when a new and all-important aspect was assumed by the revolution, in consequence of the intervention of the European allies. It is unnecessary to pursue the remaining incidents of the war. No enterprise of importance, on either side, was undertaken by land. Lord Cochrane at sea effected little or nothing, and the attention of the government commission, which was acting in the interval to elapse before the arrival of Capo d'Istrias, was distracted by the contests of rival factions for the occupation of Napoli di Romania.

We have already alluded to the successful appeals made to the sympathy of the American people, in the beginning of the year. In the course of the summer, the supplies arrived in Greece, and the following extract from Dr Howe, will enable our readers to judge of the importance of the relief afforded.

'Seven cargoes were despatched under the charge of faithful agents, who were directed to apply them solely to the relief of the wants of the old men, women, and children; "to the suffering non-combatants of Greece."

'It is not our duty to enter into a detail of the proceedings, by which the agents of the committees succeeded in alleviating the miseries of thousands and tens of thousands of half-starving

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Greeks; we have often alluded to the wretchedness which was prevalent in the country, and it will require but a moderate exertion of fancy, to conceive the joy communicated to the refugees, who were living in caverns, and swamps, or wretched wigwams, upon the sight of the food, sent to them without money and without price. Besides, those agents are about giving to the public a detailed account of their proceedings; and we shall here merely remark, that charities never were raised from motives more honorable to the human heart, their application never was more faithful and effectual, and their reception never caused more joy and gratitude, than did those sent to the starving population of Greece.

'The news of the arrival of those vessels, spread with astonishing rapidity through the country; it was heard in the hiding-places of the mountains, and their inhabitants came running to the sea-shore, with the eagerness which hunger alone could have given. They came from many leagues in the interior, they crowded round the vessels of our country; and those crowds presented pictures of human woe and wretchedness, which can never be exceeded.

'They were not mere Lazzaroni; there stood a crowd of old men, women, and children, with dirty, ragged garments, bare and lacerated feet, their skins sunburnt, their countenances pale and emaciated, their eyes sunken and hollow; but they were no beggars—they had seen better days, and they stood in speechless misery. There was many an old man whose goodly sons had been cut down, and who was now demanding the charity he once dispensed; and he received his portion in silence,—he was choking with emotion, and the tears that rolled down his cheeks, were the only sign of his thanks; the women sobbed out their gratitude, and the little children clapped their hands, and danced in the fulness of their joy.

'The wants of thousands were supplied, though the supply was only momentary; thousands put up their prayers to God for their benefactors, and their children learned first to lisp the name of America, with a blessing. The news of the distributions extending all over the country, produced a still greater effect, by the encouragement it gave to the people, who saw that they were considered worthy of having an helping hand stretched out to them from across the globe.

Permanent charity too, was administered from an Hospital, established solely by the generosity of the American public.'* pp. 447, 448.

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* The following letter, written at this time by General Colocotroni,

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We have now reached a new and momentous era, in the Greek revolution. The situation of affairs was all but desperate. Without the Morea, resistance had ceased with the capitulation of Athens. The towns and villages from Prevesa

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from the Morea, acknowledging the arrival of the provision ships, may not be without interest to the friends of Greece.

Πρὸς τὸν γενναῖον Φιλέλληνα Κύριον Ἐδουάρδον Ἐβερέττον, καὶ ἅπαντας τοὺς Φιλέλληνας τῶν Ὁμοσπόνδων Πολιτειῶν τῆς Ἀμερικῆς.

Ἀπὸ τὸ γεν. Πελ. στρατόπεδον κατὰ τὰς Πάτρας, τῇ ε'. Ἰουλίου, ᾳωκζ'.

Κύριε!

Ἔχω τὴν τιμὴν νὰ ἀποκριθῶ εἰς τὰς ἀπὸ γ'. καὶ λ'. τοῦ παρελθόντος Μαρτίου, ἔτος νέον, φιλικάς σου, τὰς ὁποίας ἔλαβον μ' εὐχαρίστησίν μου, κατὰ τὰς ἰ Μαΐου, ἔτος παλαιόν.

Εἶδον εἰς τὴν τρώτην σας, Κύριε, ὅτι οἱ φιλάνθρωποι λαοὶ τῆς Ἀμερικῆς, λαβόντες συμπάθειαν εἰς τὰ δεινὰ τῶν ὑπὲρ ἐλευθερίας ἀγωνιζομένων ἀδελφῶν των Χριστιανῶν Ἑλλήνων, ἔστειλαν μὲ τὸ κομίσαν αὐτὰς τὰς ἐπιστολάς σας πλοῖον, τροφὰς καὶ ἐνδύματα· καὶ ὅτι κατόπιν τούτων ἤθελον ἐκπλεύσει καὶ ἄλλα διὰ νὰ βοηθήσωσι τὰς χρείας μας· καὶ σπεύδω νὰ σᾶς ἀναγγείλω εὐχαρίστως, ὅτι τὸ πλοῖον αὐτὸ ἔφθασεν ἐγκαίρως, ἀλλὰ τὰ ἐν αὐτῷ διενείμαντο ὁ συμπολίτης σας Δόπτωρ Χάου κατὰ προσταγὴν τῶν Φιλελλήνων τῆς Νέας Ὑόρκης. εἰς τοὺς πτωχοὺς γέροντας, χήρας καὶ ὀρφανά. Καὶ ὠφέλησαν μὲν ὠφέλειαν οὐ τὴν τυχοῦσαν, διότι ἐπρόφθασαν εἰς περίστασιν, καθ' ἣν οἱ πτωχοὶ Ἕλληνες δι' ἔλλειψιν ἄρτου τοῦ ὁποίου ὑστερεῖ αὐτοὺς ἡ καθημερινὴ λεηλασία τοῦ ἐχθροῦ των, μὴ ἐπιτρέποντος εἰς αὐτοὺς, οὔτε γεωργίαν, οὔτ' ἐμπόριον, ζῶντες μὲ χόρτα καὶ μὲ τοὺς καρποὺς τῶν δένδρων, προϋμήθευον εἰς τὴν πεῖνάν των. Ἀλλ' ἤθελεν ὠφελήσωσι περισσότερον, ἂν διενείμοντο εἰς τοὺς στρατιώτας, οἵτινες πολεμοῦσι τὸν ἐχθρὸν, καὶ ὑπερασπίζονται τοὺς ἀδυνάτους, καὶ οἵτινες στερούμενοι αὐτῶν, ὡς ἀφοσιωμένοι εἰς μόνον τὸν πόλεμον, δὲν ἠδυνήθησαν διὰ πολὺ διάστημα νὰ συνταχθῶσι κατὰ τοῦ ἐχθροῦ των. Διότι ὅλοι οἱ Ἕλληνες σήμερον εἶναι πτωχοί, καὶ διὰ τοῦτο ὅσα βοηθήματα ἤθελε σταλῶσιν ἀκολούθως εἰς τὴν Ἑλλάδα, ἤθελεν εἶσθαι καλήτερον νὰ λάβωσι πρόνοιαν οἱ φιλάνθρωποι Ἀμερικανοὶ, νὰ διατάξωσι ῥητῶς τὰς εἰς παραλαβὴν αὐτῶν ἐπιτροπὰς, νὰ τὰ διανέμωσιν εἰς τὰ στρατόπεδα. Διότι τ' ἀδύνατα πλάσματα, ὡς γέροντες, χῆραι, καὶ ὀρφανὰ, οἰκονομοῦνται μὲν ἐφημέρως ἀπὸ αὐτὰς, ἀλλὰ μὴ ὄντος συγκεντρωμένου στρατοπέδου, ἔπεται, ἢ νὰ τοὺς ἀνατρέφωσιν ἀπὸ τὴν πεῖναν, μὴ προφυλαττομένων ἀπὸ τὸν ἐχθρὸν, τῶν ὀλίγων σπαρτῶν, ἢ νὰ κατασφαγιάσωσιν ἀπὸ τοὺς Τούρκους· ὥστε χρησιμεύουσαι διὰ τὰ στρατόπεδα αἱ συνεισφοραὶ, φέρουσι πολλαπλασίαν τὴν ὠφέλειαν.

Εἰς δὲ τὴν δευτέραν σας εἶδον νὰ μοὶ συνιστᾶτε τὸν συμπολίτην σας Κύριον Μεριδίτην, τὸν ὁποῖον ἐνασχολούμενος εἰς τὰ πολεμικά μου χρέη, δὲν ἐμπορῶ ἐπὶ τοῦ παρόντος νὰνταμώσω· ἀλλ' εἶμαι ἕτοιμος ἀνταμόνων νὰ προσφέρω πρὸς τὴν εὐγενίαν του τὰ φιλικά μου αἰσθήματα.

Ἤδη ἡ Ἑλλὰς, Κύριε, λογίζεται εὐδαίμων ἐρειδομένη εἰς τὴν φιλανθρωπίαν τῶν ὁμοπίστων της Χριστιανῶν, οἵτινες συλλυποῦνται αὐτὴν, καὶ ὑποστηρίζουσι διὰ τῶν συνδρομῶν των τὸν δίκαιον πόλεμόν της· καὶ εἰς τὰς ἀρετὰς καὶ τὰ φῶτα τῶν ἀνδρῶν τοὺς ὁποίους ἐξελίξατο ἐπὶ τὴν κυβέρνησίν της, ἐπὶ τὴν στολαρχίαν της, καὶ ἐπὶ τὴν ἀρχιστρατηγίαν της· δηλαδὴ τοῦ ἐναρέτου Κυρίου Ἰωάννου Καποδίστρια, τοῦ περιφήμου Λόρδου Κοχρᾶν, καὶ τοῦ ἀξιοτίμου Ῥικάρδου Τζῶρτζ· καὶ πέποιθεν ὅτι θέλει ἐκπηγάσουν εὐεργετικὰ καὶ σωτήρια ἀποτελέσματα δι' αὐτὴν, καὶ ὅτι θέλει φθάσει τέλος πάντων εἰς τὸν πρὸς ὃν ἔθεσεν ὅρον τὴν ἀνεξαρτησίαν της.

Ἡ ἱερὰ ἀκρόπολις τῶν Ἀθηνῶν, μετὰ δέκα μηνῶν γεννικὴν ἀντίστασιν εἰς τὸν πολιορκη-

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to Corinth, had made their formal submission, to the vizier of Roumelia, and received through the Greek patriarch the pardon of the Porte. What that pardon would have availed them in the sequel, may be learned in the history of the revolt in 1774. In the Morea, the possessions of the Greeks were confined to Napoli di Romania, the fortress of Corinth, Napoli di Malvasia, and the mountain regions, particularly Maina; and Ibrahim waited only the arrival of reinforcements from Egypt, to attempt the further work of destruction. Had it been pos-

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τήν της Κιουταχὴν, μετὰ τόσα ἱερὰ θύματα, τὰ ὁποῖα τὸ ἔθνος προσέφερεν ἐνώπιον αὐτῆς, καὶ μετὰ τόσας συνδρομὰς μὲ τὰς ὁποίας ἡ φιλανθρωπία τῆς Εὐρώπης ὑπεστήριξε τὸν πόλεμον τῶν ὑπὲρ αὐτῆς ἐντὸς καὶ ἐκτὸς ἀγωνιζομένων, ἀπέρασεν αἰσχρῶς διὰ συνθήκης, εἰς χεῖρας τοῦ πολιορκητοῦ της· καὶ οἱ ἐν αὐτῇ ἔνοπλοι καὶ ἄοπλοι Ἕλληνες, ἐπιβεβασθέντες εἰς πολεμικὰ πλοῖα τῆς Γαλλίας καὶ Αὐστρίας διεσώθησαν, διασώσαντες μεθ' ἑαυτῶν καὶ τὴν σταθερὰν ἀπόφασιν τοῦ νὰ πολεμῶσιν ἑνόσῳ ζῶσι τοὺς ἐχθροὺς τῆς πίστεως καὶ πατρίδος των. Ὁ δὲ Ἰμπραΐμης ἂν, ὡς ἐκ ταύτης τῆς εὐκαιρίας, καθ' ἣν τὸ ἔθνος προσήλωσεν ἐπ' αὐτὴν τὴν Μητρόπολιν τῆς Ἑλλάδος, ὅλας τὰς κατὰ ξηρὰν καὶ θάλασσαν δυνάμεις του, καὶ καθ' ἣν ὅλα τὰ μέσα τοῦ πολέμου, διευθύνοντο εἰς μόνον ἐκεῖνο τὸ στρατόπεδον τῆς Ἀττικῆς, καὶ ἄλλο δὲν ητον δυνατὸν ὡς ἐκ τῆς ἐλλείψεως τῶν μέσων νὰ συσταθῇ, ἄν, λέγω, ὡς ἐκ τούτων ὅλων ὠφελήθη νὰ κάμῃ εἰς τὴν Πελοπόννησον, μ' ὄχι μικρὰν βλάβην του, τὰς πλέον φρικτὰς λεηλασίας, δὲν ἠδυνήθη ὅμως νὰ στράξῃ ἀντάξια τῶν ἐλπίδων του· διότι ὁ Πελοποννήσιος, εἴτε ὁ Ἕλλην ἀποφασισμένος νὰ ζήσῃ ἢ νὰ ἀποθάνῃ ἐλεύθερος, εἰς οὐδὲν λογίζεται τοὺς χειμάρρους τῶν αἱμάτων του, τὴν σκιρὰν αἰχμαλωσίαν, καὶ σφαγὴν τῶν γερόντων, τῶν παρθένων, καὶ τῶν ἀνηλίκων τέκνων, καὶ τὴν ἀπαραδειγμάτιστον λεηλασίαν τῶν ὑπαρχόντων τε, καὶ ἄλλα παρόμοια δεινὰ, τὰ ὁποῖα ὁ ἐχθρός τε καθημέραν ἐπιφέρει εἰς αὐτόν· ἐγκαρτερῶν δὲ γενναίως ἀπεκδέχεται τὸν θάνατον παρὰ τὴν ἄτιμον δουλείαν, καὶ ἤδη πάρ' ἄλλοτε κινεῖται ἐνθουσιωδῶς, καὶ μὲ ὁμόνοιαν κατὰ τοῦ Ἰμπραΐμη, καὶ τὰ κινήματά του εἶναι ἀγαθοὶ οἰωνοὶ, ὅτι θέλει παραδώσειν εἰς τὴν τύχην τοῦ Δράμαλη καὶ αὐτὸν τὸν Ἰμπραΐμη, καὶ ὅσαι ἄλλαι Δυνάμεις κινηθοῦσι κατ' αὐτοῦ, ἐπισφραγίζων οὕτω τὴν ἐλευθερίαν του, καὶ τὰ δίκαια τῆς ἀνθρωπότητος.

Φιλάνθρωποι λαοὶ τῆς Ἀμερικῆς! τὸ ἔθνος τῶν Ἑλλήνων δὲν εἶναι ἀγνῶμον εἰς τοὺς εὐεργέτας του· εὐγνωμονεῖ καὶ κηρύττει τὰς εὐποιΐας των μὲ Στεντόριον φωνὴν· καὶ τὰ ὀνόματά των καταγράφει ἤδη μὲ ἀνεξάλειπτα γράμματα εἰς τὰ χρονικὰ τῆς ἀναγεννωμένης Ἑλλάδος, διὰ νὰ τὰ παραδώσῃ εἰς τὴν αἰωνιότητα, καὶ εἰς τὸν σεβασμὸν τῶν ἐπερχομένων γενεῶν· προφέρει δὲ μὲ τὴν ζωηροτέραν εὐχαρίστησιν τὰ ὑπὲρ αὐτοῦ φιλάνθρωπα αἰσθήματά των. Μὴ παύσετε διὰ τοῦτο ἀπὸ τοῦ νὰ ἐξακολουθῆτε τὰς συνδρομάς σας, καὶ ἐστε βέβαιοι, ὅτι ὑποστηρίζοντες δι' αὐτῶν τὸν δίκαιον πόλεμόν μας, θέλετε εἰς τὰ ὀνόματά σας εὕρει τοὺς μόνους συμπαθεῖς εἰς τἀδικα παθήματά μας, εὐεργετοῦντες κατὰ τοῦτο τὴν ἀνθρωπότητα, καὶ ἀναπαύοντες τὴν συνείδησίν σας, ὅτι ἐκπληροῦτε τοῦ Χριστοῦ τὰς παραγγελίας. Ἀλλὰ καὶ σὺ, γενναῖε Φιλέλλην, ὁ τόσην ἐπίῤῥοιαν ἔχων παρὰ τοῖς συμπατριώταις σου, μὴ παύῃς νὰ τοὺς παρακινῇς, διὰ νὰ ἐξακολουθῶσι φιλανθρώπως τὰς συνδρομάς των, ὧν βέβαιος ὅτι ἡ Ἑλλὰς θέλει σοὶ ὁμολογεῖν ἀθανάτους τὰς χάριτας. Μὴ λείπῃς δὲ καὶ ἀπὸ τοῦ νὰ γράφῃς καὶ πρὸς ἐμὲ, τῶν ὅ τι γνωρίζεις ὠφέλιμον διὰ τὴν πατρίδα μου ἀπὸ τὸν ἐξωτερικὸν κόσμον· ἐν ᾧ μὲ τὴν αὐτὴν ἐπιθυμίαν προσφέρων σοι ὁμοῦ μὲ τοὺς τῆς πατρίδος μου καὶ τοὺς ἐκ μέρους μου σεβασμοὺς, διακηρύττομαι

πιστὸς φίλος καὶ δοῦλός σου

Θ. ΚΟΛΟΚΟΤΡΩΝΗΣ,

Γενικὸς Ἀρχηγὸς τῶν Πελοποννησιακῶν στρατευμάτων.

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sible, that the public sentiment of the civilized world should remain inoperative; had it been possible that the system of professed neutrality between the parties, but of real coöperation with the Turks, should have been persevered in, by the allied powers; one of two events would have been speedily witnessed in Greece, either the rapid reduction of the strong holds still in her possession, with the consequent subjugation and extirpation of her inhabitants; or a convulsive effort beyond those which she had hitherto made, which should unite all hearts and hands in throwing off the horrible calamity which weighed upon the country.

That event, however, happened, which we had ventured almost despondingly to predict, just two years ago, a few weeks before receiving intelligence of its occurrence, as one that could not but take place. From the commencement of the revolution, the ministers of the allied powers at Constantinople, had urged on the Porte, without success, the mediation of their governments. These governments were actuated by general reasons of state; by feelings no doubt of humanity, dwelling more upon the evils of the present contest, than on the perpetuated plague of Turkish slavery; by regard to the interests of the commerce of the Levant, which was interrupted by the military operations of the two parties, and the audacity of pirates; and most of all, by the perplexing fear of change. In addition to this, as Russia had her separate quarrel with the Turks (the heir-loom of the Autocratic crown), which could not fail to be hastened to its crisis by the continuance of the war in Greece, the other powers were the more earnest to effect a pacification, which would diminish the chance for a war between Russia and the Porte. This proffered mediation was, however, uniformly rejected by the Sultan, who insisted on his right, on his ability, and on his resolution to terminate the revolt of his own subjects, in his own time and way.

The remark is frequently made, that the Porte, in thus rejecting the proffered mediation, had the best of the argument; that the Sultan had a right to terminate these troubles in his own dominion, in his own way. This, however, we do not admit. It is an admitted principle of the law of nations, that any power or any number of powers, may interfere in the concerns of any other power or powers, when required by the great paramount law of nature, as well as nations, that of self-preservation. The question, when self-preservation does require this

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interference, is indeed a question of *fact*, very delicate, and on which the parties are not like to be agreed. But the *principle* is clear. Now the Turks either do or do not belong to that family of nations, whose assent, implied or express, has been given to the law of nations, as understood in the modern civilized world. If they do, then we say, as a principle, the right of the allies to interfere is clear, supposing a state of facts to exist authorizing the application of the principle. If the Turks do not consider themselves a party, bound by the law of nations, then we do not know, how they can complain of any policy, on the part of the other powers, which those powers think it their duty to pursue. The ulterior question whether the Turks are, or are not, under the law of nations, admits an argument of some nicety. If adhering to practices forbidden by the clearest principles of that law, ought to exclude them, they are excluded. They have continued to imprison ambassadors, on a rupture with the powers they represent, till the present year. If having entered into treaty with civilized states, be sufficient ground to include them under the law of nations, they are of course included. Mr Ward, the respectable historian of the Law of Nations, lays down the proposition, that 'what is commonly called the law of nations, is not the law of *all* nations, but only of such *sets* or *classes* of them, as are united together by similar religions and systems of morality;' * and most of the standard writers on the subject, have dropped hints to the same effect.

But this is not the place for the farther discussion of either of the questions started. The allied powers, finding that the Turks would not directly accept their mediation, began to treat the subject *ex parte*. As Russia was pressing the Turkish government on her own account, and as England has registered it among the maxims of her hereditary policy, to check the Russians on the Turkish quarter, negotiations arose between these two powers of a nature so important, as to carry the Duke of Wellington to St Petersburg. Here an understanding was effected in 1826, that Greece should be pacified on the grounds of continued allegiance to the Porte, the payment of an annual

* Ward's Enquiry into the Foundation and History of the Law of Nations in Europe. Vol. I. p. 77. This author, however, considers the Turks as having acceded to the European law of nations, by the negotiation of treaties.

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tribute, the purchase of the property of the Turks, and the choice of her own rulers, subject to some control on the part of the Porte. But the Porte refused to accede to such an arrangement. Meantime, the evils which the allied powers put forward, as their justification for interference, increased; namely, the complete interruption of the ordinary commerce of the Mediterranean, the growth of piracy, and the necessity imposed on all the commercial states of supporting a squadron in the Archipelago. The public sentiment of Europe also became, from day to day, stronger; and was more and more emphatically expressed. It became intolerable to all honest men, that a slave-trade in well educated, and often accomplished fellow Christians, of both sexes, should be carried on to as great an extent as the African slave-trade, under the pretence, that the European powers, who professed to hold the slave-trade as felony and piracy, were bound not to interfere. The Greeks, in the depths of their despondency, invoked and implored the interference of the leading powers. There were thousands of individuals in Europe and America, who had visited Greece, and were personally acquainted with those who invoked this interference; and who knew, of their own knowledge, that it was not a contest between barbarian and barbarian, but between a barbarous and a civilized race. An intelligent statesman, Count Capo d' Istria,—himself a Greek, for many years a minister of state in the Russian service, in retirement but not out of favor,—travelled from court to court, like another Columbus, persuading them, not to launch forth after undiscovered and perhaps fabulous regions, but to rescue from utter desolation the birth-place of European civilization. The helm of state in England had just been assumed by the only individual perhaps in that country or Europe, who, daring to act on a liberal policy, wielded the power which was necessary to carry his will into effect. Little indeed did we imagine, just two years ago,—when, in our humble sphere, but with devout earnestness, we expressed the wish that this individual might elevate himself above the low policy of the European cabinets, and dare to give repose and liberty to the Greeks, and when our suggestion was derided by the shrewder politicians of the day,—that the work was already done; that a treaty was about to be signed, under the auspices of this illustrious statesman, his dying legacy as it were to the world. And what a lesson does it teach to the candid portion of those who had per-

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mitted themselves to become the strenuous asserters of the manliness, liberality, and integrity of the Turk, of the knavery and degeneracy of the Greek, to find Russia, and France, and England enter into a treaty, to prevent this rightful sovereign from reducing his rebellious subjects! What a lesson does it afford to the allies themselves, to find themselves obliged to do for desolate, wasted, and all but lifeless Greece, what they were implored to do when her wounds were fresh and her first agonies were upon her; to step in to arrest the scimetar, after a hundred thousand have bled; to protect the soil, after the vine is rooted up, and the olive-tree is levelled; to give security to the fireside, whose ashes have been slaked in the blood of its inmates; to proclaim liberty to husbands and fathers, whose wives and daughters have been sold into the infernal slavery of Anatolia and Algiers, and freedom of religion to Christians, whose patriarch has been gibbeted, and their priests roasted alive at slow fires. If the interference is justifiable now, it was justifiable eight years ago. If the Grand Seignior had a right to sack and burn Scio, to hang its hostages on the walls of the citadel, and reduce the remnant of its population to slavery in 1822, he had a right to do the same to Missolonghi in 1826. Did the law of nature, the obligation of Christianity, the innate common sense of mankind, the voice of humanity, all slumber till the trade of the Levant company began to suffer? The reason assigned for the interference is, if possible, worse than its delay; for it is not the only, nor the main reason. The interruption of trade and piracy required no such strange remedy as the mysterious treaty of July 6, 1827. That treaty was entered into, *first*, because Russia would not longer be put off. She was determined to go to war; jointly if the allies would join her, and singly if they would not. *Secondly*, because the allies all saw the portentous absurdity of the course, they had for seven years pursued, that of forcing Turkey to become a military power of the first order. They were quite willing the Sultan should fight the battles of legitimacy with a wooden sword; but it did at length occur to them, that the destruction of the Janissaries, and the organization, under a vigorous system of military discipline, of the whole Turkish empire, excited by a religious war, might render him an inconvenient neighbor. And, *lastly*, it was found, in the words of the treaty itself, that there was such a thing as 'humanity,' as well as the 'interest of the repose of Europe';

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that public opinion was disaffected, and was too strong to be defied; and that the utter destruction of the Grecian people, was becoming, in the near approach of that catastrophe, a responsibility too heavy to be assumed by those, who had but to speak the word to avert it. Why should we hesitate to speak out? It was the will of Providence that this Christian people should not perish. And what do we behold? Events to which modern history has no parallel, concurring to prevent it;—England allied with Russia in a war against the Turk; the members of the Congress of Verona sending their combined fleets to protect those, whose cause they had solemnly denounced seven years before, as revolt and insurrection; the ships of France and England, for the first time, since Heaven knows when, locked yard-arm with yard-arm, in one line of battle. We behold them thus effecting by an 'untoward' and all but disavowed movement, the object of a treaty formed after years of deliberation; doing perhaps the only conceivable act, beyond the reach of their instructions; but doing it advisedly, and for reasons stated; in a belief that they were thereto authorized, and that it was the only measure by which their duty could be discharged; in short, saving Greece by the application of the navies of the most powerful states of Europe, although not one of those states either did make, or pretended to make, the salvation of Greece the moving cause of its proceedure. We know of nothing in the history of states, in which second causes have been more effectually overruled, to the production of great effects in the design of Providence.

The treaty of pacification was signed by the plenipotentiaries of Russia, England, and France, on the sixth of July, 1827. It sets forth, in the beginning of the preamble, that the three powers are 'penetrated with the necessity of putting an end to the sanguinary contest, which, by delivering up the Greek provinces, and the isles of the Archipelago, to all the disorders of anarchy, produces daily fresh impediments to the commerce of the European states, and gives occasion to piracies, which not only expose the subjects of the high contracting parties to considerable losses, but besides, render necessary burdensome measures of protection and repression.'. It then sets forth that the kings of England and France, having received a pressing request from the Greeks to interpose their mediation with the Porte, and being, as well as the Emperor of Russia, animated by the desire of stopping the effusion of blood, and of arresting

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the evils of all kinds, which might arise from the continuance of such a state of things, have resolved to unite their efforts, and to regulate the operations thereof by a formal treaty, with the view of reëstablishing peace between the centending parties, by means of an arrangement, which is called for, as much by humanity, as by the interest of the repose of Europe.

The treaty then provides, (Article first,) that the three contracting powers will offer their mediation to the Porte, by a joint declaration of their ambassadors at Constantinople; and that there shall be made at the same time, to the two contending parties, the demand of an immediate armistice, as a preliminary condition indispensable to opening any negotiation. Article second provides the terms of the arrangement to be made, as to the civil and political condition of Greece, in conformity with the principles of the understanding between Russia and England, of the preceding year, already alluded to. By the third article, it was agreed, that the details of this arrangement, and the limits of the territory to be included under it, should be settled in a separate negotiation, between the high contracting powers, and the two contending parties. The fourth article stipulated for the immediate execution of the preceding. The fifth article disclaims any view to augmentation of territory, or exclusive commercial advantages to be obtained by the allies. Article sixth provides that the arrangements of reconciliation and peace shall be guarantied by such of the signing powers, as may deem it useful or possible to enter into such a guarantee. Article seventh directs that ratifications shall be exchanged in two months, and sooner if possible. To this public treaty was added the following 'additional and secret article.'

'In case the Ottoman Porte does not accept, within the space of one month the mediation, which shall be proposed, the high contracting parties agree upon the following measure;

'1. It shall be declared by their representatives at Constantinople to the Porte, that the inconveniences and evils pointed out in the public treaty, as inseparable from the state of things subsisting in the East, for the last six years, and the termination of which, through the means at the disposal of the Sublime Porte, appears still remote, impose upon the high contracting parties, the necessity of taking immediate measures for an *approximation* with the Greeks.

It is to be understood that this approximation shall be brought about, by establishing commercial relations with the Greeks, by

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sending to them, for that purpose, and receiving from them, consular agents, so long as there shall exist among them authorities capable of maintaining such relations.

'2. If, within the said term of one month, the Porte do not accept the armistice proposed in the first article of the public treaty, or if the Greeks refuse to execute it, the high contracting parties shall declare to that one of the two contending parties that shall wish to continue hostilities, or to both, if such become necessary, that the said high contracting powers intend to exert all the means, which circumstances may suggest to their prudence, to obtain the immediate effect of the armistice, the execution of which they desire, by preventing, in as far as may be in their power, all collision between the contending parties; and in fact, immediately after the aforesaid declaration, the high contracting parties will conjointly employ all their means in the accomplishment of the object thereof, without, however, taking any part in the hostilities of the two contending parties.

'In consequence, the high contracting powers will, immediately after the signature of the present additional and secret article, transmit eventual instructions, conformable to the provisions above set forth, to the admirals commanding their squadrons in the seas of the Levant.

'3. Finally, if contrary to all expectation, these measures do not yet suffice to induce the adoption by the Ottoman Porte of the propositions made by the high contracting powers, or if, on the other hand, the Greeks renounce the conditions stipulated in their favor, in the treaty of this day, the high contracting powers will nevertheless continue to prosecute the work of pacification, on the basis agreed upon between them; and in consequence, they authorize, from this time forward, their representives in London, to discuss and determine the ulterior measures, to which it may become necessary to resort.'

To complete the chapter of wonders connected with this treaty, it was, by some breach of official confidence, which we believe has never been traced to its author, published without authority, and before the exchange of ratifications, *secret article and all*, a short time after its date!

The Greeks joyfully accepted, the Turks perseveringly refused, the proffered mediation. Instructions were accordingly given to the allied squadrons, to compel the cessation of hostilities. On the third of September immense reinforcements of the Egyptian army arrived at Navarino. On the twenty-fifth of the same month, the admirals, Sir Edward Codrington, De Rigny, and Heiden, held a conference with Ibrahim, in

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which he consented to an armistice. The same day a detachment of his squadron sailed from Navarino for Patras, but was forced to return by the allied squadron.*

Enraged at this interference, and in violation of his agreement, Ibrahim now began to lay waste and desolate the Morea. To counteract this faithless and barbarian policy, the allied admirals proceeded to a course of decided action. They held a conference on the eighteenth of October, and published its result, in a protocol, which, for happy ambiguity and mystical comprehensiveness, compares to great advantage with the treaty under which they were acting. It sets forth that three courses presented themselves; First, to blockade the harbor of Navarino during the winter, which would be difficult, expensive, and, in the event of a storm dispersing the fleet, unavailing. Secondly, to unite the allied squadron within the harbor of Navarino, and, by a permanent occupation of it, compel the Ottoman fleet to remain inactive. This course was rejected, because the Porte would meet it by its usual policy of procrastination. The last course, and that which they adopted, was to proceed 'to take a position with the squadrons in Navarino, in order to renew to Ibrahim propositions, which, entering into the spirit of the treaty, were evidently to the advantage of the Porte itself.' This course the worthy admirals concluded to adopt, as likely to effect their object '*without effusion of blood*, and without hostilities, but simply by the imposing presence of the squadron.' It so happened, however, that the very pacific measure of entering the harbor in line of battle, with ten three-deckers, ten frigates, and four brigs, and bearing down on the Turkish force of three line-of-battle ships, five fifty-four gun ships, twenty-five corvettes, twelve brigs, and forty transports, moored in a crescent, with springs on their cables, and with six fire-ships anchored to windward, produced the very unnatural and extraordinary effect of a general battle,—sanguinary and destructive, almost beyond example. It was fought on the twentieth of October, and decided the fate of Greece.

But we must hurry over this, as well as over many other incidents of subsequent occurrence and great interest. The military expedition undertaken to recover Scio failed; Gen-

* For an able chapter on the Events of the Grecian War for 1826–7, see the second volume of the American Annual Register.

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eral Church appears to have effected nothing, and Cochrane vanished from the scene. Count Capo d' Istria arrived in Greece on the nineteenth of January, 1828, with a loan of fourteen millions of francs, advanced by Russia and France. He immediately called about him the able men of all parties. On the seventeenth of August, a French expedition sailed from Toulon, under General Maison, to effect the evacuation of the Morea by the Egyptians, and disembarked at Coron on the twenty-ninth. By the seventh of October the evacuation of the Morea was completed.

Meantime another and most momentous series of events commenced, in the war between Russia and the Porte, which was officially declared on the twenty-sixth of April, 1828. The causes, the fortunes, and probable issue of this war, afford the most important topics, at the present day, in the politics of the world. But it is out of our power at the present moment, to engage in their discussion. We must, in like manner, suppress the reflections, with which we intended to have followed up our sketch of the history of the Greek revolution; and will only observe, in closing our remarks, that, imperfect as our abstract of Dr Howe's work has been, it is sufficient to bear us out in our introductory observation, that the revolution in Greece is a subject of great importance.

Art. VI.—*Letters written in the Interior of Cuba, between the Mountains of Arcana, to the East, and of Cusco, to the West, in the Months of February, March, April, and May*, 1828. By the late Rev. Abiel Abbot, D. D., Pastor of the First Church in Beverly, in Massachusetts. 8vo. Boston. 1829. Bowles & Dearborn. pp. 256.

We hardly know how more annoyances, novelty, and romantic interest can be crowded into three months, than by a voyage to the island of Cuba. One embarking at a northern port in February, leaves a coast covered with snow and bound in frost. The sea, at the commencement of the voyage, is still more inhospitable than the land which he leaves behind. The winds are rough, cold, and, in the strongest sense of the term,

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penetrating; so much so, that it is difficult to envelope one's self in a sufficient quantity of clothing to make an adequate protection against their piercing severity. The day passes in a variety of discomforts; in migrating from the cabin to the deck, and from the deck to the cabin; walking to and fro, with yet an unsteady step; making occasional advances to an acquaintance with the captain and officers of the ship; severing the last connecting link with home, by discharging the pilot; and taking an occasional glimpse at the receding and still receding shore, which grows more dear, as it becomes more distant;—and, as it gradually sinks below the borizon, a thousand remembrances and anticipations rush upon the mind of the voyager, as he looks to the past and the future, from what seems like an isthmus between two separate existences. He does not, however, become fully sensible of the transition, until the night closes in; he then begins to feel that he has exchanged the solid, fixed continent, for a floating, wandering shell. But then all sense of insecurity vanishes, when he comes on deck, the sails and rigging being half shrouded in darkness, and perceives the steadiness with which the course is kept, and hears an occasional voice giving or acknowledging an order, indicating the presence and guardianship of mind, and sees the ship triumphantly leaping from wave to wave, dashing up a bright spray, which appears the more vivid amidst the general darkness.

The first part of the voyage should be stormy, the atmosphere enveloped in a thick mist, with only a glimpse of a sail or two from day to day, until, as the routes of the vessels bound on the same voyage diverge, none is seen for several days. The rain still continues, and the wind occasionally blows a gale. Your clothes, your sheets and bedding, become saturated with a clammy moisture, and the water collects in drops on the side of your birth. Here and there a leak through the deck, or side of the ship, makes a continual dripping, and drenches a part of your garments or bed. In moving, you must hold by the table or sides of the cabin, and accommodate yourself in some degree, to the motion of the ship, or you will, by some sudden lurch, be flung prostrate across the cabin. You have not the accommodations and good order of a Liverpool packet, upon this voyage. The captain will be swearing at and threatening the steward, for allowing the waste of water, providing the wrong article for dinner, &c. The chicken, which is nearly pecked

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to death by its companions, must be killed first. Though you may not suffer that worst of all calamities, sea-sickness, your stomach becomes queasy; and in this state of fastidious irritability, you will be soothed only by the captain's exceeding politeness in offering you great junks of salted beef, cut with his own greasy knife, about which he has just been scolding the cook or cabin-boy. The table-cloth will have become so foul and loathsome, that a knife, fork, spoon, or piece of bread, which has come in contact with it, is no longer endurable. If you endeavor to reconcile yourself to your knife, fork, spoon, and plate, by use of a spare towel or two with which you may have provided yourself, the captain looks upon this with the most absolute contempt, as totally unseamanlike, and a reproach upon the good management and neatness of his cabin; and his looks express plainly enough that you are a nice, mincing puppy. The salt, though white at first, by degrees acquires the complexion of pepper and salt, and finally verges upon that of pepper, and is none the more attractive on account of each one's helping himself from the salt-cellar with his own knife. The wind is fitful and changeable, and you have no sooner got yourself seated for dinner, than the ship gives a lurch, and sends you and your messmates with the chairs, beef, gravy, pease-soup, dishes, and plates, in one common chaos, to the lee side of the cabin. No longer trusting to chairs, the party place themselves near the side of the cabin, and each one scrambles among the fragments for his part of the wreck of the dinner. The coffee served up morning and night, begins to have an indescribably sickening, disgusting taste, as if some old bilge-water had been mixed with it in boiling. In the evening you are troubled with the cold gusts from the cabin-door, which the captain must have kept open, that he may know what is going on upon deck. You try to drive away some of the cold and dampness by a fire, but the wood being infected by the general moisture, will only smoulder in the stove without yielding any heat; or if you succeed, with the help of your assistant, to kindle up a fire that affords a gleam of comfort, it cannot be sustained, for want of a regular supply of fuel; or the fire itself may join the enemy, and add to your other annoyances, by filling the cabin with smoke. The captain grows cross and querulous, and the men sulky, going about their duty, in their wet garments, with a heavy, refractory spirit. The gales increase so that you are obliged to *lie to*. The lurching, tossing,

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and jerking motion of the ship ceases; all the men except the watch are retired to get rest, in preparation for severer service. The ship lies steady and strong to the wind, which whizzes through the shrouds and rigging, as if it would shiver the whole ship, with all its apparel, into shreds and splinters. All else is silent on board of the ship. The mate, whose watch it is, now and then steals down into the cabin, to record upon his slate an entry for the log-book;—'Twelve o'clock. A violent gale at southwest,' &c.; and as you spy him entering, muffled in his watch-coat, and searching about for something, you involuntarily start, as if an assassin were approaching. You try your birth, and are repelled by a comfortless dampness; you get up, and attempt the Vicar of Wakefield, or one of the Waverley Novels, but cannot fix your attention; all the grace and beauty of the style, and all the interest of the story, have vanished. The importunate, angry, terrific whizzing of the gale provokes a continual restlessness and impatience. Something seems to be wrong, and yet nothing is to be done. You go to the gangway, and put your head just above deck, not venturing quite out, lest you should go off in the wind. You see one or two forms skulking behind some shelter, as if lying in wait for some one. But being finally worn down, and utterly exhausted, you throw yourself into you birth and fall asleep.

When you wake in the morning, you find the ship is under way, going, with close-reefed sails at the rate of ten miles an hour. But the agitation of the sea, and violence of the wind, still give the ship a good deal of motion. You have a small glass in your state-room, so placed that you may brace yourself against the birth, with your feet against the bottom of the partition, in which position you may shave yourself with perfect security, however irregular the motion of the ship. Having drawn out some dry and clean linen, and other articles of dress, from your closely packed trunk, where they have been protected from the general saturation, you make your toilet in very neat style, except the outer garments, bootees, and cap, which are always such as not to shun the contamination of contact with a tarred rope or a spray of sea-water. The clear, dry air, with the change of dress, give a pleasurable sensation through your whole frame. On going upon deck, the faces of the captain and the men greet you with good humor; every one is busy, and goes about his duty with alacrity. You are now far away in the Gulf Stream, and perceive, for the

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first time since embarking, that you have changed your latitude. The air has a bland softness, notwithstanding the violence of the wind. The sun is just below the edge of the horizon, and all the eastern atmosphere is a transparent sea of effulgence. In other directions, you just perceive, near the horizon, and at immense distances, small specks of dim, gauzy whiteness, which are recognised for sails, and remind you that you are still in a peopled world. In the immense prospect, in all directions, the white-crested waves are tumbling with restless and ever-varying turmoil; and as they successively rise and subside, the eye seeks to catch the white streaks of foam at a greater and still greater distance, and you expect to extend the varying, indefinite boundaries of vision still farther, and descry the shore of some island or continent; and though you may be persuaded, from your known latitude and longitude, that no such object will appear, yet still you persist in imagining that there is some grand object or other, just beyond the verge of your prospect, which you in vain attempt to discover.

Such are some of the incidents which we are sure may be encountered in this voyage, which will be almost infinitely varied in different passages, each one of which would afford materials to fill a book. Were we to pursue this one as we have begun, it would occupy all the space of the present article, and we should forget the work of Dr Abbot. We will, therefore, not dwell particularly upon the remaining objects and incidents,—the approach to the Hole in the Wall; the throng of sails sure to be met, converging to this point; the exhilaration at the sight of the low land of Abaco; the new and peculiar appearance of the scattered palm-trees seen ranged along the horizon; the small green islands on the left, mostly uninhabited, what few habitations there are, being the rudely built dwellings of fishermen; the passage over the Bahama Bank, with the continual music of the man at the lead, singing out every five minutes, in a peculiarly monotonous and drawling tone, 'Three quarters and twain,' 'A half and twain,' &c. during the whole day and night, to indicate the depth of the soundings; the clearness of the water, through which is distinctly seen the sandy bottom, studded, here and there, with patches of sponge; the numerous vessels passing the same course; the exhilarating proclamation, that the Orange Key [that is, *rock*] is discovered to the right; then, successively, the Dog Key, &c., to the Double-headed-shot Key on the left,—

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being a row of monuments, stretched along sixty or eighty miles, of what was once an island, and is now the Sal Key Bank.

In passing the Bahama Bank you are reminded that some twenty-five leagues to the eastward is St Salvador, the first land discovered by Columbus; and though the chart shows it to be at so great a distance, you have a desire to turn from the course of the voyage, to visit the place where the first European footsteps, in our hemisphere, were imprinted. If you have left all the clouds and gales in the Gulf Stream and latitude of the Bermudas, and pass the subsequent part of the voyage in a bright, clear atmosphere, of a genial warmth, the more sensibly felt and enjoyed from a contrast with the rough winds and biting frosts which you left at home but a few days before, it will be one continued scene of delight and luxury. When you are satiated with sleep, or tired of reading, you may amuse yourself for hours in the day, by climbing up and stationing youself in the rigging, to contemplate, with an idle curiosity, the various objects in the prospect, and most of all, the sublime, terrific, and treacherous sea itself, the inexhaustible subject of musing and contemplation, which never tires except in a dead calm.

Finally, a dim, bluish haze just above the horizon, not distinguishable from a cloud except by its more marked and definite lines, announces Cuba, and kindles, in a new voyager, a train of tumultuous sensations. All eyes are now peering to descry the Pan of Matanzas, which being described to you as a mountain resembling a Quaker's hat crown, you may look for it as well as the rest, and perhaps have the satisfaction of first discovering it.

Dr Abbot arrived at the port of Matanzas; when the voyager, who would receive the most favorable first impression, should arrive,—at sunrise, on a clear, bright morning. On the right, as he enters the bay, he sees a line of low rock, with abrupt hills in the rear, and a few small huts of fishermen or negroes, standing just on the brink of the water, with a small garden enclosed near by. On the left, the bay is bordered partly by an abrupt shore, and in part by low grounds, and receding ravines, with a few white, neat-looking buildings; and at the bottom of this bay, which is not deep, appears the town of Matanzas, with buildings huddled together in apparent confusion, mostly of an indifferent appearance, the only two that present themselves

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with any striking effect, being a white wooden house, with a piazza in front, a little to the right or west of the town, and the custom-house, fronting on the public square, a stone building, with a white front, and ornamented with a broad piazza, supported by high square pillars. In the clear, lucid atmosphere of this region, where objects appear with unusual splendor and brilliancy, the landscape bounded by hills in the distance, the new species of trees and shrubbery, the sprinkling of buildings along the shore, the vessels arriving and departing; the song of the sailors, who, especially if from Virginia, take in their cargoes to the music of a brisk and animating air and chorus; and the throng of boats gliding to and fro across the harbor, navigated by blacks, or dark-looking Spaniards, with huge whiskers and mustachios, in straw hats, some in rags, some in fantastic dresses, and some with scarcely any dress; with all the hum and echoes of this little, busy port,—present to one newly arrived in these regions, a most animated and romantic scene. Not the least gratifying object, in this prospect, is one of our beautiful national frigates, if there happens to be one in the harbor at the time, the sight of which, here, will awaken all your patriotic pride, and give you the most lively sense of the protection extended by the government to its subjects, even in the remote regions of the world. And if a midshipman, dressed in a blue coat, white underdress, and straw hat, shoots out in his boat round the bows of the frigate, to board you, and inquire the news, and borrow the newspapers from home, and on coming aboard, announces to you that his ship is commanded by your acquaintance or friend, you seem, at once, to have met all the delights of home, amidst all the enchantments of romance.

After relating the ceremonies preliminary to landing, Dr Abbot describes, with great truth and vivacity, the first impression made on a new visiter, on entering the town.

'There had been a small shower, and we seemed treading on mortar in the streets. The buildings were a motley group of all sizes, and of various forms and roofs. The Spanish visage and costume, however, strike you with irresistible humor. It seems a scene of masquerade, and as if all are striving to amuse by the extravagance and oddity of their appearance. *Here*, is ambling by you a Don, with a spur on his shoe, his horses head low, and his tail tied up in a club; *there*, comes a volante with huge wheels, highly adorned with silver plate, with a boot of broadcloth hitched

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to the top of the vehicle, as if there were nuns or donnas within, not to be seen by vulgar eyes. This heavy carriage is sometimes drawn by one horse, and sometimes by two, with a postillion in livery, and jack-boots reaching almost to his hips, with a monstrous spur at his heel, and a short whip in his hand, both very freely applied. Sometimes, if the sun be hid, the boot or curtain is dropped, discovering to you two or three gaily dressed and laughing girls, or one or two grave men, lounging in the ample chaise body, for this is the form of the carriage. You withdraw your eyes from the volante, to gaze on a vehicle of an humbler character, on the clumsy cart, with large wheels and a rude body, formed of skins, and perhaps filled with corn, each ear covered with a thin coat of husks, the state in which they preserve this grain. It is drawn by oxen most strangely harnessed.

'A yoke is placed behind their horns at the root, and so fixed to them with fillets and ropes, that they draw or push by their horns without chafing. A rope or thong leads from that gear to the nostril, which is perforated to receive it. A rope thus fastened to the nose of each ox, is sometimes seen in the hand of a man leading the team, as we lead a horse by the bridle; and sometimes the teamster holds the rope in his hand, and walks by the side of the cattle, goading the animals with a ten-foot pole.

'There is an infinite variety of caparison to their riding horses, from a saddle of leather and plaited stirrup, to a bed of straw tied on by a rope. Their bridles are as various, with and without bit, of leather, rope, and braided grass. But what strikes the stranger with surprise, almost rising into a nervous feeling, is the constant sight of men in armor. It seems as if it was a time of war, and every horseman a vidette. The broad sword dangles by the side of the gentleman, and holsters are inseparable from his saddle. The simplest countryman on his straw saddle, belts on his rude cutlass; and every man with a skin less dark than an African, appears ready for encounter.' pp. 3, 4.

After a few days spent in town, Dr Abbot made an excursion into the country, going a part of the way up a river that discharges itself into the harbor of Matanzas, and for the remainder, riding in a volante through coffee and sugar estates, bordered here and there with lime hedges, and palm, orange, and other ornamental trees.

'About five in the morning, the church-bell tolled for prayers. In about twenty minutes we rose, took a cup of coffee, the very quintessence of the island staple, without any accompaniment. At dawning, the servants took up my baggage, and we repaired to the mole, where the watermen were waiting, and we started down the

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bay, to the side of the Stranger, and thence entered the most romantic river, I should say, that ever was seen—only that I cannot speak confidently as to that point, there being many romantic rivers which I never have seen. The mouth of it is guarded by a Spanish fort, and the solitary sentinel was pacing his round with a gun on his shoulder, and a high cap on his head. Whether it was that we were rowed by bargemen belonging to the Custom-House, or that we made so innocent an appearance, I cannot say, but we unexpectedly were suffered to pass without a hail. A jest, in Spanish, however, was sent into the fort by one of the rowers, and we shot up this enchanting stream. The tide in the river is but two feet, and in the bay, little more. Our course was instantly walled in by a lofty bank of nature's masonry, sometimes almost perpendicular, and sometimes with a precipitous slope, I conjecture, fifty, seventy-five, and a hundred feet high. But imagine not that these beetling cliffs appeared in dreary, naked majesty, blackening in a tropical sun. From a few feet in the water, to the top of the height, is a matted growth of cane, and brush, and trees, glossy and brilliant with foliage and flowers, not a plant of which but was a stranger to my eyes. Many of the trees were exceedingly beautiful. The red mango tree runs high with a branchy top, and is as gay and thick with flowers, as an apple-tree in a New England spring. The mahawa has something of a catalpa top, trunk, and limb, with a gay red flower on some of the trees, and a yellow flower on others; and what struck me as a curious anomaly, on some trees were seen flowers, some perfectly red, and some perfectly yellow, so growing naturally, and not by inoculation. In crevices of the rocks, you occasionally discover natural beehives, which are found filled with honey, in situations difficult for the human robber to disturb their busy and well ordered commonwealth. The turns in this river are frequent, presenting the most diversified prospects; the bank, now curving into an amphitheatre, and now fluted in the most beautiful swells, and hollows, as if the hand of art had been employed. Now you see a little hut of wattled walls and thatched roof, and a narrow bank of a rod or two, flourishing with great beds of sallads and cabbages, luxuriant in spite of shade. Here runs into the water a little close fence to wall the pigs from the river, while they enjoy the water; and there a still closer fence, to inclose the fishes, probably at the recess of the scanty tide. A duck came swimming along our passage so fearlessly, that the bargeman might almost have saluted him with his oar, and, when so near, dipping only, not flying. His form was different from all the ducks I have seen. Various birds appeared on wing, and perch, and on the water, whose forms, and feathers, and names, were all new to me.' pp. 5–7.

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The useless cotton-tree is a conspicuous object in many of the landscapes on this island, and the attention of the traveller is sure to be attracted by *bibiaguas*, a sort of little black ants, an unconquerable tribe of aborigines, great marauders upon every plantatation, who carry on a perpetual war against the proprietors.

'As you approach this plantation, [La Carolina, in the neighborhood of Matanzas,] you discover one of the most beautiful and grand objects, that exuberant nature produces in this favored region,—a cotton-tree. It is not rare, almost every estate reserves one or more of these trees, in some favorable situation to gratify the eye; for it answers no other human purpose,—it is neither timber nor fuel. The cotton, however, I should not forget, which it yields in a very scanty crop, is sometimes used to stuff a pillow. One on the Santa Ana Estate, towers a hundred feet towards heaven, sixty-five of which, ascertained by admeasurement, are a smooth cylinder, without a limb or knot, twenty-seven and a half feet in circumference, six feet from the ground; and near the base, where it spreads itself in the direction of its principal roots, like a giant bracing himself against the tempest, the fluted trunk has been measured, forty-six feet and a half. Were there nothing to be seen but this noble shaft, with its white smooth surface, it would excite admiration. But at the height already mentioned, it stretches forth its arms, of a size for timber, horizontally and symmetrically, and forms a top, for width and grandeur worthy of the trunk below. It has been measured and found to cover a diameter of one hundred and sixty-five feet.

'This immense tree is a world by itself, and is peopled by its millions. The wild pine-apple colonizes its top. Bajuca, or vines, vegetate on its extended limbs, and run downward to the earth coiling like ropes on the ground, which the thirsty traveller, when water fails him in this land of rare springs, cuts, and the sweet milky juice proves to him a delightful beverage. These vines, very possibly, answer another purpose of nature, who regards with tenderness her humblest offspring. The mice and rats, and opossum, who might find it difficult to ascend the plain surface of the trunk, may easily ascend these natural shrouds, and drink out of the cups of the pines, which stretch their leaves to catch and concentrate the rains and dews in those natural reservoirs.—I said this tree was peopled by its millions. This is quite within bounds; you may see among its branches the commonwealths of the comajen, or wood-louse. They are not peculiar to this tree. Their large, black cities are attached to the body of some limb, or safely repose in some fork of the tree, where they are a Chinese population, innumerable. This insect, about the size of a flea, forms a

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covered way of a mortar of its own, down the trunk to the ground; and as they have different public roads, it is probable that some are for ascending, and others for descending, so that the travellers may not incommode each other. This insect is harmless, and their populous nests are carried whole to the poultry yard, where I have seen hundreds, young and old, enjoying the repast, with all the glee of turkeys in grasshopper time.

'On the subject of insects, I will take this opportunity of mentioning the greatest annoyance to the planter, the bibiagua, an ant of half the size of our black ant. These little animals, perfectly insignificant, considered individually, are powerful and formidable in their congregated, or social strength. On the Santa Ana estate, I witnessed the attempt to disinter and exterminate a tribe of these enemies. Near the house was planted a hedge of campeachy; it is young and flourishing. One morning, Mr S. discovered signs of a nocturnal incursion. Leaves were dropped across the path, and the busy laborers had stripped the campeachy hedge of every leaf, for an extent of ten or twelve feet. The retreating enemies were traced by their path some rods on the surface to their entrance into a covered way. Here commenced the digging, and their passage, or arched way, was followed to the depth of sometimes two feet, and sometimes one, until it terminated in a spacious city. This was a collection of cells, in which were deposited masses of eggs, and astonishing numbers of the common bibiaguas, with a sprinkling of probably queen or mother ants, as we judged them to be, from their royal size, with wings an inch and a half long. They were here in no small confusion, as a stout negro had plunged into the very heart of their citadel, and disregarding their bite, was transferring them, with hand and shovel, to the blazing fire near by, and sometimes kindling with husks a quick flame to destroy them in their cells.

'We should, by stopping here, have but a limited view of this ingenious and populous nation. Its metes and bounds, its geographical limits, it is difficult to ascertain with accuracy, as they are subterranean in their highways, and in a great measure in their dwellings. Several cities and villages have been discovered, and the subterranean passages, connecting them in one commonwealth. I should think that from the entrance into the ground to which the marauders of the campeachy were traced, to the last town as yet discovered, may be twenty or thirty rods; and who can tell where we are to look for their metropolis or frontiers?' pp. 10–12.

The following account is given of the process of manufacturing sugar, on an estate about forty miles from Matanzas. The grinding is done on this estate by oxen, but on many estates, as Dr Abbot somewhere else mentions, and we believe on

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most of the extensive ones, it is done by steam-engines, which are peculiarly adapted to this use, since the heat necessary to boil down the cane juice, will work the engine, which can, accordingly, be applied in this manufacture with little or no expense for fuel. The engines, apparatus, and machinery used for this purpose, have been hitherto mostly, if not wholly, supplied from England. An agent of the manufacturers resides on the island, and contracts with the planters for the supply of the engines, and putting them in operation.

'After a superb breakfast, highly enjoyed with an appetite eager from a ride of ten or eleven miles, we sallied out to survey an extensive *sugar plantation.* Two volantes accommodated the ladies; the gentlemen first repaired to the mill, to witness a busy scene. A huge boiler, filled with grits, was preparing dinner for the laborers on the spot. A negro close by, with a mill turned by a crank, was providing the raw material. Two mills, with ten or twelve oxen harnessed in each, with a driver to each pair on the outside, and a general whipper on the inside, and a yell from the whole, which defies description, were keeping the mill in quick motion. When the cane had passed through the first pair of nuts, it was turned back again through the second pair, (the middle nut being one of each pair,) by six wooden rollers called dumb turners, revolving parallel with the nuts. The juice fell copiously into an inclined trough, and passed off rapidly in an underground conductor, to join the confluent stream of the other mill. Together in a rapid and respectable tide, it disgorges itself into a reservoir, in the boiling section of this vast building, one story lower than the level of the mills. The mills in this manner deliver five hundred gallons in twenty-five minutes.

'From the reservoir, the juice is next passed by a duct, to a large copper kettle, containing five hundred gallons, under which is kept a hot fire of wood;—into this mass three tumblers of lime are thrown, as a refining process. Here it boils with violence, and rises crowned with froth and bubbles; and as it is prone to overleap the limits of the kettle, there is a second rim rising higher, which controls the stray fluid and leads it into a reservoir close by, which may be called the save-all, for safe keeping.

'The next step is to transfer the refined juice into a duct, which conveys it into a tank, where the impurities sink to the bottom. Thence it passes by an easy conveyance to take its course through a row of three kettles, over a fire, a gentler fire of dried ground cane. From the first kettle it is dipped out into the second by a negro with a copper bucket attached to a long pole, which operation he performs by means of a moving skid, with dexterity and tolerable ease. From the third kettle it is transferred to a tank,

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or large trough, against the wall, with a guard of boards on each side, that nothing may be lost. It is here brought to a state of granulation by two negroes, one at each end of the trough, dashing with the bucket on the pole, back and forth, and up and down, till it is felt or seen to be graining. It is at this trough that strangers and negroes have free access to cake off the sugar for their entertainment; and invalids find it salutary to inhale the fumes of the neighboring kettles.

'In this state of granulated liquid, the precious mass is taken in an iron bucket to the pans, arranged in rows over an inclined plane. The pans are first wetted, that the sugar may not stick to them; and are in the form of an inverted cone, with a hole at the bottom, which is stopped by a plug and husks, but not so tight as to prevent the molasses from oozing out, and falling on an inclined plane, placed like a roof beneath, and running into casks below. Negroes returning from the field are required to call as they pass, and take each a pan of sugar to the purging-house, so called, till they are all removed. Here we will leave the pans for the present, to complete our view of the mill and boiling-house. Passing to the end of the building we look into the furnaces under the respective kettles, and find all are fed with dry cane, which has been through the mill, except the central fire under the clarifying kettle, which is heated hotter than the rest with wood. Great quantities of cane fuel are housed at hand, lest rain should unfit it for use. I may just remark that the negroes wear sandals in this business; and that the pots, about to receive the granulated juice are wet to prevent its sticking, and that from the central clarifying boiler, the same process goes on to the granulating tank, both on the right and left.

'In passing to the *purging-house*, we discovered a negro goading a pair of superannuated oxen, who were incapable of harder labor, round a post in the centre of a little pit, six or eight feet in diameter, for the purpose of treading liquid clay. Everything, of course, looked filthy enough. In this dirty hole is produced the mighty agent, through whose pollution purity is produced, and snowy whiteness is imparted to the dark muscovado.

'In the neighboring building, we saw it standing in rows, with the lower part of the cone in a hole, to drop the molasses again upon an inclined plane, which conveys it to a vat holding thirty thousand gallons. We saw seven thousand pans, each holding from thirty-five to fifty pounds of sugar. On the top of the sugar in the pan, a portion of the clay from the pit is placed, and by its magical power, it drives the molasses downward till the greatest part of the cone becomes white, and the bottom becomes tinged with a slight molasses color. The clay comes off from the top entirely in a cake, perhaps an inch thick. The pots are once

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more removed to a drying-house; the white sugar is then severed from the darker, and cut and broken into small pieces, and exposed to the sun in driers on truckles, that in a moment they may be run under a roof in case of rain. The same is done by the darker sugar; and both are next removed to the store, and boxed for the market, and sent eighteen miles, by land, on mules or in carts, to the Embarcadera, and thence by the Canimar to Matanzas, twelve miles.

'Five hundred gallons of juice yield about three hundred pounds of clayed sugar; and as that quantity of the liquid flows from the nuts in twenty-five minutes; and the operations of the mills and furnaces being simultaneous, and so managed that one part shall not wait day or night for the other, this mill and furnace establishment must send to the purging-house, the driers, and the boxes, more than seven hundred pounds of clayed sugar in an hour; sixteen thousand eight hundred pounds must be boxed each day, and something like one million pounds, to speak loosely, in a season.

'The molasses of this establishment is a heavy article, and would be an important item in the profits of the plantation, if the cartage did not nearly consume its price. The planter designs to set up a distillery on the premises, to raise the price, and diminish the carting of this branch of the economy of the plantation.

'The buildings on this estate (and *very small* is the sum, which the *palace* has cost the owners) have been reared at an expense of more than fifty thousand dollars. Though there are estates vastly larger than this, for its income, this may almost be esteemed a principality. When every expense has been deducted from the product of the two thousand acres, it leaves a net income of fifty thousand dollars per annum.' pp. 22–25.

In a subsequent letter we are told, that one hundred and ten yokes of oxen (in value, one thousand three hundred dollars) are kept for performing the grinding and other work on this estate. An equal investment in steam-enginery would afford an equivalent, or greater power, and save to the owner a great part of the expense of keeping the oxen.

Every one who has travelled in the interior of this island will bear testimony to the truth of Dr Abbot's acknowledgments and praises of the hospitality of the planters. 'I am,' says he, 'like the sailor crossing the line, almost made to swear that I will not walk when I can ride, nor eat brown bread when I can get white, nor touch any secondary thing while there is a first which is better.'

An ascent of one of the peaks of the Hacana mountains,

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lying to the southward of Matanzas, near midway of the island from north to south, gives the author an opportunity of describing the general features of the territory. The approach to the mountain is through a sterile savanna, covered only with a blighted growth of grass and bushes, the palmetto, and palmetier; a tree which runs from thirty to forty feet high, having a stem only three or four inches in diameter, with a palmy top, curiously wrapped round at the insertion and below the leaves with a natural web, in which the leaves cross each other in diamonds.

'Much of the height we ascended on our horses, and securing them to palmettos we soon attained the first peak of the highest row, and passed from peak to peak, in what we supposed the trail of wild negroes, through grass and bushes, quite luxuriant, to the summit of the most elevated, which is estimated variously, from fifteen hundred to two thousand feet, above the level of the sea. Delightful views opened upon us, standing on this natural observatory. A savanna east, and another west, stretched a few miles at our feet, walled in by a necklace of hills, less high than that on which we stood. Beyond these, the eye rested on about thirty sugar estates, easily discerned by the lively green of the cane, glittering in the sun. The coffee estates were still more numerous; but the avenues, with which they are adorned, set with palm, and orange, mango, and other trees, both fruitful and beautiful, and shrubs and bushes of gorgeous flowers, were too distant to exhibit their charms to advantage. The Sumidero, in most parts of the circle, appears in high cultivation.

'We were not altogether fortunate in the morning, a thin fog lingering in the horizon. But the ocean was perfectly visible at the bay of Cardenas, and the sheet of water between the shore and the island in the bay, and the form of the island, lying northeast at the distance of about twenty miles. We expected to see the Caribbean sea, lying southwest. In a clear day it is distinctly seen at the distance, by estimation, of twenty-five miles; but it remained a little doubtful to the last, whether *we* saw the water, the fog not wholly clearing away. It is certain, however, that the eye here spans the island at a single station; and the observer can entertain no doubt that a line of forty-five or fifty miles would reach from the Caribbean to the Atlantic. From this peak the heights of Camiraoca are seen in the range of the La Carolina, Mr B.'s estate. The mountains extend in an irregular way, west one hundred and twenty miles, north twenty, south five, and east about six miles. Beyond this limit, to the east, the island is a level country about three hundred miles, and from sea to sea.

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'As natural canals and rivers are rare, and the expense of transporting the bulky articles to market is often more than half their value, canals and rail-ways, at no distant day, may be expected to intersect the most fruitful and practicable parts of the island.

'The mountains of Hacana, except the tops of some of them, present a naked appearance. The sweet pea; a beautiful rose on a myrtle-leafed vine, deep red, with a border on the under sides of the petals; a species of aloes, with a stem, ten or fifteen feet high, called by the Spaniards, *pinea de sacra*, or hedge aloes; the night-blooming cereus, shooting its roots into the rocks, and winding about on their crags; were the most considerable vegetables we saw upon them.' pp. 33, 34.

It is well known that the value of a newly imported African negro depends in part upon the tribe to which he belongs; for it is a universal rule, both among freemen and slaves, with animals as well as human laborers, that the usefulness and productive capacity of the agent are very materially affected by the character and disposition, independently of muscular power. According to the accounts given to Dr Abbot, the Carrobalees are proud; the Mandingos able-bodied, contented, and good laborers; the Gangars thieves, and ready to run away; and the Fantees revengeful. He relates an instance of this trait in a Fantee, on an estate which he visited. (By *bohea*, our readers will understand, is meant a negro hut.) 'The fellow was enraged on account of correction bestowed on his wife by a negro-driver of his own nation, and he plotted revenge. He secured the door of his enemy, as he esteemed him, by a rope, and set fire to the bohea in two places. The first negro that burst from the building he stabbed, mistaking him for his enemy; perceiving his error, he struck at the driver, as he next rushed out, who attempted to parry the vigorous blow with his whip, but it severed his jugular. The desperado next cut his own throat, and to be certain of death, plunged his knife into his own breast.'

Dr Abbot describes a tree which is called, by way of eminence, the 'beautiful' tree. 'Its form, seen at a little distance, is globular; the ramification so regular and full, and the foliage so thick, that it seems solid. It appeared as if dressed for exhibition, and as we drew near, a scarlet-breasted, or scarlet-crested bird (I could not decide which, as it soon flew away) was perched on its bosom, as a diamond pin in a lady's kerchief. Mr C. and myself dismounted, to examine this

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far-famed tree. The diamater of the stem is three feet; the diameter of the globular top is sixty; and this, also, is its height. The limbs radiate with wonderful regularity, and though almost innumerable, scarcely any two of them are seen to chafe or cross each other.' This tree is in the vicinity of Matanzas.

We must not omit the description of the process of preparing coffee for the market. The extent of a coffee estate varies from one hundred, to three or four hundred acres; but, most usually, we believe, is about two hundred, that is, six or seven *cabalerias*, a cabaleria being about thirty acres. In forming a new estate from the forest,—of which the original growth is very heavy and luxuriant in the more fertile soil,—the trees are felled and left lying upon the surface, and the coffee plants are set out among logs, and limbs, and leaves, which are considered to supply a good manure for coffee plants; and the coffee is so much better in quality, and the product so much greater, on a new estate, that a strong inducement is held out for bringing new estates into cultivation, even though the market price is so reduced, as to afford little or no profit on the cultivation of an old one. To this circumstance we are inclined to attribute, in part, the long continuance of the surplus production and depression of price of this commodity. It is well known that the price has been falling for a number of years, and is so reduced that a poor estate will not now pay the expenses of cultivation, and a middling one will just reimburse the proprietor his incidental expense for supplies, without yielding him any rent, or any profit on the cost of his negroes. It is true that every commodity goes through a series of fluctuations, the periods and extremes of which vary very materially in different articles, according to the period of time requisite to increase or diminish the quantity produced, the liability to be affected by the varieties of seasons, or the change of fashion and habit, or the spirit of speculation. The period of production, in the case of the coffee plant, is three years, this being the time from the planting of the seed to the gathering a crop from the plant. The quantity produced in the world is, therefore, likely to go on increasing annually for two or three years after the price is so reduced, as to offer no adequate motive to extend the cultivation; for the plants already set out will not all come to maturity in a shorter time. Add to this, that planters go on increasing the quantity of the product, long after the reduction of the

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price, hoping for a rise. These two causes would operate to prolong the gradual depression of the price for a long period, and to reduce it to a very low point. When we consider, therefore, the additional motive abovementioned, for bringing new estates into cultivation, the very long continued, and at present very great depression of the price is not surprising, notwithstanding the actual increase, in the mean time, of the amount of the demand and the actual consumption.

The plants are perennial, and in their wild state grow to the height of eight, ten, or fifteen feet, according to the strength of the soil, and have a little resemblance, in this state, to our wild black cherry trees when young, though the top is less bushy. The cultivated plants are set at a distance of about five feet, in rows and squares, and are kept down to the height of from three to six feet by pruning, so that the berries may be within reach of the negroes to pick. The estate is laid out in squares from twenty to fifty rods in breadth, separated by alleys, some thirty, and others not more than ten feet wide, many of the wider ones being bordered with a row of palms, orange, and various other trees, mostly for ornament, though some of them are useful; the palm branches, for instance, supplying a material for covering the roofs of the *boheas*, or negro huts. Many of these avenues are truly magnificent, and one may gallop through them, on one of the brisk little spanish horses, about sunrise on bright mornings, a thousand times, without becoming weary with their monotony. Scattered about among the coffee trees, are the plaintains, which grow to the height of twelve or fifteen feet, sending out a few broad leaves at their top, which hang over in the manner of branches, four or five feet; and from the top of the stalk of the plant, is suspended a cluster of fruit, resembling in shape and size moderate-sized cucumbers, hanging to the number of twenty, thirty, fifty, or more, on a pendent stem of between two and three feet in length. This is gathered by cutting down the plant, the stalk of which is left on the ground for manure, and the fruit supplies food for the negroes, with the addition only of a small quantity of jerked beef, brought from Buenos Aires, or herring, pork, or codfish, from the United States. This plantain is a simple, nourishing, and delicious food, and the production of it is one of the greatest ingredients in the wealth of Cuba. An estate of the dimensions we have mentioned, will contain from one hundred and twenty, to one hundred and forty thousand trees, besides a

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pasture or *portrero* for the cattle, garden plats for the negroes, a small square in cane for fodder, and a small piece of forest at one corner of the estate, to shade the nursery of young coffee-trees. This patch of forest, intersected with avenues, and consisting of a stately luxuriant growth, is not the least beautiful part of the estate.

A coffee estate, with its lime hedges on the borders, its avenues of palms, oranges, and various other trees, the names of which we forget, with its whole surface white with the snowy efflorescence of the coffee-trees in the flowering season, with the scattered broad-leaved plantain, laden with its treasures of delicious fruit, in all the various stages from the blossom to ripeness, is an Elysian landscape; but the occasional chiding, threatening voice of the driver, and the sound of the lash, remind the spectator that it is not in all respects a paradise.

The coffee-tree will bear, on an average, for about twenty years, and as the plants are renewed here and there as they decay, and do not produce until the third year, one tenth part of them is unproductive. The product is from a half to three quarters of a pound per year. The fruit is contained in globular shells or husks, each of which contains two of the berries, such as we see them in the market. They are picked from the husk when they have turned red; the picking season commences in November, and continues until March. The fruit of the same tree does not ripen all at once, but the different berries become fit to be gathered successively, so that the same trees are picked repeatedly, at different times, until all the fruit is gathered. The negroes pick the fruit in baskets, which, when filled, they carry on their heads to the mill, or rather to the dryers, near to the house of the planter, and the huts or *boheas* of the negroes,—all the buildings being usually situated in a central part of the estate. The berries are placed upon the *siccaderos*, or plats for drying, until they are sufficiently dried, when they are deposited in large bins or compartments, in a store-house near to the mill, to be subsequently ground and cleaned.

'The dryers are formed with great care and neatness, and cover from a quarter to half an acre. They elevate the ground with a bed of lime-stone, beaten to pieces, and raised in the middle of the bed, so as to have a gentle declivity, and surround the edges with a wall of a foot in height. This bed and wall are covered with a strong cement or mortar, beaten down with a heavy

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beetle, to render it capable of sustaining all changes of weather. An incidental but important use of the siccaderos, is to fill an extensive tank with water, to serve the plantation through the dry season; as brooks, I may say, they have none, and wells are rare, and sunk through stone for hundreds of feet, in this part of the island.

'On the dryers, the berries are kept stirring, lest they should heat. They are spread thin or thick, according to the extent of the works, which, as they have time, they extend from year to year.

'When the coffee in the cherry is dry, they rake it together in a conical heap, which they cover from the dews and rains with sail-cloth and moveable roofs of palm-leaves.

'From the dryers, the coffee in cherry is removed to the peeling-mill. This is an octagonal roof (I speak of the one now before me; they are variously built), resting on eight posts, and terminating in a cupola. This roof, which runs high, is often the pleasant resort and building-place of large flocks of doves.' pp. 51, 52.

The next process is to grind or crush the berries under a stone wheel of about five feet diameter, revolving in a circle, precisely like that of a bark-mill in our tanneries, being moved by a yoke of oxen, or, most frequently, a couple of mules or horses, driven by a boy. His business is somewhat monotonous; and we recollect a little negro at the Reserva, an estate of Mr N. Fellowes, whose employment was driving the mules, and who took advantage of the liberty his office gave him, to make some noise, and enlivened his labor and encouraged his mules by a sort of chant or recitative, which he kept up for half the time, setting to music and celebrating every incident which came within sight or hearing. If, for instance, he saw any persons approaching the house down the avenue, he forthwith announced the circumstance, in a clear, sonorous voice, in musical recitative, stating the number of visiters, describing their appearance, the horses, equipage, dress, &c. It was an ingenious device of the little slave, to make himself happy.

After the shells or berries are sufficiently crushed in this mill, the coffee passes through a fanning-mill, which, if we recollect rightly, is precisely one of our winnowing-mills, such as are used for wheat; and those used in Cuba, are, we believe, mostly supplied from the United States. Dr Abbot mentions two species of mills for fanning, or separating the grains of coffee from the husk or shells. The coffee-grains come from the fanning-mill, mixed with more or less dirt, from which it is to be separated, and the coffee divided into two or

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three different sorts. For this purpose it is put upon a large table, of some twenty or thirty feet in length, and of the breadth of an ordinary dining-table, on each side of which the female slaves are arranged, who handle each grain of coffee, separating the fair and sound, from the broken and defective; the latter is called *triage*, and sells for half the price of sound coffee, more or less, according to its quality, and the closeness of the picking.

Dr Abbot, having passed some time with Mr Bartlett, Mr Sage, and other American friends, near Matanzas, travelled by land to Havana; where, after passing a short time, he went south-westerly, sixty or seventy miles, to the southern coast of the island, visiting a great number of planters, among others Mr Fellowes, at the Reserva; Mr G. D'Wolf, at the Buena Esperanza; Dr Morel, a skilful physician, of a highly cultivated mind, and very pleasing manners, formerly of Philadelphia, and now at St Mark's, a small town near the southern coast; Mrs Jouve, an intelligent and accomplished lady whose estate is romantically situated upon the mountains to the westward of St Mark's; Mr William D'Wolf, at the Empressa, and Mr Bradford, the manager of the Maryanna; and describes an extensive estate, which we take to be that of Mr Souchay. Dr Abbot gives only the initials of the names of those whom he visited or met with. He informs us that he travelled eight hundred or a thousand miles in the interior of the island, and his journal (for such these letters may be considered) is full of interesting and useful information. In some letters, addressed, as we presume, to Mr Dane, Dr Abbot estimates the white population at two hundred and fifty-nine thousand, two hundred and sixty; free black population, one hundred and fifty-four thousand and fifty-seven; slaves, two hundred and twenty-five thousand, one hundred and thirty-one; making a total of six hundred and thirty-eight thousand, four hundred and forty-eight. Humboldt, he says, estimates it a little higher, namely, at seven hundred and fifteen thousand. No enumeration has been made. Dr Abbot mentions one circumstance of very material importance, in relation to the security of persons and property, and the probable stability of the laws, in the island; we mean the great number of small cultivators, denominated *Montaneros*, a sort of yeomanry, scattered about the island, and always able to suppress the insurrections of the slaves. The author says,

'He has been sparing of remarks as to the political state and

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prospects of the island. He believes that high destinies are before these islanders, rich in six thousand eight hundred square leagues of fertile soil, and, comparatively, with other slave-holding islands, strong in its *free* population, and a numerous *yeomanry*, armed and mounted. But they are not ripe for change. Remaining unoppressed, the mixed population will become more homogeneous and patriotic; and delay may prepare them ultimately, with union, with wisdom, and safety, to assume an attitude as dignified as their numbers, resources, and relative position entitle them to take.' p. xiv.

The object of his voyage was the reëstablishment of his health, in which he was flattering himself he had succeeded; but in returning, he sickened on his passage from Charleston to New York, and died on the arrival of the vessel at the quarantine ground, and was buried on Staten Island. This volume is an honorable monument of his amiable character, intelligence, and mental activity and cultivation.

ART. VII.—1. *Poems;* by the Author of 'Moral Pieces in Prose and Verse.' Boston. S. G. Goodrich. 1828.

2. *Guido, a Tale; Sketches from History, and other Poems.* By IANTHE. New York. G. & C. Carvill. 1828.

OUR readers may perhaps recollect the essentials of a gentleman, as given by the dancing and music master, in Molière's 'Burgeois Gentilhomme.' 'La philosophie,' says the latter, 'est quelque chose; mais la musique, monsieur, la musique.' 'La musique et la danse,' responds the *maître à danser*, 'la musique et la danse, c'est là tout ce qu'il faut.' Most, we imagine, who have attempted to define poetry, have fallen into an error similar to that of these worthy professors, namely, that of mistaking a part for the whole, of giving a single one of its qualities, as its only essential and peculiar attribute. To talk of the essence of poetry, of that one thing which makes this poetry and that prose, as it is sometimes talked of, seems to us to be using words to little profit. The only proper mode of defining it, is to describe it. It is not distinguished by a single characteristic merely, but by several; and of two or three of these, from their importance in their various relations, notwithstanding so much has already been written upon them, we are induced to speak more at large.

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Schiller somewhere accounts for the emotion excited by the history of some perilous adventure or hair-breadth escape, by our identifying ourselves, for the moment, with those of whom we read. When this is not done, we are not moved; for emotion is grounded on a sort of blind consciousness of similar danger. The history of a criminal, for example, through the several stages of guilt and punishment, excites the little emotion which it does, from the impossibility of making ourselves one with him. He is a being of another race; his blood flows in different channels from ours; his will obeys different laws. Therefore, although his fate may make our brain dizzy, it does not stir the heart. Extend this idea, make it universal, instead of particular, and we arrive at one of the constituent parts of true poetry. Poetry is not only a description of outward forms and actions, and inward feelings; it not only presents the magic mirror, in which we may behold the silent procession of the present and the past, as it issues out of one gloomy arch to vanish away through another; but by the spell which it casts over us, it makes us present and busy in the scenes which are described. As we read, we are scarce conscious of our own personal and peculiar existence, but seem to have exchanged feelings, and resolves, and sympathies with the author, or the actors in his drama. We are no longer sitting alone and solitary, but are one of the nine and twenty 'who in a compagnie toward Canterbury wolden ride'; we,—not the desolate Harold,—are a sea-weed rent from its fastenings, and tost on the waves; we are pricking over the plain by the side of Una; we 'fold our mantle, regally to fall.' In short, changing the words of Schiller a little, and giving them a more universal application, we would say, that one quality essential to poetry, is that which makes the reader feel as the poet, or as the persons through whom he speaks. It must possess the power of enchanting us away from the present and the real, into an ideal world; and of making us move in that world, as we do in the land of dreams, feeling, except from some occasional fits of returning consciousness, as if the shadows of the imagination had a positive and substantial existence.

But this is not all. Poetry deals with man's higher and better nature. It springs from the still chambers of the soul, and its object is the enlargement of the soul in all things which are worthy of an immortal spirit. To this, all the delineations of the works of nature, or of the changeful spirit of man, must

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be made subservient, or, whatever else they may be, they will not be poetry. It has been called a creation. It is so in this sense. Itwidens the circle in which man is imprisoned by his imperfections. It purifies, it exalts, it ennobles. In its highest sense, it is the evolution, under appropriate forms, of perfect purity, loveliness, and power; of a perfection which indeed exists not here, but of which the mind, in some of its more blessed moments, may obtain partial glimpses. Indeed, we might almost say, that it is the representation, or rather the embodying, of the attributes of God himself, for the simple reason that he has, and alone has, centered within himself perfect beauty and perfect sublimity. Uniting, then, the two qualities which we deem most essential, we should esteem that the highest poetry, which unfolded moral excellence in its greatest amplitude and expansion, and in a way which should communicate this expansion of being, in the highest possible degree, to the reader's own nature.

The poet may not be able to paint perfection, nor could the attributes of Deity, even if mortal could grasp them, be brought forward in their abstract truth; for they must be developed under sensible images. If, for example, they be made to inhere in man, they cannot be unfolded in that awful holiness in which they exist in him to whom they are but modes of being, lest the truth which meets the sensual eye be violated. As long as they abide with earth, they must necessarily be infected with the wavering and taint of mortality. All the efforts of the poet will enable him, in his descriptions, to attain only to an approximation to perfection. But he must strive for this. The tendency of what he writes must be to advance men towards perfection. That this quality is essential to all poetry, we believe not merely from theory, but also because fact shows us, that those poems which have been most universally admired, which have lived through ages, and been on the tongues of all nations, are distinguished by it.

We have said that there is nothing perfectly sublime or beautiful, but the attributes of Deity; that there is nothing which we admire, or love, or reverence, but the perfections or the reflex of the perfections of that Secret One; and that everything really poetical will impress at least some one of these more deeply upon the heart. Examine instances, and this becomes more and more apparent. War is the perpetual theme of song, and there is in it, indeed, a poetry fearfully

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and terribly sublime. But it is not in the extinction of human life. Simple cold-blooded, malignant murder is revolting. All the mechanical parts of a battle might be described, war-horns might be blown, and men hewn down,—but if this were the whole of a battle, not a poetical emotion would ever be excited by it. But in the struggle and storm of conflict, the cloud is rent apart, which in more quiet moments hides the deeper workings of the mind, and this it is that makes it the subject of the highest poetry. In the hands of the poet, this strife of matter becomes a talisman to call into being the sublimest energies of the soul,—energies which are awaked from their slumber only by the operation of some such mighty and exciting cause. If the writer can infuse such a living spirit into his description, that corresponding energies may be roused up in our own minds, then is he a poet. If he effect not this, he is a mere annalist. The conception of the character of Shakspeare's Richard the Third is sublime. But in what does this sublimity consist? In its strangeness or novelty? In his desperate and terrific villany? No; in neither of these. The conflict and oppositions of the viler passions, are but means used to exhibit in a stronger light the true poetry of the character; and this lies in the ceaseless and untiring energy, flowing on to its purpose, too deep, and strong, and uncontrollable, to be turned aside by any opposition, or stayed by any barrier. This is the portion of moral excellence here developed; this clings to the memory when everything else of the play is forgotten, and lies at the bottom of our admiration of the poet's power. To be sure its object in this particular case is most criminal; but separate this immutability of purpose from the object towards which it is directed, and you have, not in its infinitude, but to a certain extent, an attribute of the Deity himself. So also is it with external nature. The steep and battlemented cliff, with its sunless caverns; the ocean for ever roaring and rolling onwards; the soundless depths of the silent skies; the cataract, 'notching its centuries in the eternal rocks,' or the gentler show of a spring or summer landscape,—become poetical by exercising a similar influence on the moral man. Whilst the mind is filled with the conception of such scenes, it is loosed from its vassalage to sense; the chains of association which bind it down to the frivolities and vain circumstance of the present, drop off; it returns back to its simplicity; the voice that tells of its true glory is no longer drowned in earthly tumult, and

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its enfranchised tendencies may soar up free and strong. The effect of such descriptions may be comparatively weak from the less direct mode in which they act; but there is one thing connected with them which seems worth observing, and that is, that they always possess a healthful moral tendency. The heart of man may become corrupted, so that it cannot give back the image of Him after whom it was fashioned; but nature cannot undergo the degrading processes to which man is subject. It is pure and fresh from the hands of God, and will hardly bear even association with moral deformity; and consequently how enlightened soever may be the mind, it can feel such scenes only in proportion to its purity. No one can take delight in them, whose heart is not full of generous and noble feeling, and refined from the grossness of sensual appetites.

The representations which poetry gives of the perfections of our moral nature may be presented under any form, under that of the ballad or the epic, of the rushing and panting pindaric, or the humbler song. The strong contrasts of vice and crime may be employed; the clamorings of the viler passions may be allowed; ambition may build, selfishness may undermine, bloodthirstiness may destroy; but all this is for the sake of a contrast that shall display in more vividness and truth that which is the highest and most true. Let not these be esteemed the essence, the *substratum* of poetry. If they be, the temple may be built, the altar raised, billows of incense may rise from the swinging censers, the massive valves of the inmost *adyta* may be flung open, and the maddening and prophetic vapor curl up about the tripod, but the oracle that issues thence is a lying one. The glare and inflaming odors, the pageantry and magnificence, may deceive the votaries for a season, but it cannot always; and with the belief in the oracle, must the credit of the shrine decay. The voice of poetry must come from the inmost and holiest sanctuary of truth. Indeed, if it be not one and the same with truth, if it be informed with any spirit save that which purifies and exalts, so far as this is the case, it has within itself a principle to work its destruction. A single generation may listen to the outpourings of a perverted mind, but a series of generations, never. By them, the true will be separated from the untrue, that which is instinct with trustworthy hopes and aspirations from the philosophy which is false and degrading, by an infallibility which cannot be questioned.

If the view which we have taken of the subject be correct,

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then is the education both of mind and heart, to which the poet must subject himself, a thing of no slight moment. For what does he undertake? Nothing less, if he have a just conception of his art, than to fill his race with the worthiest sentiments and emotions of which humanity is capable. And whence are these to come? If it be a law of our nature, that we cannot by any words make others comprehend what we ourselves have never comprehended, or feel what we ourselves have never felt, then surely they must be transfused from his own soul. He must be above his race, if he would raise them. If he would make their hearts swell with new and strange emotions, they must first dwell in his own heart in all their vividness and intensity. It is no common man, but one more loftily endowed and dwelling apart,—a prophet of the living God alone,—that can bow himself upon the dead clay and breathe into it the breath of life and the quickening spirit.

It were not an unavailing task, to call to remembrance the ideas which the great masters of song have themselves entertained and expressed of the character and acquirements of the poet. The child of impulse and passion, yet retaining all the simplicity and easy and confiding faith of childhood; impatient, impetuous, and full of life, with the blood ever running races through his veins, yet ever under the guidance of Reason, not cold and pale as she is wont to be painted, but wise with an earnest wisdom, and warm with the glow and the freshness of a better clime. Such have the members of that ancient brotherhood, whose own tones have come echoing down to us through the abyss and silence of the ages, loved to picture the poet. And following the hints which they have given us, we may go still farther, and sketch what they seem to have thought that he should propose to himself to become. He must be skilled in human nature, and not only must he be familiar with the spoken word and the visible act, but with that philosophy according to which these are regulated. He must ponder deeply the motives of the heart, and be able by a quick and divining sympathy to penetrate into its very retirements. He must cherish his imagination and cultivate his taste by a careful study of all those, whose works give evidence that they felt within them the strivings of the diviner mind; not to imitate, but to gain directions which may guide him to those guarded and enchanted fountains of inspiration from whence they themselves have drawn. He must be learned in all the branches of human knowledge, that

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his mind may be full of associations. He must become master of the most copious vocabulary, that *copia verborum*, not less important to the poet than to the orator; and not only take pains to acquire command of words, but he must study into their powers, and busy himself in learning all those reflected hues and shades of meaning, with which they have been tinged by association, as if they had been dipt in 'the warm flush of a rainy sunset'; for this is the distinguishing peculiarity of a poetic dialect, that its words not only suggest the single and immediate idea to the mind, but come linked with a thousand beautiful though dim remembrances. But his most anxious labor must be to cultivate his own heart, to cleanse it from all the taints which it too easily acquires by coming in contact with the world, and to bring it back to its primitive and unsophisticated state. He must strive earnestly to purify his imagination; to fill his mind with noble desires and motives; to shut out every debasing influence; to divest himself of every selfish, local, or party prejudice; to become, in truth and in deed, a citizen of the world; to ennoble and expand his heart till it become a great sea, which shall gather tribute from the fountains of the whole earth, to purify and again give back their contributions in the shower and the fruitful dew. He must strive to make himself perfect in all good and wise and great things, and to become a living example of that perfection upon which his soul's eye should be for ever fixed. Thus educated, those restless yearnings of the spirit, those unquenchable desires, ever thirsting for satisfaction, yet never satisfied, which form the real moving power that impels the true poet forward, will be left free to act; and those high instincts 'haunting the eternal mind, a presence that will not be put by,' will find for themselves a tongue and a ready utterance.

There is nothing in the nature of poetry that could lead one to suppose that its flame should burn less high in this country than in any other. On the contrary, everything appears favorable to its cultivation. Nursed amidst the grandest exhibitions of nature, bred amongst a race enterprising and energetic to a proverb, free as the very gales of heaven, and conscious of it, and rejoicing in it with the joy of a child,—one unacquainted with the truth could hardly dream that amidst all this life and energy and freedom, so few should have appeared to do honor to themselves or their country. There are living amongst us, we well know, those who have obtained a deserved reputation; but we are only repeating what has been said many times before, when

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we say that their reputation rests more on what they have shown themselves capable of doing, than upon what they have done. They have wasted their powers too much upon performances at the celebrations of literary societies or the pages of Magazines or Souvenirs; on things to be praised for a day, to meet with an affectionate reception into newspaper corners, and then to be crushed under the weight of the like productions with which the next year labors. Our most able men have done just enough to show that they have within them an exhaustless mine of treasure; they have exhibited a few specimens from it to the world, and then have ceased working it.

We have entered into the discussion of the nature of poetry, so that we might more clearly expose the cause which, it seems to us, has contributed more than any other to its present state among us. This cause is imitation, a fault so manifestly prevalent in almost all which is issued from the American press, that instead of attempting to show it more distinctly, we shall hasten to consider the paralyzing influence which it must necessarily exert upon the poet. In what we have to say upon this topic, we would not be misunderstood. We use the term in its popular sense. A man may, and indeed does, form his character from the imitation of a thousand different models, and his mind is moulded by the action of other minds. But so long as he pours out in their natural direction, those thoughts which, from whatever source they may have been primarily derived, have now become mingled up with the fountain of his own thoughts, and blended with and colored by his habitual feelings, he is original. He is an imitator when he is induced to follow some model in a path which, considering his present habits of mind and acquisitions, would not be the one in which he would naturally go, if he were under no foreign guidance.

If what we have said be correct; if poetry be indeed nothing but the beautiful, the fit, the true, developed more strikingly and effectually by the aid of associations, by allusions, by the contrast of opposites,—now impersonated as in the dramas of Shakspeare, now given forth in a more abstract form as in the high and impassioned aspirations of Wordsworth; if the perfection of the moral nature be the foundation of the whole edifice; if, in short, the true rank of a poem is to be determined by a comparison of the strength, truth, and enlargement of the views of moral being finally evolved by poetic machinery, with what is infinite, true, and unchanging;—then all imitation is for-

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bidden, for, from the very nature of the case, it must flow from the writer's own heart. He must make himself familiar with the lights and shades of human character. He may learn the words and diction of another, and accustom himself to their modes of presenting their thoughts. But when he has done this, all that he has acquired, is the means of exhibiting more powerfully truths which lie deep in his own soul; he has obtained the mere tools by which the statue is called forth from the block. It is the form in which the spirit is to be presented, not the spirit itself. This must exist in himself, a constituent portion of his being, or to him it exists nowhere. He who copies another must always give a false copy, so long as he goes no farther than externals. He who would truly imitate Wordsworth or Byron, must possess a mind not only capable of appreciating their minds, but one which possesses all the depth and capacity of theirs. The ultimate source of all poetry must be the writer's own mind; it is a copy of it as affected by different circumstances, and he cannot give a poetic being to truths which have not first dwelt there. Could one born blind describe to you the magnificence and grandeur of our inland forests, as they sink and swell far away over valley and mountain? Can he bring it up before the mind, as if you yourself were standing on some hill, seeing the continuous and massive verdure rolling and glancing like a heavy sea, and hearing in your ears the smothered roar that rose up from within the solitudes of the great wilderness? And can it be more easy, can it be possible, for him who has never felt them, to portray the excellences and perfections of moral being? the pure and disinterested love, the enduring and unwavering self-sacrifice, the lofty purpose, the high resolve, the infinite and inexplicable longing, reaching for ever onward and still farther onward? If, for a moment, he leave the guide in whose footsteps he has followed, he loses himself; and the most superficial, the most ignorant, the most debased even, will see the continued stumbling and exaggeration, and feel that all those nicer touches which distinguish truth and a feeling of truth are wanting.

Again; there are no two minds alike. Whatever they might have been originally, they become as different as their modes of education, as the scenes among which they have been bred, as the parents and instructers who have nurtured and taught them, —as different as the influences by which they have been surrounded. With such a difference of character, it is absurd to suppose that the volume of their their thoughts should flow in

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the same channel. Style is artificial; it is easily changed, or at least admits of it to a great extent. But the mind, although to a certain degree, in its more superficial and as yet unfixed parts, it may be changed on occasion, cannot have its whole substance fused and remoulded into another form at a moment's warning. The germ, that began to unfold at the first moment of life, and which has sprung up and through years of sunshine and of storm grown into the rigidity and determined structure of a great tree, may have its branches trimmed and pruned away, and by cultivation may be freshened into a more luxuriant beauty; but its roots and trunk are fixed, and their bent cannot be entirely or easily altered. From the individual differences of minds, then, as well as from the peculiar character of poetry, it follows that an essential imitation can scarcely exist. It may extend to mere words and style, but if it extend no farther it must always be seen. For there is a correspondence between style and thought. We recognise it in the simplicity of thought and simplicity of expression in Addison, between the clumsy but gigantic strength of Johnson's mind and the elephant march of his style. The want of this correspondence, if not seen, is felt by all. There is no way of disguising it. The same dazzle may be reflected from the ripples of the shallow brook and the waves of the fathomless sea; both may be restless and noisy, but there is not an ear so dull as not to perceive at once the difference between the sudden and asthmatic turbulences of the former and the deep rolling of the latter's tides over their 'ocean floor.' Neither can the little rivulet of thought that tinkles and trickles through a common mind, ever be mistaken for the mighty, impetuous, and ceaseless current of full and impassioned genius. The danger of imitation is then obvious. Whether the poet send out a rude and ill-bred progeny of his own imaginations clad in vestments purloined from the sons of kings, or lead to the muster the thoughts of others, manacled by his narrow conception of them, and their free motion tortured and cramped by his narrower vocabulary, this want of correspondence can hardly fail of being perceived. And even if it be not, the effect will hardly be better. The reader will be attended by a feeling, which this want will inevitably create, that there is a lack of sincerity in the implied professions which are made. There is a tenderness, an earnestness, a vitality, in truth and true feeling, which can never be mistaken, and for the absence of which nothing can compensate; whilst the manner in which such writ-

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ings are produced is utterly inconsistent with any strong emotion. And when the reader begins to suspect that the poet is attempting to make him weep by a given rule, that his words were the cold product of the brain instead of struggling up warm and free from the heart, be they ever so loud or burning, the echoes of his own heart will cease to give back answers. He ceases to be moved, for he is not compelled to believe that the poet was moved.

There is another power which characterizes the true poet with a more marked distinctness perhaps than any other, but it is one that cannot exist in connexion with imitation. We mean that concentrating power of the imagination, by which he is enabled by a single hint, a line, a word, a sketch the most slight and rapid, to make palpable to the mind's eye the whole of a magnificent vision. He but touches the key-note, and our whole souls tremble with the long chorus of harmony that bursts spontaneously upon it. Let us read as long as we will, he is always new. Every line, every word is a spell at whose utterance the doors of a long gallery of glorious pictures are thrown open, and we may enter in and fill our eyes and hearts with images, which shall dwell there not only for the moment but for ever. But the show of the imitator consists of a single picture which is scarcely seen before it vanishes away into forgetfulness. The one speaks to the eye alone, the other not only to the eye, but the heart. The excellence of the one consists solely in what he says; that of the other in discovering and laying open to yourself a pathway to an untrodden land of wonders. He is not only a poet himself, but he make his reader one also. He endows him for the moment with the gift of intuition, of prophecy, of creation. The one presents to you a wrought statue, marble, cold, and dead; the other a form, living, breathing, and trembling with passion. The writings of the one are the full grown and muscular man, moving stately and strong with the self-moving power of his own free will; those of the other are the shadow which he drags ever behind him, where you may trace the outline of the man indeed, but find nothing of the fulness and life of the well knit frame which gave it existence.

We have spoken thus fully of imitation, because we conceive that it has exerted a more deadening influence upon our poetry than anything else, and it is important that its influence should be duly appreciated. The peculiar tendency to it manifested by our poets, has its origin, we imagine, in the too great admi-

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ration of the English writers of the present day, which exists amongst the reading public, and which can endure nothing that is not colored by their peculiarities. There are many authors in the English tongue, whom we can neither admire nor study too much; and whatever of vigor and grandeur they may impart to the mind, there is little danger of their infusing a spirit of imitation into any one who studies them as he ought. But the fact that almost all that does honor to our language has had its birth in England, has created amongst us a blind and unwholsome reverence for everything that comes thence. Not only do we admire, as they should be admired, her Bacons and Taylors, her Miltons and Shakspeares,—the authors who have passed through their century of probation and not been found wanting,—but we bow down and worship with a foolish idolatry whatever idol of the day the unsteady voice of the multitude may please to install. We have indeed shaken off her civil yoke, but we hug yet closer and closer the chains of intellectual bondage. We have broken

> 'our manacles, to wear the name
> Of freedom, graven on a heavier chain.'

Some poet by a lucky hit captivates the changeling populace. He is puffed in the journals, he is trumpeted in the reviews, and so true is it that 'distance lends enchantment to the view,' that, when it has reached our shores, we receive this contemporary praise of a contemporary writer with an undoubting trust, as if it were the voice of many succeeding generations deciding the merits of some immortal genius of ages long gone. We look up to him with a far more deep and wholesale admiration than fashion can make an Englishman do. To use the illustration of another, the object at which we gaze acquires an unnatural magnitude by being seen through the mists of the Atlantic. This feeling of undoubting admiration of what, for the time being, is admired on the other side of the water, is shared in some degree by our poets. And, besides that whatever one admires he almost unconsciously imitates, the imitator of the fashionable model of the day may win a sort of respectability at an easy price. His path is already marked out for him, and the obstacles that encounter a first discoverer have been removed; whilst he who would cut his way into an undiscovered country and people it with his own peculiar imaginations, has a thousand difficulties to overcome. He must expect often to fail in his attempts; his upward longings and aspirations will be often baf-

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fled and beat back; and if, after all his toil, he should be successful, he may still remain unnoticed. The world have all gathered to behold some one whom they have lifted into the triumphal car, and the surest way of drawing any eyes upon himself is to mingle with the long line of imitators who swell out the procession. And the certainty of a little present notice is too often sufficient to overbalance the uncertainty of a future and lasting fame. But this time-serving is most unworthy of the poet. Let him remember that when Rome goes out to do honor to her returning mighty one, the multitude may indeed cast their eyes on the Dacian slave that follows in the train of the victor, but he is looked on only as a slave and a trophy. His presence there may do honor to his conqueror, but not to himself.

There is another fault in the greater proportion of our poetry, and one which we imagine is in a great measure occasioned by the habits of which we have been speaking. We refer to the attention which is given to single points, sentences, expressions, images, to the neglect of the poem as a whole. It would seem sometimes as if it were the sole object of the poet to collect together all the elegancies and prettinesses of language, and that whilst he was thus 'stringing pearls,' he had forgotten that these alone are but insignificant things in a true poem. His great end should be, not solely nor chiefly to bring before the mind pleasant associations and images and allusions, but something far higher,—to unfold to the mental vision, and to stamp upon the heart, the sublimest truths of moral and intellectual being. All these single parts are necessary; they should sustain and support each other; they are the stone of which the building is reared, and should be touched with a Grecian chisel and ornamented with Grecian art. We might compare a poem to the path which winds up about a solitary hill that overlooks an extended country. As we ascend step by step, the prospect gradually expands and opens itself on the eye, and now we view this side of it and now that; as we rise higher and higher, the scene is enlarged, until at length we gain the summit, when suddenly the whole field of vision bursts upon us in all its vastness and beauty. If the slopes of the hill be green with springing grass, and the shadows of the scattered trees be thick, and the running waters gush up into their sandy basins and play down through the gullies and gorges of the hill, the pleasure of the ascent will be much increased. But the pleasure of ascending would be but scant, if there were nothing but these

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beauties scattered along the path, and no broad and commanding view of a pleasant land to lure us up. So it is with a poem; —it is not enough that chance flowers should be ever bursting up along the way, but when we have finished the reading of it, the impress of some great idea, or worthy sentiment, should be left deep in the heart.

Our remarks have not been directed against the poems now under consideration, but against the prevailing sin of our poets. On the other hand, we think the author of the first volume on our list is remarkably free from it. She has too much strength, too much of real fervency and unity of feeling, and her thoughts flow in too distinct and determinate a channel of their own, ever to blend with those of others, in the way which those of a successful imitator must. She everywhere discovers, too, a far more than common knowledge of human nature; not of its mere superficial exhibitions, but of its inmost and best attributes. In a word, and we esteem it no small praise, she possesses the heart and mind of a true poet. But notwithstanding this, we confess that the volume is not one that we take peculiar pleasure in commenting on; not because it is not a good one, and far better than most of those which appear from our press, but because we feel assured that it is not such a one as its author is capable of producing. There are but few pieces, out of the many of which it is made up, which we could conscientiously quote as fair specimens of what we believe her real powers to be. The great fault is, the want of finish. One can hardly read a piece in the volume, without feeling in his very soul, that it is the result of strong and natural emotion; but there are many times when he will feel that the writer has failed of conveying all of it, as it existed in her own breast, to that of the reader. Some little thing is wanting; or a line in bad taste breaks in on the onward flow of the illusion; or an idea, which apparently has no necessary connexion with the subject, draws away the mind from the leading idea, and this in almost every case is evidently the result of carelessness. They are the chance flourishes, full of strains of exquisite melody, yet interrupted by many a false note, which the musician flings off the keys in a moment of inspiration, and then thinks no more of. There are some few pieces in the volume, where that fundamental law of all things, that the effects described, shall be the legitimate ones of the causes introtroduced, is transgressed;—when the poet could hardly have

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felt that complete identity with the characters, and presence in the situations described, which always must be felt by one who would speak words of truth and power, sufficient to deceive the reader into a like feeling of sameness. In the 'Funeral of the Osage Warrior,' for example, we can hardly suppose that the writer had forgotten everything unconnected with the subject, and delivered herself up solely to the influence of the causes brought into view. But in a book made up of a multitude of different pieces, on a multitude of different subjects, all this, and much more than we here find, was to be expected. Notwithstanding its faults, passages of great beauty and truth are everywhere scattered through the volume; so much so that we are afraid that our remarks may wear the appearance of severity, when we would have them of the highest encouragement. The author's faults, or what seem to us to be her faults, we have stated fully and strongly; had they arisen from any lack of power, we should have said nothing of them. But they do not; whilst the thoughts and feelings everywhere expressed, are too valuable not to make us earnestly desire that the community should feel them, as she is capable of making them felt.

Instead of descending to minute criticism, we shall lay before our readers some extracts taken almost at random. The first that we make, is from a piece entitled 'Tomb of Cecilia Metella.' The closing paragraph is very fine.

'But thou hast left no trace
On history's tablet, and in vain we ask
These voiceless stones of thee.

'Was hoarded wealth
Thine idol, like thy husband's?—didst thou vaunt
His venal honors, and exalt the power
Of the triumvir, in thy purple robes,
Presiding at his feasts, till Rome was sick
Of pomp and revel?—or in secret cell
To thy Penates breathe the matron prayer
With trembling for his sake?—or in the grief
Of solitary widowhood, deplore
His breathless bosom pierced by Parthian darts?
—There is no record on these mighty walls
Of thy lost deeds. Even thy sarcophagus
Is rifled, and the golden urn where slept
Thy mouldering ashes, proved but fitting bribe
For the rapacious hand. Thy scatterd dust,
How doth it differ from the household slave's?

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Who 'neath thy bidding at the distaff wrought,
Or bent with sterner toil, in ponderous vase,
Brought the cool Marcian waters, or perchance
Through sinuous mazes of embroidery's art
Guided the weary needle.

'But in vain
We stand communing with the faithless tomb
That cast thee forth.—The strong cemented rock
Lays claim to immortality,—but dust,
Man's dust, must yield each element a part,
To pay creation's loan, nor can he cling
To the brief memory of a shadowy race,
Save through his deeds.

'O Woman, nurse of Man!—
Make not thy grave beneath the imposing arch,
Or the drear pyramid;—enshrine thyself
Amid thy buried virtues, in the heart
Of him who loves thee; make thy monument
The graces of thine offspring, and the thanks
Of all who mourn. So shalt thou miss the pomp
Of this world's triumph, and thy noteless tomb
Be glorious in the resurrection morn.'

Our next extract has all the antique quaintness and richness of our elder poets. Whether it be that the tinge of conceit gives more prominence to the associated thought, that the seeming rudeness of the setting makes the richness of the jewel more apparent, or from some other cause, we know not; but to us there is often an exceeding beauty in pieces of this description. It seems as if the poet, after having in vain striven, by every other mode, to give utterance to the fulness of his feelings, were at length forced by despair,

'in part but to express
That exceeding comeliness
Which his fancy doth so strike,
To borrow language of dislike.'

Conceits are not always unnatural, as all know, who have watched the language of full and overflowing tenderness.

'DEATH OF AN INFANT.

'Death found strange beauty on that cherub brow,
And dashed it out. There was a tint of rose
On cheek and lip; he touched the veins with ice,
And the rose faded.—Forth from those blue eyes

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There spake a wishful tenderness,—a doubt
Whether to grieve or sleep, which Innocence
Alone can wear. With ruthless haste he bound
The silken fringes of their curtaining lids
For ever.—There had been a murmuring sound
With which the babe would claim its mother's ear,
Charming her even to tears.—The spoiler set
His seal of silence.—But there breathed a smile
So fixed and holy from that marble brow,—
Death gazed and left it there;—he dared not steal
The signet-ring of heaven.'

There is much beauty too in the lines, 'To an Absent Child.'

'Where art thou, bird of song?
Brightest one, and dearest!
Other groves among,
Other nests thou cheerest;
Sweet thy warbling skill
To each ear that heard thee,
But 't was sweetest still
To the heart that reared thee.

'Lamb! where dost thou rest?
On stranger bosoms lying?
Flowers thy path that drest
Now uncropped are dying,
Streams where thou didst roam
Murmur on without thee;
Lovest thou still thy home?
Can thy mother doubt thee?

'Seek thy Savior's flock,
To his blest fold going,
Seek that smitten rock
Whence our peace is flowing;
Still should love rejoice,
Whatsoe'er betide thee,
If that Shepherd's voice
Evermore would guide thee.'

The greatest merit of the volume, as we have before intimated, consists in single paragraphs, and thoughts which we may everywhere find beautifully expressed, and most tender and elevated in sentiment. Of such passages we might make extracts without number. But we have room for only one more. It is from 'The Pilgrims.' We commence when the

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vessel in which they came, is described as departing from the shore on its return to England. It seems to us that the writer has entered fully and deeply into the hearts of our forefathers.

'But yon lone bark
Hath spread her parting sail.

'They crowd the strand,
Those few, lorn pilgrims.—Can ye scan the wo
That wrings their bosoms, as the last, frail link
Binding to man, and habitable earth,
Is severed? Can ye tell what pangs were there,
What keen regrets, what sickness of the heart,
What yearnings o'er their forfeit land of birth,
Their distant, dear ones?

'Long, with straining eye
They watched the lessening speck.—Heard ye no shriek
Of anguish, when that bitter loneliness
Sank down into their bosoms? No! they turn
Back to their dreary, famished huts, and pray!
Pray,—and the ills which haunt this transient life
Fade into air. Up in each girded breast
There sprang a rooted and mysterious strength,
A loftiness,—to face the world in arms,
To strip the pomp from sceptres, and to lay
Upon the sacred altar, the warm blood
Of slain affections, when they rise between
The soul and God.'

The other volume before us is also by a lady, and is likewise made up of a number of short poems. They belong chiefly to that class, if indeed there be any such class, whose office is simply and solely to please. The burden of most of them, is tried love, love militant, and love triumphant. He who should look into them hoping to see a strong light thrown down into the deep places of human nature, or to find glimpses of a high and far philosophy, would be disappointed; but if he would relieve himself of heavy thoughts, or pleasure himself of a summer afternoon with dreams in which youth loves to revel, he will find them well fitted for his purpose. Most of them are such lays as the troubadour might have composed for his courtly and gallant audience, and are made to be sung amidst the garden shadows by moonlight, underneath a sky for ever blue, and when the fragrant wind is throbbing with the pulses of a perpetual and invisible music. Though beautiful,

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this is not the highest kind of poetry. It does not raise the soul aloft, infusing into it the sterner and sublimer sentiments, but it wins it away from the din and dust of the world, and lulls it into a delicious rest. There are passions and feelings in the human heart, deeper than the love which romance pictures forth. They lie cloistered and apart in its inmost cells, and grow unseen into strength. They are the life of man's life, and the strength of his strength; the most deeply cherished and hoarded of all; but whatever influence they may exert on his actions, they are feelings which he gives not forth willingly in words to the world, even if he himself fully understand them. When, therefore, he finds them embodied in the creation of the poet, he is ready to be acted upon in the most powerful manner. He has yearned for sympathy, as man always must in whatever he himself feels strongly, and has found it. His soul leaps with a sure instinct to the unusual communion of a kindred spirit;—the poet has given a direction and voice to his emotions, and they throng up reinless and masterless to the outlet, like the struggle of many waters. He whose power reaches to these feelings, and who can call them forth from their hiding-places, exercises the most despotic sway over man,—more despotic from their very unfitness to be the subject of the road-side talk. But this power, and clear-sighted knowledge of the human heart, are rarely possessed, and it is well perhaps that they are not. There are many times in which we can read with delight an Italian love tale, when a drama, even of Shakspeare, would be a weariness and a fever. These poems do not belong to that higher class of which we have been speaking; but they do not on that account fail of being very beautiful, and for many readers, no doubt, may possess a higher interest than those.

We shall make one or two extracts, and, if we had room, should be glad to make more, both on our reader's and our own account. In general, there is a great equality throughout the volume. The characteristics are almost everywhere the same; the same gentleness, tenderness, easy versification, and tinge of romance. The poem, from which the book derives its name, is a simple, short, and well told story. It is of two brothers of a noble family, the elder of whom, Guido, is feeble and sickly, possessing not the form 'that ladies love to look on and to charm,' and unfit for all warlike exercises, but gifted with intellect and genius; whilst Julio, the younger brother, the

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cherished one of his mother, and the pride of his father, is skilled in all knightly feats and attainments, and fitted equally to grace the camp or the court. Guido falls in love with Floranthe, but she, although she looks upon him with a most sisterly regard, has given her heart to the younger brother. Guido discovers at length, their mutual love; but knows that

> 'her sire would ne'er bestow her hand
> On one whose wealth was but his battle-brand.'

Whatever it may cost himself, he resolves not to prevent their happiness; and so he enters a monastery, leaving titles, estates, and her whom he had loved, to his more fortunate brother. The descriptions of the two brothers, of the awakening and gradual growth of Guido's love, and other parts of the poem, are very finely done; but taking them from their connexion, as well as the analyzing of such a story, is somewhat like tearing a flower in pieces to show its beauty. We think the following lines from 'The Mother,' possess much beauty.

> 'Her tall graceful form
> Was bending o'er him, and one round white arm
> Supported his fair head, while her hand prest
> Her bosom, as she feared that he might start
> To feel the quickened pulses of her heart.
> Yet still she drew him nearer to her breast
> Almost unconsciously. At length, he woke,
> And the soft sound that from his sweet lips broke,
> Were like the gentle murmurings of a brook
> Along its pebbly channel.' p. 101.

> 'Oh! but to watch the infant as he lies
> Pillowed upon his mother's breast; his eyes
> Fixed on her face, as if his only light
> On earth beamed from that face with fondness bright;
> Or to gaze on him sleeping, while his cheek
> Moves with her heart's glad throbbings that bespeak
> Feeling too full for words; to see him break
> The silken chains of slumber and awake
> All light and beauty, while he lisps her name
> 'Mother!' although his childish lips can frame
> No other sound—oh! who, with joy like this
> Could ask from Heaven a deeper, dearer bliss?' p. 103.

The following is from 'The Lament of Columbus,' and is of a

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somewhat different character from most of the pieces in the volume.

'Not mine the dreams,
The vague chimeras of an earth-stained soul,
O'er which the mists of error darkly roll;
For heaven-sent beams
Have chased the gloom that round my soul was flung,
And pierced the clouds that o'er creation's mysteries hung.

'From my youth up
For this high purpose was I set apart—
An unbreathed thought, it lived within my heart;
And though life's cup
Was filled with all earth's agonies, I quaffed
Unmurmuring, for that hope could sweeten any draught.

'There were who jeered,
And laughed to scorn my visionary scheme;
They thought yon glorious sun's resplendent beam
So brightly cheered
And vivified alone the spot of earth
Where they, like worms, had lived and grovelled from their birth.

'But, called by God,
From home and friends my willing steps I turned;
Led by the light that in my spirit burned,
Strange lands I trod;
And lo! new worlds uncurtained by my hand
Before th' admiring East in pristine beauty stand.

'And what was given
To recompense the many nameless toils
That won my king a new-found empire's spoils?
The smile of Heaven
Blessed him who sought amid those Eden plains
To plant the holy cross; but man's reward was chains.'

'No selfish hope
Of fame or honor led me here again
To tread this weary pilgrimage of pain;—
He who must cope
With treachery and wrong, until the flame
Of pure ambition dies, has nought to do with fame.' pp. 66–69.

We must here close our extracts; but, before we leave the subject, we cannot but express the pleasure and the pride we

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feel in the productions of our fair country-women. So much have they cultivated it of late, that they seem almost to have taken possession of the whole domain of light literature, as if it were theirs by a peculiar and exclusive right. Novels and poems are continually coming from their pens; and, what is of far higher consequence, there is a heartiness, a sincere and unsophistical naturalness and tenderness in most of them, that has by no means characterized all the writings of the same class, from female pens in past times. We hope that, in this respect, they may go on as they have begun.

ART. VIII.—1. *Practical Observations on Popular Education.* By H. BROUGHAM, Esquire, M. P. F. R. S.

2. *Library of Useful Knowledge.* Published under the Superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. H. BROUGHAM, Esquire, M. P. F. R. S. Chairman of the Committee.

THE first named of these works, was published about four years ago, and has already gone through between twenty and thirty editions.* It will undoubtedly go through many more in Great Britain. We hope its circulation will be no less extensive in this country. We earnestly wish that all the readers of this article may be induced to procure and read the pamphlet, if they have not already done it. They will find in it the outlines of a vast project for the intellectual improvement of the lower classes of society, drawn with that clearness which is a distinguishing quality of the author's mind, and recommended by arguments, which to us, at least, seem irrefragable. They will find, too, what is not always an ingredient in the speculations of great minds; namely, plain common sense. There is no pomp, no declamation, no rhapsody; but on every page, and almost in every sentence, there are opinions and suggestions, so obviously wise and weighty, and yet so simple, that while the reader is delighted with their excellent sense, he is almost provoked that he did not think of them himself.

To meliorate the condition of the working classes by imparting new light to their minds, has long been a darling object

* See North American Review, No. 52, for July, 1826.

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with Mr Brougham. But absorbed as he has been, in the pursuits of a crowded and aspiring life, he could only devote to it those fragments of time, which most other men think not worth gathering up. The pages of which we are speaking, he tells us, were written in 'time stolen from needful rest.' How greatly does this consideration enhance their value in the eye of the philanthropist. With what supreme satisfaction does the mind contemplate the vigils of a great man, consecrated to objects of benevolence.

It has been said by men of high authority among us, that Mr Brougham, and the distinguished men who have coöperated with him, have only imitated, after the lapse of more than a century, the example set by our Pilgrim fathers. Now admitting this were true, it would not take away one particle of the essential merit of the reformations in Great Britain; for it is their vast utility, and not their originality, that makes them so worthy of encomium. But it is not true. There is no part of the plan discussed in the work before us, which has any considerable resemblance to our system of free schools. Would to Heaven that these noble institutions had been imitated, both in England and elsewhere. This, however, is not the case. If they are not inimitable anywhere else, they are as yet unimitated, and are the peculiar heritage of New England. But let not the pride we take in our provisions for education stand in the way of justice. Let us frankly and gladly own, that whatever there is among us resembling the plan in question, has been copied from our transatlantic brethren. At least there is but one exception to this, and for that Mr Brougham has given us due credit. We refer to the organization of the 'Library Company of Philadelphia.' Mr Brougham alludes to it thus; 'The Mechanics' and Apprentices' Library at Liverpool, established in 1823, comes ultimately, if I mistake not, from a very illustrious stock; for it was formed upon the model of the plans which owe their origin to the Library Company of Philadelphia, founded by Franklin, in 1731, and incorporated in 1742.' Nor is this the only instance in which Mr Brougham has paid a just tribute to our illustrious countryman. We shall quote the concluding paragraph of his 'Observations.'

'To the working classes I would say, that this is the time when, by a great effort, they may secure for ever the inestimable blessing of knowledge. Never was the disposition more universal among the rich to lend the requisite assistance for setting in motion the

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great engines of instruction; but the people must come forward to profit by the opportunity thus afforded, and they must themselves continue the movement once begun. Those who have already started in the pursuit of science, and tasted its sweets, require no exhortation to persevere; but if these pages should fall into the hands of any one at an hour for the first time stolen from his needful rest after his day's work is done, I ask of him to reward me (who have written them for his benefit at the like hour) by saving threepence during the next fortnight, and buying with it Franklin's Life, and reading the first page. I am quite sure he will read the rest; I am almost quite sure he will resolve to spend his spare time and money, in gaining those kinds of knowledge, which, from a printer's boy, made that great man the first philosopher, and one of the first statesmen of his age. Few are fitted by nature to go as far as he did, and it is not necessary to lead so perfectly abstemious a life, and to be so rigidly saving of every instant of time. But all may go a good way after him, both in temperance, industry, and knowledge, and no one can tell before he tries how near he may be able to approach him.'

We shall now state, in as brief terms as we can, in what the plan of popular education proposed and illustrated in the works before us consists. The position assumed in the beginning is, 'that there is no class in the community so entirely occupied with labor, as not to have an hour or two every other day at least, to bestow upon the pleasure and improvement to be derived from reading; or so poor, as not to have the means of contributing something towards purchasing this gratification.' Respecting these assumptions, we have only to remark, that if they are true of the laboring classes in Great Britain, they are true *a fortiori* of the same classes in this country, labor being compensated here so much more munificently.

The difficulties to be encountered arrange themselves under these two heads, want of money and want of time. First, want of money to procure the requisite books and instruction; and secondly, want of time to go through such books and receive such instruction, as are suited to conditions of greater leisure. How then are these difficulties to be obviated? The first expedient proposed by Mr Brougham is, to promote, by every possible means, *the publication of cheap books.* He says that the price of books is out of all proportion to that of other articles of manufacture, being three times as great in London as in Paris. If an Englishman may reasonably complain of the price of books, what may not an American say? Let us then, for our own

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interest, attend to the remedies proposed. The causes of the high price of books in England are four, namely, the high expense for labor where so little is done by machinery; the direct tax upon paper; the employment of paper more costly than is necessary; and the aversion to crowd the page or narrow the margin. All but the second exist in this country, and to at least as great an extent as anywhere in Europe. The first we may not hope or desire to remedy, any faster than new inventions and applications of machinery may do it. But the two last, namely, expensive paper, and large type with a wide margin, may be remedied. Why may not we content ourselves with the same style of printing, and the same quality of material, as satisfy the readers of France and Germany? where a library may be purchased at less than one third of what the same books would cost if printed here. *Retrenchment,* for certain reasons which we need not mention, has become a hackneyed word in this country; but if it be necessary anywhere, it is in the cost of books; and it is for the interest of every scholar who would not become a beggar, to insist strenuously upon it. We have no doubt that it would be both a needful and profitable speculation, to establish a press for the express purpose of publishing the most popular works, in a form much cheaper than they can now be found. We could wish that some enterprising publisher would take this into consideration.

In Great Britain, what is here proposed has been actually executed. Hume's History, which formerly cost nine dollars, may now be had for four dollars. The price of Franklin's Life and Essays is reduced to twenty-five cents. (Here the cheapest edition costs fifty or sixty cents.) Cook's Voyages complete, with many good engravings, may be had for one dollar and fifty cents. These instances are sufficient to show the possibility of a great reduction in the present price of common books. But the friends of popular education in Great Britain did not content themselves with cheaper editions of books already in circulation. They organized themselves into a *Society for the diffusion of useful knowledge.* A numerous committee was chosen, in which we find many of the first names of England, Scotland, and Ireland. Of this committee Mr. Brougham is chairman. Under their superintendence was commenced, in 1827, a series of works under the name of the *Library of Useful Knowledge.* We have placed this title second at the head of this article, and before we dismiss the subject, we intend to say something respecting the merits of these pub-

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lications, as treatises on the various branches of science. But at present we are chiefly concerned with their cheapness. They come out in numbers consisting of thirty-two closely printed octavo pages, one every fortnight. The price in London is *sixpence* (about eleven cents) per number. The price here is twelve and a half cents per number. This surpasses, in point of economy, anything we had before supposed possible. A complete treatise on Arithmetic and Algebra costs only twenty-five cents, about *one seventh* of what we are daily paying for a school-book. For another twenty-five cents, we have a complete treatise on Geometry; for a third, a complete treatise on Mechanics, with an ample number of plates exceedingly well engraved; and for a fourth, a complete treatise on Hydrostatics, having the requisite number of plates neatly executed. Thus for *one dollar* we have, brought to us across the Atlantic, what we have never been able to procure, in this country, for less than seven, or at the lowest possible estimate, six dollars. And we might still go on enumerating treatises of Geography, Physiology, Electricity, History, Biography, and so on through the various departments of useful knowledge; all equally well executed, and all furnished at the same trifling expense. Nor will the Society stop at the boundaries of useful knowledge. Arrangements have been made by this enterprising body for publishing a *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*. This has already been commenced; it is published upon the same plan as the other, namely, in numbers semi-monthly, and at the same *almost nothing* of expense.

This is laying open to the poor a highway to knowledge, which before could only be approached by paying an enormous toll. The method of publishing in numbers is admirably adapted to the circumstances of the laboring classes. In the first place, they do not feel the expense so much, when they only pay twelve cents at a time. It is but six cents per week, and this can be very easily saved from one week to another, though it might not seem so easy to hoard it up for six months or a year, until it become sufficient to purchase a large work. And again, it exactly meets the wants of small *library associations*. The tracts being in a pamphlet form, there is no need of any expense for binding; a paper covering sewed on strongly, is amply sufficient to preserve them. Besides, a single set of these pamplets will suffice for a great number of readers, as it is not necessary that all should begin with the same num-

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ber, or preserve the same order in their reading. We shall not extend our remarks on this part of the subject; for the advantages of the system are so directly obvious, that a bare statement is enough to enforce conviction. In the words of Mr Brougham, 'those who have not attended to such matters, would be astonished to find how substantial a meal of information may be had by twopenny-worths.'

The next object to be effected, in order to bring the means of education within the reach of the laboring classes, is to diminish as much as possible the expense of *instruction*. For this purpose, Mr Brougham recommends the formation of *clubs* or *associations*, in which each individual shall contribute his share of the expense, whether it be for instruction, books, or apparatus. If a considerable number thus join their forces and make common interest, the burthen will not fall very heavy upon each laborer, even if we suppose no extrinsic aid to be given, and if every lecturer or teacher requires to be paid. But in not one case in a hundred, would either of these suppositions need to be made. No benevolent individual, to whom, in casting the lots of humanity, a larger portion had fallen than to those around him, would see men thus conspiring and struggling after knowledge, without lending them a helping hand. Such efforts would 'plead like angels, trumpet-tongued,' and almost force the miser to unclench his grasp. The rich are with good reason averse to helping the poor, when the poor manifest no disposition to help themselves, and so pensioning indolence and listlessness. But resolute exertions on the part of the poor would be almost sure to call down donations from the rich. This probability amounts so nearly to a certainty, that Mr Brougham counts confidently upon it as one of the means of overcoming the difficulties in the outset, when the burthen will fall heaviest. He enumerates a multitude of instances in which the opulent had manifested not only their willingness but their strong desire to join with laborers in promoting this noble object. Speaking of the London Mechanics' Institution, which was organized in 1823, on a very extensive scale, he tells us that the sum required for the buildings, exceeding three thousand pounds, 'was generously advanced by Dr Birkbeck, to whom [for his exertions in the cause of popular education, as he observes in another place] the people of this island owe a debt of gratitude, the extent of which it would not be easy, perhaps in the present age not possible, to describe.' He also pays the following elegantly turned

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compliment to Sir Francis Burdett;—'I should mention with greater admiration the gift of a thousand pounds from Sir Francis Burdett, but that those who know him and who mark his conduct, have so long since become accustomed to such acts of wise and splendid benevolence, that they cease to make us wonder.'

We cannot reckon with quite so much assurance upon extrinsic and voluntary aid in the way of lecturing and teaching, because individuals competent to give instruction are not so numerous in any community as those who are competent to give money; to say nothing of the many, who, in giving such gratuitous instruction, would be cutting off the hand that feeds them. Still many persons might be found, who would *possess* the requisite knowledge, and who could *afford* to give it; and many such might be expected to volunteer their aid. But we will not use our own words, when we can borrow with so much advantage those of Mr Brougham.

'Although much may be done by the exertions of individuals, it is manifest that a great deal more may be effected by the labors of a body, in furthering this important measure. The subject has for some time past been under consideration, and I am not without hopes of seeing formed a society [it will be remembered that this was written two years before the formation of the Society of which we have been speaking] for promoting the composition, publication, and distribution of cheap and useful works. To qualify persons for becoming efficient members of this association, or coöperating with it all over the country, neither splendid talents, nor profound learning, nor great wealth are required. Though such gifts, in their amplest measure, would not be thrown away upon so important a design, they are by no means indispensable to its success. A well informed man, of good sense, filled with the resolution to obtain for the great body of his fellow creatures, that high improvement which both their understandings and their morals are by nature fitted to receive, may labor in this good work, either in the central institution or in some remote district, with the certainty of success, if he have only that blessing of leisure for the sake of which riches are chiefly to be coveted. Such a one, however averse by taste or habit to the turmoil of public affairs, or the more ordinary strifes of the world, may in all quiet and innocence, enjoy the noblest gratifications of which the most aspiring nature is susceptible; he may influence, by his single exertions, the character and the fortunes of a whole generation, and thus wield a power to be envied even by vulgar ambition for the extent of its dominion—to be cherished by virtue itself for the unalloyed blessings it bestows.'

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For small towns and villages, where only a few persons can associate themselves together, it is recommended that an experienced teacher be employed to go from place to place; and it is observed that 'the man qualified for the task, who should fastidiously reject so useful and so honorable an occupation, might be a man of science, but would little deserve to be called a philosopher. No talents and no acquirements are too great to be thus applied; and no use to which parts and learning can be put is more dignified.' But before long, the association would, in a great measure, furnish its own teachers. Some individuals, from having more leisure or better capacity than others, would necessarily make greater proficiency, and these would take both pride and pleasure in imparting of their store to others. This is not mere conjecture; it has been realized. In the Edinburgh School of Arts, a joiner *who received his instruction there*, became an accomplished and acceptable teacher of Mathematics. In the Glasgow Association, a mechanic paid back what he had borrowed from the institution, by lecturing on Geography, Chemistry, and Mechanics. Indeed the opportunity and inducement afforded for *mutual instruction* should be considered as a motive for forming such associations, second in importance only to the accumulation of funds. It is introducing the division of labor where it may be employed to as much advantage as in any of the manual arts. It is making use of the social lever to lift a weight too heavy for individual strength.

As to the *apparatus* necessary for instruction and illustration, the burthen would be chiefly felt at the outset. Once procured, it would last a long time, and would not be a constantly returning tax, at least to any great degree. Nor is the cost at first so great as we might imagine. Mr Brougham, whose competency to judge on this subject is unquestionable, estimates the necessary expense of an apparatus for a course of lectures at the small sum of twenty pounds. We shall again borrow his own words.

'In estimating the expenses I have supposed a room to be hired, and the rent to be moderate. To make a beginning, the parties must make a shift with any public room or other place that may be vacant; the great point is to begin; the numbers are certain to increase, and the income with the numbers, as the plan becomes known and its manifold attractions operate upon the people. For the same reason I reckon a small sum for apparatus. Great progress may be made in teaching with very cheap and simple exper-

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iments. Indeed, some of the most important, if not the most showy, are the least costly and complicated. By far the grandest discoveries in natural science were made with hardly any apparatus. A pan of water and two thermometers were the tools that in the skilful hands of Black detected latent heat: a crown's worth of glass, three penny-worth of salt, a little chalk, and a pair of scales, enabled the same great philosopher to found the system of modern chemistry, by tracing the existence and the combinations of fixed air; with little more machinery the genius of Scheele (a working chemist) created the materials of which the fabric was built, and anticipated some of the discoveries which have illustrated a later age; a prism, a lens, and a sheet of pasteboard enabled Newton to unfold the composition of light, and the origin of colors; Franklin (a working printer) ascertained the nature of lightning with a kite, a wire, a bit of riband, and a key.—Even the elements of Mechanics may be explained with apparatus almost as cheap and simple. To take one instance; the fundamental property of the lever (and I may say of the whole science) may be demonstrated by a foot rule, a knife, and a few leaden balls of equal size.'

We cannot in this country place the estimate for apparatus quite so low as that of Mr Brougham. The little demand hitherto existing has created no competition in the making; indeed it has hardly been sufficient to induce a solitary individual to make such manufacture an exclusive occupation. Ten years ago scarcely an article of apparatus could be found in our collections, which was not of foreign fabrication. And we doubt if, at this moment, all the parts of a complete apparatus could be made here at any price. But this evil will be every day diminishing. The formation of Lyceums and Mechanics' Associations will increase the demand, produce competition, lower the price, and perfect the workmanship. We may also anticipate great simplification in the construction and an improved economy in the materials. 'There cannot be a doubt,' says the author before us, 'that a compendious set of machines may be constructed to illustrate at a very cheap price a whole course of lectures.' 'A friend of mine is at present occupied in devising the best means of simplifying apparatus for lectures upon the mechanical powers; and cheap chemical laboratories may then receive his consideration.' And why, we ask, may not something of the same kind be done in this country? Neither inventive genius nor manual skill is wanting; and at this moment, such an undertaking would meet with due encouragement. It would ensure not only compensation, but gratitude. A greater

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benefit could hardly be conferred upon science. But even supposing no improvement in this respect, a beginning may be made with a very few articles and such as can be readily procured. An air-pump, an electric machine, a prism, a lens, a magnet, a small galvanic battery, a blow-pipe, some retorts and crucibles, a thermometer, a small metallic lever, a set of pulleys, a wheel and axle, and a cheap planetarium, would be sufficient to illustrate all the most important principles of natural science.*

With regard to the formation and direction of these associations, it is said to be a 'fundamental principle to make the expenses be mainly defrayed by the mechanics themselves; it is another principle equally essential, that they should have the principal share in the management.' It is recommended that at least two thirds of the standing committee of management be from the working classes. As a general principle, they will manage any concern best, who have the deepest interest involved in it; and in cases of doubt or difficulty, they can readily and will naturally take advice of the more experienced and better informed. Gratitude for disinterested aid will prompt them to this. But on the other hand, if the mechanics be not intrusted with the chief direction of affairs, there will be a constant sense of inferiority connected with a jealousy, always too ready to be excited, which would be of all things the most to be deprecated. The policy of an annual assessment upon the members is equally obvious. That which costs nothing is too apt to be considered as worth nothing. But if the mechanics are required to pay a trifle for the instruction they receive, they will be eager to get their penny-worth. We have heard of a man who would eat when he was no longer hungry, merely because he had paid for what was set before him.

Thus we have given a general outline of those popular institutions, under various names, which, within the last six years, have spread themselves over every part of the British Islands, and poured floods of intellectual light upon the lower ranks of society. What a glorious commentary upon the practical wisdom in

* Since this article was furnished, Mr Josiah Holbrook, of Boston, has advertised that he is prepared to furnish apparatus for lectures on mineralogy, electricity, galvanism, geometry, hydrostatics, astronomy, chemistry, and mechanics; a full apparatus for illustrating the five last named branches costing but fifty dollars. We have also learned that a variety of machines are in process of construction in the same city, designed to illustrate the most important applications of philosophy to the arts.

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which they originated! Their present flourishing state bears equally honorable testimony to the high tone of public feeling. This they could not owe to a single individual however gifted; it could have been realized only by the united exertions of thousands of enlightened individuals, and of thousands more who desired to be enlightened. Herein, they have given a noble lesson to other nations; and we take pleasure in paying them the tribute of unfeigned admiration.

We now turn with satisfaction to notice the progress, which institutions similar to those we have been considering, have made in this country, and especially in our immediate neighborhood. From the view we have taken, it is obvious, as was stated in the beginning, that they have nothing in common with our *free-school* system. They take up popular education, where free schools leave off, and carry it through the higher stages. Persons who have derived most benefit from the one, are best qualified to derive benefit from the other; those sow the seed, these mature the plant. Reading, writing, grammar, geography and arithmetic, which comprise the substance of what is taught in free-schools, are merely the alphabet of education, considered with reference to Lyceums. We insist upon this, because a want of zeal on the subject of Lyceums, has been sometimes defended by saying, that the means of popular education provided in New England, are already ample enough.

The Mechanics' Institution, established about two years ago in Boston, was an early and praiseworthy imitation of the example set beyond the Atlantic. At the opening of this excellent institution, the nature and merits of the plan were ably set forth in the Address delivered by Mr George B. Emerson; to which we refer our readers for a mass of interesting facts relating to the history of such institutions, and an eloquent illustration of the advantages to be derived from them. The example of Boston was speedily imitated in various other parts of the same state and of the states adjoining. It is believed that as many as one hundred of these associations are now in operation in Massachusetts. We mention one very recently organized on a liberal and extensive scale at Northampton, because its experience confirms what we have alleged in another part of this article, namely, that it would not always be necessary to *hire* lecturers. Not less than eighteen gentlemen have pledged themselves to lecture *gratuitously* in this Lyceum, where a lecture is to be given every week, without regard to seasons.

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But great as has been the zeal hitherto displayed, much yet remains to be done. The object is of such importance, and the means of accomplishing it are so easy, that there should not be a single town or village, however small, without a popular Lecture, or something of that nature. While the best interests of humanity are concerned in the multiplication of such institutions, they are happily not exposed among us, to objections which elsewhere have been urged against them. Elsewhere, schemes for a universal diffusion of knowledge have been regarded with jealousy on account of their supposed inconsistency with a subordination of ranks, essential to the well-being of society. The inferior classes,—it has been the plea,—are contented with their present condition; but if they were enlightened, they would become discontented and aspiring, and would, in consequence, be really less happy than they now are. In our country,—recognising, as its whole social condition does, the great principle of equal rights,—the universal right to knowledge, and to the elevation, and pleasures, and power which it gives, is not subject to be disputed. And indeed nowhere is the objection capable of being sustained. The experiment, in the first place, having never been fairly made, its supposed results are to be set down for nothing but conjecture. But admit that the lower classes would become ambitious and aspiring, and what follows? Simply that those who now have the superiority and would still maintain it, *must themselves strive and aspire too*, a result of all things the most desirable to have produced. For then the whole mass of society will make a positive advancement; there will still be the same gradations of condition, because each class will be elevated in the same proportion. And thus the objection converts itself into one of the strongest arguments.

There is, however, on some minds, an impression that it is in vain to think of giving laborers a scientific education; and by way of confirmation of this view, it is remarked how few, even of those who have most leisure and means, attain to anything like a general acquaintance with the principles of science. We admit the fact, but deny the conclusion. This very leisure is often the most fatal hindrance to improvement. From the corporeal inaction and sensual indulgence, which are the too frequent consequences of leisure, a habit of intellectual somnolency is generated and gradually confirmed. But there is less danger of this among the laboring classes. Their minds are generally active enough, but the misfortune is, that this activity

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has not hitherto been directed to good purpose. It is admitted that they cannot have a great deal of time for study; but is this a reason why they should not improve what they have? Does it not, on the contrary, afford the best possible assurance that this time will be well improved? While the rich man wastes pound after pound because he has many more, the poor man husbands his penny because it is his all. So may it be expected to be with leisure. Besides, it is not contemplated to traverse with the laborer the whole field of scientific investigation. It is only intended to put him in possession of the results. To illustrate our meaning by an example. In teaching astronomy by popular lectures, it is not necessary or desirable that the lecturer should go back to the age of Ptolemy or beyond, and trace the history of the science downward. He need not mention a single one of all the hypotheses that have been entertained. The names of Copernicus, Galileo, Kepler, Tycho Brahe, Newton, Herschell, and Laplace, need not once be pronounced, while placing before common minds a distinct idea of the mechanism of the heavens. All the grand outlines of astronomy, with reasons and illustrations made level to the most moderate capacity, may be brought within the compass of half a dozen lectures. The numberless and intricate details which grow out of *nutation*, *aberration*, and *disturbances*, ought to be omitted in such lectures, even if on the lecturers' part they could be embraced as well as not. They would confuse and embarrass, instead of aiding the understanding. Let the subject be set forth in its sublime simplicity, and the machinery of the solar system will be comprehended with as little difficulty as that of a watch or a steam-engine. To any other branch of natural science, similar remarks might be applied. Any sensible mechanic, who had never heard of electricity, might be made to understand completely, in the space of two hours, the nature and value of the grandest discovery ever made in that science, namely, the identity of lightning with the electric spark; and the way in which the lightning-rod operates to guard an edifice from its tremendous effects. The reason why treatises on the subject are amplified over so wide a surface, is, that one third of the book is taken up in discussing the merits of various hypotheses, and at least another third in the description of instruments for conducting experiments; all of which are interesting and useful in their place, but would not be necessary in such a course of instruction as we have in view.

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The plan, therefore, as it seems to us, so far from being visionary, is perfectly rational and feasible.

We shall now consider some of the recommendations which the *Library of Useful Knowledge* possesses, in addition to its cheapness. Having already counted largely on the patience of our readers, this view will be very summary. One general remark is, that being professedly written for the instruction of persons little informed, the style of reasoning and illustration is for the most part, much more plain and familiar than we usually meet with. The stiffness and formality of technical language is laid aside whenever it can be done, and a manner more resembling conversation is adopted. The reader is properly addressed as one, as yet, uninformed upon the subject before him, and consequently needing all the helps which can be derived from familiar terms, comparisons, and analogies. This will pass for no slight merit with those who consider how liable writers upon scientific subjects are, to fall into the error of supposing that what is perfectly clear to their own minds, without illustration, will be equally so to the minds of their readers. They see no difficulty, why should others? To them a technical nomenclature is a help; and they forget that, without frequent explanation, it may be a dead letter to the uneducated reader. Franklin, in his philosophical essays, avoided this error more completely than any other man, whose works we have seen; these essays may be regarded as perfect models of a neat, easy, and perspicuous philosophical style. None of the treatises before us come quite up to them, in this kind of excellence; but, if we are not led astray by an accidental resemblance, they were the mark at which several of the writers pretty successfully aimed.

The series is introduced by a preliminary discourse on the *Objects, Advantages, and Pleasures of Science*, which, in less than two years, has passed through eight editions, amounting probably to more than a hundred thousand copies. It illustrates in a masterly manner, the bearings of the various branches of science upon the business and happiness of life. Whoever may be its author, it is too far removed from the pedantry of science, and too replete with practical common sense, to be the work of an ordinary mind. It not only evinces an extensive acquaintance with every branch of science taken individually, but also much profound and philosophical reflection, upon the most important relations which the various branches bear to

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each other, and to the human understanding. It is sent out as a lure to induce men to attend to what follows. It awakens a curiosity, which can only be gratified by persevering inquiry. If these remarks shall induce an individual to purchase and peruse the preliminary tract, they will have accomplished their object; for we are sure the reader will not rest here. Having arrived at the door of nature's great museum, and caught a glimpse of the rare and wonderful things within, he will press for admittance, till he has gained it.

The tract upon Arithmetic and Algebra, comprising two numbers, the seventeenth and twenty-fifth, is especially worthy of being mentioned here, because it contains an important innovation. Arithmetic and algebra are treated together, as forming *one and the same* branch of mathematics. In our view, this is a decided improvement. Algebra is nothing more than *generalized arithmetic*, and the sooner the learner is made to comprehend this the better. Once point out the distinction between letters and numbers, considered as representatives of quantity or magnitude, and then the two branches may proceed hand in hand. While teaching the pupil to add numbers, let the same operation be performed upon letters, and so on, through the whole series of operations. In this way, each process will aid and elucidate the other. It will be readily seen that the whole difference arises from the *liquid* nature, if we may so express it, of numbers. For example, if five be multiplied by eight, the two numbers *flow* together, as it were, so that in the product forty, neither of the factors five or eight appears by itself; whereas if a be multiplied by b, these factors, wanting the liquid nature of numbers, cannot mix together in the product $a\,b$, but remain separate and distinct. This one distinction, running through all the operations (which are precisely the same in the two branches), explains the whole difference between them; and a very young child may be made to comprehend it completely, by the analogy of pouring together liquids of different colors, and marbles of different colors. The first will intermix, the second will not; you cannot ascertain the separate liquids by looking at the mixture, but you can readily separate the marbles. Just so it is with the results obtained by numbers and letters; and with this one exception, arithmetic and algebra are the same thing. Let them then be taught together that they may help each other. In this way, time will be saved, and each will be better understood. We are fully of the be-

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lief, that a child who has never studied either, may be made to comprehend both, by teaching them together, in two thirds of the time that would be required if each were taught separately. If this be true, an important change is yet to be made in our books and methods of instruction.

Another most valuable tract, forming numbers tenth and eighteenth, contains *an Account of Lord Bacon's Novum Organon Scientiarum.* This work may well be denominated the Atlas of modern philosophy, for the heaven of truth rests upon its shoulders. We are accustomed to pronounce the name of Bacon with reverence, as if he scarcely belonged to our race. But how few, comparatively speaking, have the means of appreciating the amount of his benefactions to mankind. The Novum Organon, by general consent the most stupendous achievement of the human intellect in its investigations of the way to knowledge, is so rare and costly a book, that many, who might desire to study it, could not procure it. Moreover, it is so abstruse from the nature of the subject, and so obscure from the want of a lucid method, that few of those who might procure it, would be able to understand it. Probably no work was ever written, which stands more in need of an able commentary to make it intelligible to ordinary capacities. These considerations render the tract before us one of the most important in the collection. It puts into the hands of the common reader, a key to treasures before inaccessible. A proof that it has been acceptable to the public, is that it has passed already through the fourth edition. We did not fully understand, till we read this, the worth of a familiar abstract of a great and difficult work; and having more than once thrown down the original in fatigue and despair, we feel personally grateful to the author of this, for his plain, and really interesting exposition. The light of a great mind has been shed over the subject, to make it so clear. Be the author who he may, every reader will be impressed with the idea, that he was fully competent to the task he has undertaken. He commences with a view of the condition in which Bacon found the world, in respect to knowledge and science; and then, carrying us along in full sympathy with his own enthusiasm, and delighted with the ease with which he enables us to master the hugest ideas of a giant mind, he prepares us to join cordially in the conclusion; 'that, by giving the inductive philosophy to the world, Lord Bacon has proved one of its most signal benefac-

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tors; and has largely done his part towards promoting the final triumph of all truth, whether natural, or moral and intellectual, over all error, and towards bringing on that glorious crisis, destined, we doubt not, one day to arrive, when, according to the allegorical representation of that great poet who was not only the admirer of Bacon, but in some respect his kindred genius, —TRUTH, though "hewn, like the mangled body of Osiris, into a thousand pieces, and scattered to the four winds, shall be gathered limb to limb, and moulded, with every joint and member, into an immortal feature of loveliness and perfection."' In short, if we should attempt to express half the satisfaction this essay has afforded us, we should be charged with extravagance by all who have not read it.

We were in hopes of having room to notice the *Life of Sir Christopher Wren, with a History of Architecture;* and the *Life of William Caxton, with a History of the Art of Printing;* but we find that if we should attempt to state our views of the different works in detail, we should not easily reach the end. The ground is by far too extensive to be traversed in the time allotted to a review. But if we could find, in the whole series, a tract possessing any striking and tangible defects, we should take pleasure in detaining the reader long enough to convince him that our abstinence from censure thus far, has not been owing to the want of a disposition to find fault, but solely to the want of a subject. Works like these, however, are the despair of critics. Professing nothing but utility, and accomplishing all they undertake; addressing themselves to the great mass of mankind, and sent abroad in what seems the purest spirit of philanthropy; containing stores of intellectual wealth, and yet costing less than the vilest trash that issues from the press;—what can you do with such works, but buy them, read them, praise and profit by them?

In conclusion, we must be indulged in a brief appeal to patriotism, in furtherance of a cause, which abler pens than ours might be well employed in recommending. We have hitherto abstained from arguments drawn from our political condition; but they are too powerful to be passed over in silence. There is a solemn responsibility resting upon every real republican to strengthen the foundation upon which republicanism rests. This foundation is knowledge and virtue in the mass of the people. With them the physical force of the community resides; and if the theory of our government were fully realized

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in practice, they too would control its moral energies. Looking to an enlightened populace, there is nothing fearful in the thought, that they are, theoretically speaking, our legitimate and acknowledged governors. But the mind recoils with horror from the idea of submitting the most precious interests of society to the suffrages of an ignorant majority. We do not intend to affirm that a majority of our population are absolutely ignorant, for we do not so believe; on the contrary, we are sure that, compared with the mass of any other nation now existing, they must be pronounced enlightened. But knowledge and ignorance are relative terms; and, speaking with reference to that state to which well-directed efforts might speedily advance them, they are comparatively ignorant. This is not their own fault, but the inevitable consequence of their present condition. Individually their means and resources are scanty; but by union and concentration they might become ample. And when we compare the power they *might* constitutionally wield—and *would* wield, if a political convulsion should disjoin them from the salutary influence of the enlightened minority,—with the largest measure of wisdom and ability that a demagogue, in the impudence of his flattery, would dare to ascribe to them, the question of their improvement at once assumes a magnitude, which we know not how to describe. For such a crisis, however remote it may appear, it is the part of wisdom to be prepared. We have the experience of all history against the ultimate success of our great political experiment; warning us, that if we would avoid those dangers which no free government has yet survived, it must be by taking such precautions as none has ever yet taken. Let us listen reverently to this monitory voice, and take the best of all possible precautions, by diffusing intelligence far and wide among the people.

ART. IX.—*Catalogue of Pictures in the Athenæum Gallery.* Boston. 1829.

THE exhibition of pictures, which has been open the last two months, has been attended with circumstances most gratifying to the amateur, and most encouraging to the artist. It was hardly

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anticipated that so large and good a collection could be made, for the third time, without the repetition of a single picture, and with so little aid from other places; for although some of the best have come to us from abroad, more than seven eighths in value, as well as in number, belong to Boston and the vicinity. We take pleasure in saying too, that the great merit of the collection is to be found in the works of our native artists. It is essentially American. There are specimens of the works of nearly every eminent American artist, and it can only be necessary to mention the names of Copley, West, Stuart, Allston, Trumbull, Newton, Sully, Doughty, Fisher, and Harding, to satisfy those who have not seen the collection, that it must possess gratifying evidence of American talent. Another pleasing fact, is the obvious improvement of those artists who have heretofore exhibited their works at the Athenæum. They have all felt the influence of the exhibition. The criticism to which they have been exposed, the liberality with which they have been encouraged, and still more, the opportunity they have enjoyed of comparing themselves with other and greater masters, have stimulated them to efforts which have been to a great degree successful. We perceive with much pleasure, that one of the leading objects of establishing the exhibition, the improvement and encouragement of the young artist, has thus been so far attained. We think we perceive too, in the increased number of those who visit the gallery, an indisputable evidence of the growth of a taste in the community, for the beautiful art which is there exhibited. We hope that the public and the artists will continue mutually to excite each other by the attainment and encouragement of advancing excellence; for after all that has been, and may be said, of the dangers of luxury and the debilitating influence of refinement, they are dangers which none of us are very anxious to avoid, and which the progress of society renders inevitable. Luxury, or the indulgence of imaginary wants, is an offence with which every man in every state of society is chargeable. It is a very narrow use of the word to confine it to pictures and statues, gold and silver, houses and furniture. The indolence of the savage, the inebriating draught of the laboring man, the afternoon excursion of the industrious citizen, are no less luxuries than the easy chair, or the splendid equipage of the wealthy; and we conceive there can be no doubt, that the pleasures of taste and imagination are rather to be encouraged, than those grosser and

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more corporeal indulgences, which are almost sure to be their substitutes. The question is not whether we will be luxurious, for that we are and must be, but in what kinds of luxury we will indulge; whether we will have bull-baitings, and cock-fighting, epicurism and gluttony, or fine arts and literature. Fortunately the natural taste for art is almost universal, and requires only opportunity for developement. Every one is pleased by a beautiful landscape, a fine statue, or any skilful representation of an agreeable natural object. Skill alone is always interesting, whether it be in the construction of a ship, or a double-speeder, or in painting a picture. Commercial and manufacturing skill have been pretty well developed among us, and we hope the time is fast approaching when the fine arts may claim their share of interest. The exhibition at the Athenæum, is an omen of good augury in this respect. Talents of a high order, and skill of no ordinary kind, have been shown by several of our artists; and it appears to us that the public are by no means backward in appreciating or encouraging merit. The reputation which is obtained by the deserving is extended through the community at once, and thus the best reward of application is secured. Indeed, we can think of no way in which the plan of the exhibition could be improved, and we have only to declare our pleasure at its past success, and its hopeful prospects.

We feel some reluctance at expressing an opinion as to the merits of individual pictures; for of the great variety of persons who have seen the collection, with tastes as various as their characters, we can expect but few to agree with us. As we shall do it, however, 'without fear,' so we shall hope to escape 'without reproach.' Among those by the old masters, which occupy the first side of the room, we were attracted by an excellent Ruysdael; two very pleasant pictures by Ommeganck; an 'Interior of a Chapel,' by Peter Neefs, which is quite a *bijou*; and a picture by an unknown hand, called in the catalogue, 'Fishermen at Evening.' The large picture by Copley, which occupies the centre of that side of the room, though valuable doubtless as containing family portraits, seems to us to have little interest for the public. The scene, the figures, and the faces are of remarkable tranquillity; the coloring is fresh and brilliant, and the finish, as usual, very careful. But the pictures, which we think the most valuable among the older ones, are the two which are called, and we have no doubt, are

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rightly called, by the names of Guercino, and Salvator Rosa. The 'Christ healing the Blind,' has the most prominent merits and defects of Guercino, so far as we are acquainted with them. It is full of expression of face and attitude, finely drawn, and in parts beautifully shaded, and the drapery is singularly rich and brilliant. At the same time there is a want of perspective, and a brown hue in the darker parts of the picture, which, while they are disagreeable, are characteristic of the artist.* The Salvator Rosa has all the force, spirit, and grandeur, which are known to belong to that artist. The vivacity, freedom, boldness, yet harmony of coloring of this picture, seem to us decisive marks of Salvator Rosa, and would be sufficient to make it a work of great merit, were the name of its author unknown and unsuspected.

Our attention was next called to the 'Sortie of Gibraltar,' Trumbull's *chef-d'œuvre*, and we congratulate the Athenæum on the acquisition of a picture of so much value. The composition, drawing, and coloring of this work, seem to us nearly unexceptionable. The fault, if there be any, lies in the subject, which is prosaic, and rather unmanageable; but the group of officers who occupy the principal station, is well arranged, and all the subordinate parts are in excellent keeping. There is so much truth, so natural an air pervading the picture, that the effect upon us is like that of a well told tale; we cannot but believe that some such scene actually took place. We turned from that to the 'Lear,' by West, the merits of which are very different from those of the 'Sortie.' Indeed, we do not see how a stronger contrast could well have been presented. The Lear is the embodying of a poetic fancy, an extravagant delineation of an extravagant character; and, for ourselves, we confess it is far from being an attractive picture; we do not dwell upon it with pleasure, for the conception seems to us radically wrong, and the execution in some respects bad. Lear is too violent and too Herculean a madman, and the other figures we think ill disposed. They are confused and crowded in a manner which is painful to the eye and to the mind. We are aware that this picture is much praised, and that we may be expressing a

* We are glad to learn that the Athenæum has purchased this picture. It is so rarely that we have an opportunity of procuring a genuine work of a good master, that none should be neglected by a public institution.

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singular opinion; but we think the conception and composition of it cannot be considered its leading merits. There is a certain grandeur and majesty in the figure of Lear, something of the 'divinity doth hedge a king,' which are imposing; and the coloring is rich and vivid. We are glad that the Athenæum has obtained possession of it, were it only as a memorial of the excellent man who painted it. An American gallery would be quite incomplete without a West. Under the Lear, are hung two pictures, the 'Dull Lecture,' by Newton, and 'Anne Page, Slender, and Shallow,' by Leslie, which we consider the best cabinet pictures in the room. Both are delightful, though marked by very different characteristics. The coloring of the Newton is a feast to the eye. The effect is like that upon the ear of a rich and perfect chord of musical instruments, with this advantage, that the spectator can recur to it and repeat it at pleasure. The artist has arranged his colors with most charming effect, though with some disregard to probability in the lights and shadows. There is not care enough to preserve the consistency of the scene. The drawing, too, is liable to exception; but we have no pleasure in finding fault with this picture; its coloring, so brilliant, so rich, so harmonious, makes us forget everything else in the pleasure of contemplating it. Leslie, on the other hand, has taken great care to be correct in his drawing; and his lights and shadows are arranged precisely as they would be by nature, in a room like the one represented. His coloring is colder than Newton's, though the tone is so different, that it ought not to be brought into direct comparison with it. It is more correct, without being so striking a picture as Newton's; and the humor of the scene, which is strictly Shakspearean, makes it, we think, as popular and attractive as the other. We are grateful to the liberal proprietor, Mr P. Hone of New York, for the pleasure he has afforded us by the sight of these two capital works.

There are many excellent landscapes in this year's collection, which we have not room to enumerate. But we must not omit the 'Lake of the Mountains,' by Doughty, which is full of the soft, rich coloring, which seems to be peculiarly his. It is a picture which affords a most agreeable repose to the eye and the mind, at the same time exciting the fancy and soothing the feelings. The 'Outlet of the Lake,' by Fisher, is a fine composition, but the effect of it is injured by scattered lights, and by a tone of coloring somewhat too brilliant. Both these

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artists have improved greatly, and well merit the popularity they have obtained; we should like to see, however, one change in the style of both, which we venture to suggest to their consideration. They paint too many clouds in their skies. Doughty, especially, seems to be fond of mist and vapor in every variety of appearance. For ourselves, however, we greatly prefer a clear sky to a clouded one, a warm to a cold one; at least, we should not wish to have our sky always overcast and shadowy, nor even loaded with passing clouds. There is a picture by T. Cole, called 'Evening,' which possesses a great charm for us in the soft and warm sky, with just cloud enough to show its clearness. It is a picture we like to look upon, though its merits consist principally in its tranquillity and its sky. Pratt has a landscape, in which the subject requires clouds of the densest form, and the most striking contrasts of color. We refer to his 'Mount Sinai,' which seems to us to show great power of imagination, and very considerable skill of execution, in the style of Martin, so celebrated for his lightning and tempest. We like it much better than his other productions, whether bowers, or mountain scenery, or portraits. We are constrained to wish, when we look at the last, that he would put a little more warmth and health into his flesh. Of the portraits in the room, we think the first place is due to the 'Independent Beggar,' by Waldo, a picture of remarkable force and truth. The tone of coloring is excellent, rich, and natural, the outline bold, and the shades well managed. The conception of the whole, the attitude and expression are extremely happy, and are well combined to produce the intended effect. Another excellent portrait is by Fisher, and we confess we were surprised at the spirit and the correctness of coloring, with which it is executed. The hue of the flesh is that of nature, and the drawing is so good that we are quite sure it must be a striking resemblance. Stuart also has been recalled to us by two of his admirable works. It is very agreeable to see the portrait of so true a gentleman, as the late Dr Lloyd, executed in a manner which shows that the artist duly appreciated the benevolence and dignity of his subject, and knew how to represent them. It is this happy talent, which, combined with his bold pencil, has placed Stuart in the elevated rank which he will ever maintain. The portrait of Dr Holley, though not so richly colored, shows the same power of mind and hand. Thomas Dixon, Esquire, by Inman, and James Cox, Esquire,

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by Harding, merit notice for the spirit and correctness of their coloring and execution. We are happy to perceive, as we think, in this, and two other portraits by Harding, those of Mr Carroll and Mrs Smith, that he continues to improve.

We wish we could dwell upon many others of the pictures which are great ornaments of the collection, such as the 'Dying Greek' by Weir, the attractive portrait of Mrs Hemans by West, and that of Houqua by Chenery, several of Salmon's views, and others by Fisher and Doughty, and the beautiful collection of miniatures; but we fear we have already taxed too heavily the patience of our readers, by a criticism, which, to those certainly who have not seen the exhibition, must be barren and uninteresting. We cannot close, however, without expressing our deep feeling of regret, that we find but one picture by Allston in the catalogue, and that an old one. How is it, that he alone, of all our artists the most distinguished, and the most valued, has not produced anything for either of the three exhibitions we have had? The first year, indeed, there were many of his works; and how highly they were esteemed, he must be well aware; but they were sent by those who had long possessed them, and from that time to the present we have seen nothing, and heard of nothing, which has come from his easel. We would not, on any account, use an expression which would grate harshly on the delicacy of a refined and sensitive mind; but our admiration of his genius, and our almost irrepressible desire to see more of his productions, lead us to suggest to him the propriety of showing that he is not insensible to the universal homage which his works receive from a discerning public. We think too, that a man of his celebrity, has become, in some degree, public property; at least he should not treat with neglect, year after year, the anxious expectations of a community that ask only for *something* from his pencil, however slight a production of his genius, which they are already prepared to admire. But we are unwilling to believe that there is anything like a feeling of indifference in his mind; and we merely mean to express, in the strongest manner, our regret that any feeling, or any course of events, should have deprived us for so long a time of the pleasure we are sure of enjoying, when looking at a picture by Washington Allston.

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ART. X.—1. *History of England from the first Invasion of the Romans.* By JOHN LINGARD, D. D. London. 1825.
2. *History of the British Empire from the Accession of Charles the First, to the Restoration.* By GEORGE BRODIE. Edinburgh. 1822.
3. *A Constitutional History of England from the Accession of Henry the Seventh to the Death of George the Second.* Second Edition. 3 vols. 8vo. London. 1829.
4. *History of the Commonwealth.* By WILLIAM GODWIN.

THERE is scarcely any topic more noble in itself, or more interesting to the human race, than *Constitutional History;* by which is meant the history of the progress of nations in the art of self-government. This term is no longer confined, as it once was, to the annals of Great Britain, and a few states which have sprung from her. Within the last half century, a great change has been brought about in this, as in many other particulars. Principles of government which were once treated as fanciful and absurd, or at least as suited only for the atmosphere of the British Islands, are now diffused, not as idle theories and shadowy speculations, but soberly and practically, over the fairest portions of both hemispheres. Constitutional liberty now beams on all North America, and a large portion of South America; and in the old world, is shedding its light over the 'gay regions' of France, and glances on the wretched remnant of the devoted population of Greece. Even in those countries of Christendom where free principles of government are not avowedly adopted, their influence is felt and acknowledged; the shackles of superstition and ignorance are yielding to the grasp of free inquiry; the two conflicting systems are placed in fair opposition, and we cannot doubt that the result will be such as the friends of rational liberty ardently hope for, and confidently expect.

While we contemplate this state of things with exultation, we are naturally led to look backward, and trace the progress of this giant power, from infancy to its present state. Our minds are involuntarily carried back to a remote period of English history. We watch with anxious gaze the frail barks which bear a few Saxon adventurers from the mouths of the Elbe, who carry with them that dauntless spirit, and those simple and primitive laws, which are to expand and flourish in the British Isles. One thousand years afterwards, a band composed of the descendants of these rude invaders, is seen preparing for a bolder

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voyage, by which this spirit and these institutions are to be transplanted to a still wider field, where we fondly hope they are destined to arrive at full perfection. To follow the Constitution, through the different stages of its progress, from the establishment of the Saxon power in England, is a most interesting subject of inquiry, and one which, by a singular fatality, has been reserved for our day. The English nation has been in nothing more unfortunate than in her historians. While she was advancing step by step in the attainment of freedom, it was hardly possible that history should keep pace with her. In times of excitement, we do not look for philosophical history from contemporary authors. The actors in those great events which for half a century agitated the nation, could not be expected to be impartial narrators of them. That Clarendon should have leaned to one side, and Whitelock and Burnet to the other, is saying no more than that they were subject to the infirmities of humanity. Unhappily, however, passion and prejudice long survived the contest which produced them. The moment which seemed most favorable for the appearance of a British historian, after the House of Brunswick had become quietly established on the throne, was seized upon by Mr Hume; who possessed almost every requisite for the undertaking, but that without which all the rest are worthless—a fair and candid mind. At this time of day it is unnecessary to enlarge on the faults of Mr Hume's History of England. Like all great evils, this one has at length wrought its own cure. His misrepresentations are now so glaring, that the very party he intended to aid, has been obliged to turn against him in self-defence. In nothing is the progress of liberal opinions more clearly shown than in the fate of this historian. Notwithstanding the charms of his style, and the vigor of his intellect, no Englishman of sense pretends now-a-days to justify or defend him. Having devoted several pages in a late number to this subject,* we shall merely add, that the works placed at the head of this article, are among the best antidotes to the subtle poison of this artful casuist. Dr Lingard, roused to indignation by the injury done to the Catholic Church, has taken the field in its defence. Mr Brodie has entered the lists as the champion of the English nation in general, against the assertion of Mr Hume that the condition of that people under the Tudors was much like that of Turkey at the period when he wrote. Both these writers

* See North American Review, No. 61, for October, 1828.

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are led by their zeal into some extravagance and occasional inaccuracy. In the ordinary style of partisans, they make the most of their respective cases, and leave the reader to his own deductions. Mr Hallam has had the courage to take the most dangerous ground of all, that of umpire between the parties, and of course must lay his account with blame from all sides. He has aimed at impartiality, and seems to have attained it, as far as it is attainable on such a subject. The wish to be impartial shows a liberal and honest mind, and such a mind can hardly fail to incline to what may be called the popular side of the grand question. He pursues with a steady eye the clew of the constitution, through the labyrinth of feudal tyranny and fanatical fury; when snapped by prerogative, or entangled by anarchy. His object is to exhibit the *English people*, and the ground they have stood upon, in all the changes of the government.

A theme more worthy can hardly be imagined; compared with it, how poor are the stories of the Continental states. The miserable squabbles of Guelph and Ghibeline, which for centuries fill up the annals of Europe, appear almost too trifling to be read. The rise of the Houses of Hapsburg and Brandenburg is but little better. One usurper succeeds to another; one elector takes his fellow elector prisoner, and carts him over Europe as a show. The blood of the people is shed to secure an appanage for the son of some needy potentate; while the people themselves are handed over from one ruler to another, with as little ceremony as cattle change owners at a fair. The history which has obtained the name of constitutional, is just the reverse of this. It is the only true history of man; and being founded on the principles of our nature, stirs up within us an irresistible interest. Time, instead of diminishing this interest, adds a value to the most remote event connected with it. The transactions of the reign of Charles the First, are infinitely more studied now than they were one hundred years ago; while the Spanish war of the succession, and the campaigns of Marlborough, which in their day filled the world with wonder, and shook Europe to the centre, are fast passing into insignificance.

Mr Hallam, has of course, confined himself to the constitutional History of Great Britain. In the foregoing remarks we have considered this but as one branch of the subject. He treats of the progress made by the English people in constitu-

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tional liberty. The same principles modified by the peculiarities of climate and national character, apply to all governments which recognise certain rights on the part of the people; whether under the form of a limited monarchy, restrained by the delegated voice of the nation, as in France and England, or under that of a pure republic, as in the United States. To follow up the subject, and point out the steps by which the vast revolutions now going on in the world have been brought about, is reserved for some other hand. To the citizens of these states, inquiries of this nature have a peculiar value, standing as we do on a middle ground; tracing back our history on the one hand to the settlement of our own country, and thence to the infancy of British story; while on the other, we have before us events certainly momentous, either for 'weal or woe.' Whether we consider then the importance of a correct knowledge of our own institutions, as citizens of a free state; or the desire natural to all men to look forward and speculate on the probable condition of coming generations, the subject is full of interest. It becomes us to inquire by what means information in relation to it, can best be disseminated; and particularly to ask ourselves whether it has hitherto had its proper share of attention in our places of education. At this moment there is no occasion to say anything in recommendation of the advantages of knowledge in general. All judicious observers are convinced, that the institutions under which we live, must owe their support to an enlightened, sober, and industrious population. The fate of our country is in the hands of its inhabitants; and it must rise or fall as the character of the people is elevated or debased. In this point of view, the importance of a right education is incalculable; and in no department of it is correct information more necessary, than in that of Constitutional History in its widest sense. It is the great excellence of republican forms of government, that they adapt themselves to the wants and circumstances of mankind. To know what those wants are, and what the experience of other nations has taught in regard to government, is essential to every man who would understand his duties, not only as a legislator, but as a citizen called on to judge of the conduct of his representatives.

The advantages of right notions on this point are so obvious, and the application of them so perpetually occurring, that it would seem as if no seminary which pretended to furnish a liberal education, should be without some provision for instruc-

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tion in regard to it. Yet, strange as it may seem, there is no branch which has been so entirely neglected. We will not undertake to assert, that there is no professorship of History in the United States; but we are quite sure that in no seminary in Massachusetts has provision been made until very lately for instruction in this department. Something may have been done for history in general; but we are not aware that any steps have yet been taken to correct the ill effects which have resulted from the want of proper direction to students in English history. We infer this from the fact, which is sometimes mentioned as an evidence of improvement, 'that where one student read Hume's History of England twenty years ago, ten read it now;' that is to say, that ten times as much prejudice, falsehood, and sophistry is imbibed, to be eradicated in after life, as was imbibed twenty years ago. That a young man might not be worse employed than in reading Hume, we will not undertake to assert; but that any instructer in our day should place his work in the hands of a youth, leaving him to suppose that it contained the truth, is to us matter of no little surprise. It is certain that in England, his authority as to any event subsequent to the accession of the Tudor dynasty, would be received with ridicule. His misstatements are the more dangerous, because they are not the effect of passion or honest zeal; but cool, deliberate, and artful. The weapons he wields are sophistry and sarcasm. He does not assail openly, but with a plausible affectation of impartiality, blasts a character by some sneering insinuation, at the close of a pretended encomium. This is the most dangerous of all modes of attack, because most captivating to the young and inexperienced reader. An instance may be cited in the character of Hampden; whom he has not the effrontery openly to abuse, but insinuates that his high qualities were obscured by a morbid fanaticism, which would have evaporated in psalm-singing among the wilds of America, whither he was on the point of going; and 'where,' says Mr Hume, 'he could only propose the advantage of puritanical prayers and sermons.' So says Mr Hume; but history tells us, that Mr Hampden's ground of complaint was, not only that he was not allowed to pray after his own way, but that if he did not conform, in this respect, to the prescriptions of my Lords Bishops, he was liable to punishment as a felon. To Mr Hume it no doubt seemed a small matter; being indifferent to both creeds, he thought it a mighty foolish thing to quarrel

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with genteel people about such a trifle. If the student wishes, however, to see both sides of the question, as between the Church and the Puritans, let him look into Neal. Nay, if he would make up a cool and deliberate judgment as to the ecclesiastical history of England from the Reformation, to the great measure which has carried gladness to the hearts of all friends of the human race, in the emancipation of the Catholic population of Great Britain; he must consult Dr Lingard and Mr Hallam. He must go back to the religious condition of England, before the dissolution of monasteries; not as it is represented by Protestants, but as he finds it on a fair comparison of conflicting authorities. He will there see that what is called the English Reformation, like all other human events, is one of a mixed character. He will see in those religious communities, which have been held up to execration, a great deal to admire and commend. The celibacy of the clergy, which has been the theme of so much reprehension, will appear to be not unsusceptible of plausible defence. That time which the married clergyman devotes to the care of his family, was supposed to be given up to the duties of charity and exercises of religion. If the testimony of Catholic writers may be relied on, these were much more regularly performed than we have been led to suppose. At all events, the estates which by the gifts of the pious had been appropriated to the poor through the medium of these establishments, were certainly in most instances devoted to their relief. Whether these estates were not much greater than was consistent with good policy, is of no moment; nothing could justify the conduct of Henry the Eighth in seizing on this property, and distributing it among his needy favorites, in violation of every principle of justice and humanity. As this measure grew out of his rapacity, so the Reformation had its origin in a still more unworthy motive. His resentment at the firmness of the Pope, in the matter of his divorce, transported him beyond the bounds of reason or decency. So determined was he to bring about an entire separation from the See of Rome, that the scruples of the most conscientious, and the services of the most faithful of his subjects, were equally disregarded. We have had the sufferings of Protestant martyrs rung in our ears from our cradles; but the two most illustrious of English martyrs, the enlightened Sir Thomas More, and Bishop Fisher, died, rather than abjure the faith of their ancestors, at the bidding of a tyrant.

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The student will not have proceeded far in this inquiry, before he will begin to suspect that it is one thing to protest and another to reform. The English Reformation (setting aside religious belief, with which we have nothing to do at this time; and looking at its effects on the grand object of constitutional inquiry, *toleration*) was anything but a change for the better. It has been well said by an ancient wag, that Henry the Eighth was a king with a pope in his belly. The power of the Papal See in England, had long been on the wane, and the natural jealousy of the interference of a foreign power kept it within bounds. Transferring the supremacy in religious affairs from the Pope to the King, added to the immense patronage arising from the disposal of the estates of the sequestered religious houses, gave a power to the crown which nothing could resist. The ferocious tyrant, who would trample on all rights to obtain this ascendency, was not likely to be very scrupulous in the use of it. All writers agree in condemning the measures which followed the establishment of the Protestant religion in this reign. In the short one of Edward the Sixth, something was done towards the settlement of the church, but the accession of Mary brought about the reaction which such excesses are calculated to produce. This princess has become so proverbial for ferocity and bigotry, that one can hardly be allowed to suppose that any good quality had a place in her character. It may, however, be remarked that she gave one proof of sincerity, not very common among sovereigns, in relinquishing sixty thousand pounds a year, which had been taken to the crown, out of the plunder of the church. Whatever may have been her character considered by itself, she has been most unjustly dealt with in the comparisons that have been drawn between her and her sister Elizabeth. What Mary did from bigotry, Elizabeth did from policy and pride of opinion. The first inquisition established in England, was the Court of High Commission, which took its rise in an act of the first year of the reign of this Protestant princess. A more odious and oppressive tribunal never existed in any country. The fury of Mary's resentment fell upon those who had distinguished themselves in favor of the new religion. Her sister persecuted both Catholics and Protestants. She was a Catholic in all points, except the acknowledgement of the Pope's supremacy. She had mass in her private chapel, and ordered her bishops to expel all ministers who differed ever so little from the

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discipline of the church by law established. The treatment of the Catholics was still more iniquitous than that of the Puritans. Camden and Hume, with other writers of the same stamp, would have it believed that no one suffered death for his religious sentiments under Elizabeth. What will be the indignation of the student, when he learns, that this is a miserable prevarication. No one was put to death expressly for professing the Catholic religion; but by an act of parliament, the professing of that religion under certain circumstances was declared to be treason, and for this species of treason many suffered; some writers make them amount to two hundred. Now, that the good Protestants of those days should have thought it treason to be a Jesuit, as honest Dogberry in his zeal ruled it to be flat perjury to call Prince John a villain, is one of those extravagances which party spirit is constantly committing. As to the man, who, two hundred years afterwards, under pretence of writing an impartial history, leaves such a fact unexplained, it may certainly be said that his statements should be received with the utmost caution.

We have not room to follow up this part of the subject at much length; but cannot quit it without remarking, that as in the early stages of the Reformation, the professors of the old and new religions pursued each other with unrelenting fury; so Churchman and Puritan, who had heartily concurred in the measures of severity against the Catholics, soon turned with equal rage upon each other. The result of this controversy is too well known to be dwelt upon. The Presbyterians, when they had demolished the church, found a sturdy band of Independents all ready to be persecuted; and the Independents themselves, who had fled to the rocky shores of New England for religious freedom, had hardly time to shelter themselves in their new country, when they fell foul on the refractory of their own number.

By the time the student has proceeded thus far, he will begin to ask himself, why it is that the Catholic religion has been always identified with persecution, while Protestantism and toleration have been considered synonymous. The answer seems to us a simple one.—Because the Catholic religion has been the most powerful. Wherever the power of the church and that of the state are the same, there will be intolerance. The cause lies not in this creed or that, but in man. A weak sect is always liberal, but we never have yet heard of any

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which used power with moderation. The farther this inquiry is pursued, the more apparent will be the good sense which induced the enlightened framers of our constitution, to leave this matter where alone it belongs,—to the conscience of each individual. If there is anything of which the United States may justly boast, it is that they have brought this great question to the test of experiment with the most triumphant success. We have moreover the satisfaction to believe that other nations are advancing in the same path. The glorious event to which we just alluded, by which the Catholics of England have been restored to the right of citizens, is but a harbinger of better things. To all true friends of religious freedom, it is a joyful event; while it carries disquiet and alarm to those who profit by the abuses of the church of England. A reform in that establishment will be the inevitable result of the repeal of the test acts, and the Catholic disabilities. Not that the accession of votes in parliament will alone have this effect; but the same spirit which obliged the government to become the instrument of emancipation, will oblige it to go farther. The church itself is in no danger, if reasonable and just; but something will erelong be done to equalize the tythes, and the incomes of the bishops. Pluralities, non-residence, and sale of livings, by which the revenues of the church have been diverted from their proper use, and have become a mere temporal property, like any other estate, will fall before the influence of good sense and justice.

Parliamentary reform is not far behind; and the mention of it leads us to another very important consideration, which should stimulate the youth of our country to the study of constitutional history. For want of correct information in this particular, very erroneous ideas have been entertained among us in relation to the character of the American Revolution. To judge from some of the orations we hear on the fourth of July, one would infer that our ancestors had been subjected to the most debasing slavery, from which they had suddenly emerged to the happy state of light and liberty we now enjoy. On occasions like that just mentioned, a considerable latitude of expression is allowable; but the sort of rhodomontade which was once fashionable, and is not yet wholly banished, does great injustice to the characters of those who achieved the independence of this country. The inhabitants of these provinces had always enjoyed the rights of British subjects. So

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jealous were they of those rights, that the mere attempt to wrest from them what they held so dear, roused them to the most determined resistance. In all the state papers of that period, it will be seen that the provincial legislatures, and afterwards the Congress, contended for the enjoyment of the plain right of British subjects; namely, that no tax should be laid upon them, unless at the same time they were admitted to the privilege of representation in parliament. This is the principle which runs through the whole controversy, and which the friends of American rights, both here and in England, laid down as the basis of their argument.

In order, then, to understand what was the ground on which the resistance of the colonies to the mother country was defended in the first instance, it is necessary that the student in American politics, should turn to the constitutional history of England, and inquire into the nature and origin of the British parliament. It was admitted on all hands that so far as the inhabitants of the British islands were concerned, the principle was undeniable, that representation and taxation should go together. To understand what is meant by this expression; to what extent it was literally carried into effect in the early period of parliamentary history; and how it has by degrees become rather a nominal, than a real privilege, the student must go back as before, to the time of the Plantagenets. He will not be long in finding, that the notion which has been supported in England, and finds some defenders in this country, that the rotten boroughs are a part of the constitution, and an essential part, is about as well founded as that pluralities and non-residence are at the foundation of all church discipline and sound doctrine. Mr Hume defends the Stuarts on the ground that they did no more than all their predecessors had done; and that the English nation at that day, were no more free, than the subjects of the Grand Seignior. This accomplished writer was not well versed in English law; and was very apt to infer, because a thing had been done, that therefore it had been lawfully done. Mr Hallam is too much of a lawyer for an historian, but has greatly the advantage of Mr Hume on constitutional questions, from his accurate legal knowledge. He does not rest satisfied with saying, Henry the Eighth did this, and Queen Elizabeth did that; but he goes on to inquire, Did they so because the people admitted their right to do it, or because they were too weak to resist? For the present pur-

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pose, it will not be necessary to go farther back than the reign of Henry the Seventh; and here we shall find, as in the case of religion, that we have been in the habit of looking but at one side. If religious zeal has portrayed ecclesiastical history, poetry has been employed on the characters and measures of sovereigns. Richard the Third has been taken upon trust, from Shakspeare. A bad man he certainly was; and yet, if we may judge from the statute book, he was far from being the worst of English kings. An act passed in this reign, abolishing forced loans and benevolences, had more of spirit and sound policy in it, than any passed from that time to the meeting of the long parliament. An usurper he was; but his successor was equally an usurper, quite as worthless a man, and a much more mischievous king. Under both these reigns, and part of that of Henry the Eighth, we find parliaments exercising a good deal of power, and sometimes showing not a little spirit. The immense accession of strength acquired by the crown, after the seizure of the church property, broke down the House of Commons, partly by intimidation, and partly by influence. If we would understand the ancient constitution of parliament, it will be necessary to look at it before this event. In the first place, by the mere act dissolving the monasteries, thirty-six mitred abbots who had been called to the House of Lords, were disfranchised. The House of Commons did not then vary much from its constitution at the present day, excepting that a considerable number of boroughs and some counties have been admitted to the right of representation, which did not at that time enjoy it. On the other hand, many places which then possessed a population to warrant this privilege, have since fallen into decay, and become rotten boroughs; though several of them were created as rotten boroughs by Queen Elizabeth and other sovereigns, expressly for the purpose of political influence. This was the case with many of the Cornish boroughs which were particularly subject to coercion through the Stannary court. There can be no doubt that the rotten boroughs are an excrescence on the constitution, and as perfectly within the control of parliament as any other abuse whatever. On this point we shall quote the opinion of Mr Hallam, as to the origin and true nature of the House of Commons. He says,

'I must so far concur with those, whose general principles as to the theory of parliamentary reform leave me far behind, as to

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profess my opinion, that the change which appears to have taken place in the English government towards the end of the thirteenth century, was founded upon the maxim, that all who possessed landed or moveable property, ought, as freemen, to be bound by no laws, and especially by no taxation, to which they had not consented through their representatives. If we look at the constituents of the House of Commons, under Edward the First, or Edward the Third, and consider the state of landed tenures and of commerce at that period; we shall perceive that, excepting women who have generally been supposed capable of no political right but that of reigning, almost every one who contributed towards the tenths and fifteenths granted by the parliament, might have exercised the franchise of voting for those who sat in it. Admitting that in corporate boroughs the franchise may have been usually vested in the freemen, rather than in the inhabitants, yet this distinction, so important in later ages, was of little consequence at a time, when all traders, that is, all who possessed any moveable property worth assessing, belonged to the former class. I do not pretend that no one was contributary to a subsidy, who did not possess a vote; but that the far greater portion was levied on those, who, as freeholders and burgesses, were reckoned in law to have been consenting to its imposition. It would be difficult, probably, to name any town of the least consideration in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, which did not at some time or other, return members to parliament. This is so much the case, that if, in running our eyes along the map, we find any seaport, as Sunderland or Falmouth, or any inland town, as Leeds or Birmingham, which has never enjoyed the elective franchise, we may conclude at once, that it has emerged from obscurity, since the reign of Henry the Eighth.'

We here see the British parliament in the vigor of its youth. The maxim that taxation and representation go together, is here carried into practice. It was no doubt intended that this principle should be kept up, and that the constitution should shape itself to the changing exigencies of the state. Can any man in his senses, suppose that the right to send members to parliament, was meant to be a property, saleable on 'change, like an exchequer bill? It is impossible not to see that it is an abuse, which has grown up so gradually as to have escaped notice, until the holders of this species of stock were strong enough to keep ministers on their side, and prevent a reform. But like many other absurdities, it will pass away, not by the hand of violence, but by that resistless force of public opinion, which carries the government with it, in spite of itself. The student

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in English history cannot but observe, that just in proportion as parliament lost its influence under the Tudors and Stuarts; just in the same proportion, the other institutions of the country languished or became perverted. Judges were intimidated; juries were punished for daring to give verdicts according to evidence; and in some instances these very tribunals were converted into the worst engines of tyranny.

No man of the least reflection will hesitate to condemn the conduct of Charles the First, in his systematic attempt to dispense with parliament altogether; nor will there be much more difference of opinion as to the maxim in the abstract, that taxation and representation should go together. And yet, when it is attempted to test the principle by a reform in parliament; there are many in England, and some theorists in this country, who think it a most dangerous experiment, if not an absolute violation of the constitution.

To us, there seems to be no medium in theory, between dispensing altogether with the House of Commons, and admitting the propriety of parliamentary reform. The House of Commons, as now constituted, can be defended on no principle of representation. It has clearly not the sanction of antiquity in its favor, as appears by the paragraph just quoted; and the most devoted admirer of things as they are, not even my Lord Eldon himself, will pretend, that if he were going to lay down a just and equal basis of representation, he would adopt that of the British Empire as it now exists. The argument drawn from the danger of innovation, is exceedingly weak and poor; for when it is once admitted that some change is desirable, provided it could be made with safety, the question then presents itself,—By whom is this change to be made? Surely the parliament which has power to keep up the system as it is, has power to limit reform within such bounds as it may think prudent. Whenever a change is made, it must be by the regular constitutional course; unless we suppose a degree of blindness which seems not to belong to this age. In our time, as in all times, some men are wiser than others; but in matters of government we believe the mass are grown wiser than of yore. Mr Canning foresaw years ago, what the optics of Mr Peel and the Duke of Wellington have but just discerned; that they had to choose between Catholic emancipation and revolution. The prophetic mind of Fox foretold it all, and much more; to him the abolition of the slave trade, Catholic emancipation,

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and reform in parliament seemed certain events thirty years ago.

There can be but little danger in any reform which parliament will inflict upon itself. But the opposers of reform, after every other argument has failed, beg the question after this manner.—The present system must be the best, because under it the British Empire has risen to an unparalleled height of prosperity and renown. The only mode of answering this objection, is by analyzing it, to see what is meant by the assertion. If it is meant that the British nation is so wise and so happy, that it can by no possibility be made wiser or happier, there is no more to be said. If it do not go this length, it means nothing.

If we considered the question of reform in parliament as a merely theoretical one, and that so long as there is a parliament, it is of no moment whether it represent one class of the community, or twenty; we certainly should think that the time and talents which have been spent upon it, might have been better employed. We take, however, a very different view of the subject; and we are confident that he who diligently and impartially gives up his mind to the study of constitutional history, will perceive, that as, in the prostration of the House of Commons, fell the liberties and character of the English nation, so the abuses and defects (and they are many) which still exist in the government of that country, are owing to the want of a fair and equal representation in that house. The only practical attempt at reform in parliament, was that made by Oliver Cromwell, in conformity with the scheme adopted by the long parliament just before their dissolution. 'This model,' says Mr Hallam, 'limited the number of representatives to four hundred, to be chosen partly in the counties, according to their wealth, or supposed population, by electors possessing either freeholds, or any real or moveable property to the value of two hundred pounds; partly by the more considerable boroughs, in whose various rights of election no change appears to have been made.' In two parliaments summoned by the Protector, this basis was adopted; but the views then entertained by him, no parliament was likely to fall in with. Clarendon says of this measure, 'It was then generally looked upon as an alteration fit to be more warrantably made, and in a better time.' But Clarendon in exile at Montpelier, had many good ideas which never occurred to him while keeper of the king's

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conscience and manager of parliament. What is called the convention parliament, which recalled Charles the Second, was convened by Richard Cromwell after the old mode; and thus ended parliamentary reform.

From that time to this, the unequal operation of the system has been daily becoming more and more apparent. If in the reign of Charles the Second, parliamentary reform was thought necessary; what must be thought of it at the present time, when interests have grown up from inventions which were then unheard of, and cities have sprung into existence, whose population is greater than was then that of the counties to which they belong. Can a system be right which refuses to conform itself to the advancing condition of mankind? Can it be believed that the East India Company would have procured repeated renewals of its charter, since the revolution of 1688, if the commercial interest had been fairly represented in parliament? Would the odious monopoly of the corn laws have been allowed to go on as it has done, if the power of the landed proprietors in parliament had not been altogether disproportionate? One abuse upholds another; the owners of rotten boroughs get places in the Company's service for friends and relations, and the Company's servants think there is no occasion for reform in parliament. He who sits for old Sarum, feels tender on the mention of pluralities and non-residence in the church. The country gentlemen make a great point of upholding the game laws; and the lawyers will not quarrel for that, if there is nothing said about the enormous abuses of the court of chancery, one of the greatest curses that ever lighted on any nation. The national debt, and the poor laws, are not strictly constitutional questions, because they might have grown up under any form of government. It may be observed, however, that the latter evil has been enormously increased by the restrictions on industry, arising from abuses we have enumerated. Nothing but a thorough acquaintance with the history of the British constitution, will give right views of this great question, and this knowledge can only be acquired in the works of English writers. Mr Hallam's is decidedly the best work on the subject we have yet seen. As to De Lolme and other foreigners, who have undertaken to handle it, they certainly inform those who knew nothing before; but an accurate, discriminating account of the constitution, can only be given by one who knows practically the operation of it.

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We have said that a thorough acquaintance with the constitutional history of England, is requisite to those who would understand our own. It will be found, moreover, that as we advance in the knowledge of it, we shall appreciate our own institutions more justly. The end of government being the equal protection of life, liberty, and property, to every individual, we shall ask ourselves, where is this object more perfectly accomplished, than in our own country? Seeing that no human institution can be perfect, we shall not show our patriotism by vaporing and rant; nor on the other hand, shall we be prone to regard with nervous apprehension, the jars and animosities which arise from party violence or sectional prejudice. Some very worthy persons, who are sincerely attached to our government, are thrown from time to time into alarm, lest it should crumble under us, and leave us exposed to anarchy and violence. Such apprehensions do not seem to us to be founded either in sound views of the state of things at home, or a just appreciation of our condition in comparison with that of other nations. Ours is a government of opinion; it was well understood to be so in the outset. It is on public sentiment that its safety must rest. Bringing the question then to this test, what will be the conclusion as to the probable continuance of our present form of government? Forty years have now passed, since the United States have lived under the existing constitution. With what difficulty it was carried into effect; what prejudices it had to encounter, it is unnecessary to repeat. It was an experiment of a delicate nature; but one which happily has succeeded beyond the expectations of the most sanguine. When we look back at the fears and forebodings of that period, and compare them with the result of experience, the conclusion should inspire anything rather than despondency. The union was then a bugbear to some, and even the most confident could not but look forward with anxiety. What has the experience of forty years brought to pass? To say that the union is popular, is an expression so feeble as to excite a smile. Whatever difference may exist among us as to other questions, on this there is but one sentiment. The moment that the idea of a dissolution of the confederacy enters the mind, such a train of mischief succeeds, that we are glad to turn from it, let the evils on the other side be what they may.

So far, then, as public feeling is concerned, unless some very improbable change should take place, the permanency of our

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government seems, to say the least, as likely, as at any time since its adoption. If we turn to other countries, we shall have no less reason to be satisfied with the state of things at home. Those who are disposed to undervalue our institutions, have only to cast their eyes, even towards those nations which are justly regarded as the most distinguished for civil and religious liberty. We have factions and political contests; but what other nation can look back forty years, and say, our factions and our contests have never ended in the shedding of each other's blood? Acts are sometimes passed by which the interest of one class or section is sacrificed to that of another; but the frequent return of elections is sure to work the cure. Abuses are not sanctioned by time, and incorporated in the body of the Constitution. Religious heats prevail among us, but they waste themselves in words. If any one wishes to see the contrast between our condition in this respect, and that which a church establishment brings with it, let him read the speech of the Duke of Wellington, in which he describes the state of parties in Ireland. The worst consequences of the dissolution of our government could scarcely exceed the state of things actually existing at that moment in that ill-fated country. If we would inculcate just views of our own government, and liberal and enlarged notions with respect to those of other countries, we should encourage the study of constitutional history,—not by a text-book, not as it presents itself to the mind of a single individual, but as a science. The subject of education is now fully appreciated, and we cannot doubt that this most important and delightful branch of it, will receive its full share of attention.

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